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THE MAN OF

PLEASURE

THE MAN OF PLEASURE

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THE MAN OF PLEASURE

BY

RALPH NEVILL

AUTHOR OF

"THE MERRY PAST," "LONDON CLUBS," "FLOREAT ETONA," ETC.

PART-AUTHOR OF "PICCADILLY TO PALL MALL"

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Les jours de soleil et les nuits d'orgueil"

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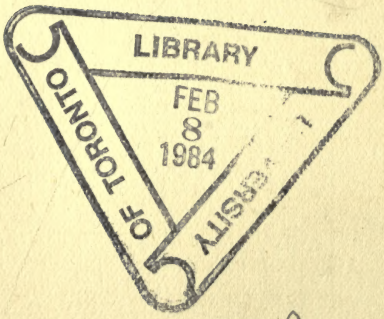

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The cynic smiles—the preacher grieves,
But Pleasure keeps her ancient sway,
Man loves, laughs, squanders, and deceives,
As when poor Villon penned his Lay.

We have them yet, the folk he sung—
The "cuyderaulx d'amour transis,"
The fair ones, laughter-loving, young,
With saucy glance and morals free.

Lutetia still with laughter rings,
"Il n'est bon bec que de Paris";
His gold the careless gallant flings
"Tout aux tavernes et aux filles."

The actors change, the play's the same—
A tragic farce with moments gay,
Its sentiment more false and lame
Mayhap than in a simpler day.

And Fate still beckons off the stage,
When wearied of their mumming folly,
Each of the mountebanks in turn—
Heeds not their joy or melancholy.

R. N.

NOTE

For the Frontispiece and many of the Illustrations in this volume I and my publishers are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Maggs Bros., of the Strand, who generously placed at our disposal their large collection of scarce and valuable prints and drawings. The design upon the cover, it should be added, has been inspired by one of the very remarkable reliefs carved out of chalk by M. Navelet in the magnificent cellars of Messrs. Pommery and Gréno at Rheims.

I wish also to thank Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham, and Mr. Harry Hungerford for furnishing me with some other very pertinent illustrations.

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From an old print

THE MAN OF PLEASURE

CHAPTER I

HIS CHARACTERISTICS AND VICISSITUDES

Folly is a bad quality, but never to be able to endure it in others is perhaps a worse one.

Man, it may be asserted, is the only animal able to amuse himself; and since this faculty has been exclusively bestowed upon him, he is surely guilty of a sort of ingratitude—even of impiety—if he does not exercise it with sense and discretion.

Moralists may preach, and fanatics may rail, but true philosophy applauds more heartily a genial and clever man of the world who amuses himself than the grim-visaged individual who has never known a taste of real enjoyment or pleasure.

And this is easily understood, because, although one can tolerate, and perhaps admire, religious ascetics, it is otherwise with the carping, joyless, and eminently respectable crowd of individuals quite incapable of appreciating the joys of life. Such people seem to have come into the world during some cold, bleak, gloomy day. They grow up in the same cold, bleak atmosphere, and live in it all their lives. Their pettiness appears in every-

thing they do or say. You may see it in their buying and in their selling, in their talk and in their actions. In reality, these poor creatures should arouse pity rather than dislike—since, if they look back, they can scarcely recall a single green spot in their lives. Most of them have made glad no single heart, nor shed one ray of sunshine upon man, woman, or child. All that can be said of them is that they are born, they live, and they die, and as soon as the grave closes over them they are forgotten.

Such people despise amusement. They do not agree with, any more than they can understand, those ancients who held that they had lost a day if it were passed without laughter.

When their last hour comes, not one of them can say with honest pride, as did Rabelais while his friends were weeping around his death-bed: "Thank God, if I were to die ten times over I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

There is no reason why any man, even one who works hard, should not enjoy the lighter side of life; if he fail to do so, he shows a lack of vitality and intelligence.

The Duc de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes. "Do you think that Nature produced all her good things for fools?"

Some men, however, have a longing for too large a share of these same good things, and are content to be mere drones. There is, indeed, a similarity

between mankind and the bees, not all of whom follow the hardworking example of the hive-bee, which, satisfied to live in a socialistic community, lays up stores of honey. In this industrious species the male has been reduced to something of the cypher to which apparently some female reformers wish to reduce man—he possesses no power or initiative, and is allowed but very limited scope in his love-affairs.

Far happier is the lot of that roving buccaneer of the garden—the burly, velveted bumble-bee—who, with only his whims to guide him, so joyously sails the seas of clover.

As an American poet* has so well sung, no amorous restrictions exist for him :

"He dares to boast along the coast
The beauty of Highland Heather,
How he and she, with night on the sea,
Lay out on the hills together.

"His morals are mixed, but his will is fixed ;
He prospers after his kind,
And follows an instinct compass—sure
The philosophers call blind.

"And that is why, when he comes to die,
He'll have an easier sentence
Than someone I know, who thinks just so,
And then leaves room for repentance."

It is pleasant to think that no restrictive measures can ever cloud the existence of this joyous insect, who will continue to lead his devil-may-care existence as long as his species lasts.

* In "Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey.

In this respect, at least, he is more fortunate than the man of pleasure, who already seems to have been pretty well crushed out of existence. Modern civilization is cold and unsympathetic to a laughter-loving nature and roving ways; besides which, at the present time an individual who has no serious occupation, whether millionaire or pauper, is apt to be despised.

Rightly, no doubt, every man is now supposed to justify his existence by doing something. A number of modern occupations, however, are even more pernicious than mere idleness. Business in the City, for instance, occasionally borders closely upon swindling; while philanthropy is sometimes only a pretext for meddling with other people's affairs. Altruism, indeed, has become a profession, and ardent apostles of social reform, no matter what their methods, are sure to gain the approbation of many.

But in past days it was different, and the idler, who is now looked upon with a certain amount of contempt, had a good deal his own way—at least, in London and Paris. If he was a rich man, he often exercised considerable political power. One hundred years ago the avowed object of a certain number was the pursuit of pleasure—an ideal which to-day, when frankly expressed, provokes a torrent of contemptuous condemnation.

The most inveterate pleasure-seeker who ever lived was probably "Old Q." So much has been written of him—about his love of the fair sex, his careful diet as an old man, and his baths of asses' milk—that it would be superfluous to dwell in this place upon his career. For public opinion this

nobleman had the most profound contempt; it never troubled him in the least.

He was not a stupid man, far from it. Clever and calculating, indeed, he imparted a cold-blooded common sense into his pleasures worthy of a modern American magnate of the Trusts.

As a young man he had seen so much rascality that the whole of humanity except "Mie-Mie," whom (like George Selwyn) he believed to be his daughter, seemed to him nothing but a mass of stupid or evil pawns, to be moved hither and thither about the chess-board of life by anyone possessed of brains.

He looked upon mankind as composed pretty much of puppets. When they were movable, he pulled them by the particular string which moved them; when they were not useful, he turned coolly aside and thought of them no more.

Abuse and censure left him profoundly indifferent; conventional Anglo-Saxon morality, which he regarded as based entirely on lies, he despised; women he treated as means to pleasure, and men simply as creatures who could all be bribed, frightened, or coerced.

In some respects "Old Q" was unfortunate, for, had his life not lain in such pleasant and easy places, he would probably have accomplished much. As it is, his memory has been handed down to us as that of a mere debauchee and valetudinarian, who contrived to bring selfishness to its highest pitch of perfection.

In the earlier part of the last century there were quite a number of aristocratic *viveurs*, who, whilst

not as vicious as the famous Duke of Queensberry, took pretty much his view of life. They did not quite understand why they should be troubled about anything; they got the cream of life, and felt secure against worldly misfortune. Many were clever men in their own way, and did not mind spending money at opportune moments by helping useful men who were in straits. They knew that the support of intelligent people likely to rise was of value, and that public opinion, at times likely to be troublesome, required a system of well-devised checks.

Hostile criticism disturbed them but little. They knew that they had only to wait a short while, and see the world come fawning back to their feet as meekly as ever. Unsuccessful people they rather despised, being imbued with a well-founded idea that the mainspring of power was money, and that people who did not know how to get money or to keep it were of small account.

Many a one was a good man of business, though people who did not know a great deal of him would hardly have believed it. Not a few were consummate masters of all those arts which foil an adversary and put inquiry off the scent, till it goes hunting elsewhere in sheer weariness. When possible they never said either "Yes" or "No" distinctly, for they knew the irresistible spell which lies in courteous delay. A great asset of this class was a useful solicitor, who would never act without his client's instructions, and, of course, the client would never act till he had consulted the man of law. When occasion called, the latter was expert

at writing formal letters about nothing, containing polite references to other letters of the same purport. The result was that, in the end, his correspondents usually found themselves in an inextricable maze, out of which it was difficult to get. In extreme cases, queer things were done through third parties; and if people were so wrong-headed as to get angry, they found themselves face to face with all sorts of unpleasant predicaments, whilst the individual really concerned could never be brought to book.

Many of the old Peers who had led lives of uninterrupted ease and enjoyment were fine-looking men, who could not possibly have avoided being taken for anything else than aristocrats.

Victorian writers have well described the appearance of this type—his starched cravat of check pattern, in fine cambric, propping up collars like the blades of hatchets. His boots were polished as brightly as mirrors with blacking made from a recipe handed down from the days of the dandies. Usually he wore straps and a blue frock-coat, well buttoned over a very stately figure, upright as a dart, and showing signs of a spell in the Guards. There was not a crease nor a wrinkle in his dress from top to toe. Such jewelry as he wore, though costly, was simple and refined. A *Breguet* watch, with a chain of good design, two or three rings—amongst them a finely-cut signet—and a valuable pin, together with some costly studs and beautiful waistcoat buttons in the evening, accorded admirably with his well-groomed appearance. His equipages were faultless in taste. The quiet, unobtrusive brougham which waited for him of an

afternoon at his Club was a model of easy-carriage building, and his horses matched to a hair and had the most perfect manners.

Life went very pleasantly with an aristocrat of this sort. He had always had convenient people ready to save him trouble, and all he regretted—when he regretted anything—was that the hand of Time could not be prevented from moving forward.

Modern changes, however, which allowed "low" people to get into Parliament, were little to his taste. He invariably deplored the passing of the good old days, when gentlemen disposed of pocket boroughs, and when the Reform Bill had not yet shifted the balance of power to the electorate.

He remembered the halcyon times when comfortable sinecures abounded, and when he could have sent his butler to Parliament by the vote of his steward, so that he might keep a rotten borough warm till his agent had got the regulation seven thousand pounds for it from some wealthy purchaser. His latter years were saddened because he could not always bring in his candidates and had no means of being perfectly sure that his tenants would vote straight.

"If that's what you call progress," he would remark drily, "I think the sooner we hear the last of it the better."

Such aristocratic pleasure-seekers, however, were often men endowed with sound common sense; and as a rule they did nothing to scandalize society at large. They were essentially decorous by nature, and when they indulged in follies or vices took

good care that they should not arouse attention in troublesome quarters.

Very different were the spendthrifts who thrust their extravagances before the public gaze, eating their corn and drinking their wine before vintage or harvest.

Most of these heirs of unfulfilled renown were feather-brained men, who, exposed in youth to pernicious environment, passed their last years in a very uncomfortable manner.

Not a few who were deemed to be rich men had the excuse of being really born ruined through the extravagance of their ancestors, a fact which they only realized when no more money could be raised upon the estates of which they knew so little.

Very little effort seems to have been made in old days to give young sprigs of nobility a training likely to fit them for their position in life; and in the case of an heir to great wealth, extravagance was regarded as quite a natural thing, and even, to some extent, as deserving of approval.

Occasionally, however, efforts were made to keep young men from getting into mischief.

About the most whimsical scheme ever devised was that imagined by a Duke of Argyll who, knowing that his illegitimate son, whom he put into the Guards, could not live comfortably on his pay, acted as follows:

Every morning the young officer found upon his chest of drawers a clean shirt, a pair of stockings ditto, and also a guinea. This extraneous allowance was meant to prevent him from gaming. But the sharks knew his connections, and, according to

sporting phraseology, "had him to rights"—in a word, they tickled the Captain for a thousand. The Duke heard all about this disaster; but took no notice of it, till his son's dejected appearance made some misfortune apparent. "Jack," said he, one day, at dinner, "what is the matter with you?" The Captain changed colour, and at last reluctantly acknowledged what had happened. "Sir," said His Grace, "you do not owe a farthing to the blackguard; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he thought himself lucky to get that, only saying that 'he was glad he had come off so well.'"

Some few spoke out very bluntly to their spendthrift relations.

The Earl of Peterborough, writing to a wild young fellow, gave the true style of censure, laconic, forcible, yet comprehensive: "A house in town! —A house in the country!—Hounds in Norfolk!—Horses at Newmarket!—A lady at Wimbledon!—You idiot! where, with all this, will your estate be?"

Such cases, however, were exceptions. Rich young fellows, as a rule, found people only too ready to help them along the road to ruin. In this respect, things have changed but little; the folly of indulgent parents and guardians still turns out many a spendthrift, and many an individual finds himself eventually confronted by misery owing to lessons of extravagance learnt in the nursery and at school.

There is no more perilous ordeal through which a young man can pass than that of being condemned to pass his youth in the sunshine of unshadowed prosperity. Frequently, his eyes blinded by a too

untempered brilliance, he becomes smitten with a moral sunstroke.

When, in addition to having been spoilt in childhood, a young man, adrift on the boundless ocean of ignorance, finds himself possessed of large means and surrounded by plenty of not very scrupulous persons ready to assist him to get rid of them in a pleasant manner, it is not extraordinary that in the course of a few years he should land himself in straitened circumstances.

Second thoughts — those adopted children of experience—occasionally save him ; and since idleness—that great Pacific Ocean of life—has ceased to be the ideal of the well-to-do class, the modern man of pleasure often finds salvation in occupation of a healthy or absorbing kind.

Idleness and lack of occupation were the main causes which produced spendthrift bucks, whilst the inheritance of great wealth at an early age was another.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessaries of life and to support his family knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. A proof of this is that persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, often waste away and die in a very short time.

People who have worked hard all their lives are at sea without some regular occupation. Their existence then often becomes a mere effort to get rid of life without dying. Man must be employed

at something. Without interests, indeed, life is joyless. The *tædium vitæ* and the insupportable listlessness which arise from the want of something to do, soon blunt, if they do not destroy, the finer faculties of our nature; for, having nothing to do, we soon become fit for nothing.

A life of perpetual sameness, even if that sameness be luxurious ease, is little better than being in a dungeon. Nothing is more difficult to endure. It is recorded of a gentleman who shot himself that the only reason given in a letter he left behind was that he was tired of buttoning every morning and unbuttoning every night.

The great secret of life is to have something congenial to do. People who are always busy and take pleasure in some daily task are the least disturbed by the vicissitudes of existence. To be wealthy and idle shows lack of brains.

Few idle and rich people are ever really contented. They are petulant, fretful, irascible. Nature and Art appear to have few attractions for them. No wonder that under such conditions the springs of life rust out.

The lack of necessity for effort, which is often the result of great inherited wealth, also seems to paralyze the mental qualities. Individuals who have never been obliged to do any work easily acquire an entirely false outlook upon existence. They come, in time, to regard their prosperity as the result of some mysterious superiority over their fellow-creatures:

> "How easy 'tis, when Destiny proves kind,
> With full-spread sails to run before the wind!"

AN ARDUOUS MORNING.

By George Cruikshank.

On the other hand, how easy is the descent from affluence to poverty! What degradations and criminalities has this not entailed!

The ideal of what is vulgarly known as "cutting a dash" did the harm in most cases; the ideal of mere idleness—though of course a very unworthy one—was not so pernicious in its effects. Indeed, it may be questioned whether idleness has produced as much evil as is generally supposed. Although Vice, considered in the abstract, may be, and often is, engendered in idleness, it must quit its cradle and cease to be idle the moment it becomes efficiently vicious.

As a matter of fact, in the stagnant abyss of a vacuous life, just as the most salutary things produce no good, so do the most noxious effect comparatively little evil; and this is why—in the writer's opinion at least—the man of pleasure, not infrequently the very incarnation of sloth, has been too hardly treated by moralists unable to regard the world from a tolerant and broad point of view.

The pleasure-seeker has in many cases been a man who indirectly has benefited those with whom he has come in contact; many a one, though careless and reckless, has been full of good-nature and kindly feeling. Many a one has suffered from the exercise of unlimited generosity. Indeed, when all considerations are taken into account, it is probably doubtful whether he has not, in his own peculiar fashion, unwittingly perhaps, played a useful part in the great drama of life.

Nor have his last years always been clouded by

the consequences of that mental instability which is the chief characteristic of his type.

His sufferings as an old man have for the most part been overdrawn.

The true *viveur* as an old man is often far from morose: by the irony of fate, if possessed of any brains, he may be happier in the autumn of his life than many who have spent their best days in self-sacrificing effort. Looking back upon past years, he can recall the queer scenes and amusing characters it has been his lot to know. Or perhaps a lively recollection of all the pretty faces that have crossed his path may revive memories of certain pleasant summer days and joyous evenings passed when youth was at the prow and pleasure at the helm. But this is because the true pleasure-seeker, though his hair may fall off or turn grey, his sight fail and his limbs weaken, never really grows old; and, be he never so broken down or feeble, his pulse will quicken and the blood course more swiftly through his veins at the sound of bright, sparkling music—at the sight of a pretty face. Then, for a few moments, his careless youth, as it were, returns; and who shall say that the recollection does not make him bear the weight of years with more ease?

If he is intelligent, he will have learnt that the world is a pleasant place for the wealthy and wily; but that it nevertheless abounds with pitfalls, snares, and brambles.

If he muse over life, he will realize how man is but a strange mixture of all kinds of materials, grave to-day, and gay to-morrow; in the depths of

despondency this moment, and sailing in the car of hope the next. A queer compound, indeed!

> "At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
> At thirty, tame—if ever;
> At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
> At sixty, good—or never."

It is human destiny always to be longing for something, and the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another. The child of a year old wants little but food and sleep; and no sooner is he supplied with sufficient allowance of either of those very excellent things, than he begins whimpering—or yelling, it may be—for the other. At three, the young urchin becomes enamoured of sugar-plums and tarts. At six, his imagination runs on kites, marbles, and tops, and an abundance of playtime. At ten a boy is ready for school, having got tired of toys, bird-nesting, and blackberry-hunting. At fifteen he wants a hunter. At twenty, he wishes to cut a dash, whilst love and sport occupy his mind. At twenty-five he usually wants a wife; at thirty, he not infrequently longs to be single again. The rest of his life is passed either in making both ends meet or in adding to his fortune.

This description, of course, applies mainly to the individual who leads a regular life. The man of pleasure as a rule experiences many vicissitudes.

Not infrequently the extravagances of his youth hamper him throughout the rest of his existence; but—in spite of worry and trouble—if he has ever known what the joy of living really is, he will

always have a hankering for the delights which appealed to him as a young man.

About the best instance of a patrician *viveur* of this kind was the Prince de Ligne, who even as an old man retained a capacity for keenly enjoying life.

At the Congress of Vienna, though well stricken in years, he was conspicuous for his good-humour, and showed himself delighted with everything. "Le Congrès danse," said he, alluding to the gaiety which then prevailed throughout the Kaiser Stadt. How different was the attitude of the old cynic Talleyrand, who, when asked how the negotiations were proceeding, merely rubbed his lame leg! with him, also, love of amusement never became totally extinct.

As a matter of fact, our passions never wholly die. Often, in the last cantos of life's romance, they rise up again and do battle, like the heroes in old-fashioned books, who have been quietly inurned, and ought to be turned to dust.

A certain number of the men of pleasure of the past deserved no sympathy. These were the so-called splendid sinners who, leading despicable lives, were utterly careless of all the disastrous consequences of their escapades. The type in question has probably never been better described than by Samuel Warren, an author who, though he enjoyed great popularity in the last century, is little read to-day.

"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," was the motto of such a debauchee who, neither stupid nor ill-educated, perversely took a sort of

Satanic delight in the consciousness of being an object of regret and wonder amongst those who recognized and admired his mental gifts. Handsome, and possessed of attractive manners, rich, and with every social advantage, he deliberately did all he could to nullify the gifts which fortune had lavished upon him, till gradually his intellectual faculties were palsied and benumbed; and, having vitiated and depraved his whole system both physical and mental, he was often, at thirty, broken in health, mind, and pocket.

The type in question has now, I fancy, disappeared; calculating vice being eclipsed by mere foolishness. Rich young men of the present day, however, like the spendthrifts of the past, continue to indulge in reckless waste of money; and once the taste has been acquired, it is so powerful as to reassert itself even after the victim has been in dire financial straits. In the days of the mining boom in California, one lucky spendthrift, who suddenly found himself possessed of six or seven thousand pounds—having filled his pockets with twenty-dollar gold pieces—on his arrival in the nearest town, proceeded to a "bar-room" and treated "the crowd" to champagne. The company present being unable to consume all the bar-keeper's stock, assistance was obtained from without, and the passers-by were compelled to come in. Still the supply held out, and not another drink could anyone swallow. In this emergency the ingenious giver of the treat ordered every glass belonging to the establishment to be brought out and filled. Then, raising his stick, with one fell swoop he knocked the army

of glasses off the counter. One hamper of champagne, however, yet remained, and, determined not to be beaten, he ordered it to be opened and placed upon the floor, and jumping in, stamped the bottles to pieces with his heavy boots—severely cutting his shins, it is said, in the operation. But although the champagne was at last finished, he had a handful of gold-pieces to dispose of, and walking up to a large mirror worth several hundred dollars, which adorned one end of the room, he dashed a shower of heavy coins against it and shivered it to pieces. The hero of this story returned to the mines in the following spring without a cent, and was afterwards obliged to eke out a precarious livelihood by working as a common labourer.

By way of counterbalancing this, it must be explained that such a case is not without its effective contrast. Another spark, who had disposed of his fortune, emigrated to a settlement in the backwoods, and became a drinking-shop keeper, in which capacity, by the exercise of original methods, he did very well. In due time he was made a magistrate, and it is pleasing to learn that, whenever there was excessive drinking or fighting on his premises, he would issue a warrant, apprehend the culprits, and try them on the spot; while, besides fining them, he would make the men treat each other to "make it up," and so settle the dispute.

That some of the spendthrifts, who, after a riotous career, went abroad to repair their shattered fortunes, were fully equal to any situation, is shown in the following story:

A young fellow of this sort found himself obliged to share a state-room with a thoroughbred from the wilds. In the morning, while still lying in his bunk, he beheld his dressing-case open before his companion, who was making a minute investigation of its contents. Having completed the examination, the wild-man next proceeded coolly to select the tooth-brush, and therewith to bestow on his long yellow fangs an energetic scrubbing. The Englishman said not a word, but getting up, having gravely set the basin on the floor and soaped one of his feet, he took the tooth-brush and applied it vigorously to his toes and toe-nails. "You dirty fellow!" exclaimed the astonished man from the wilds; "what the mischief are you doing that for?" "It's the brush I always do that with," was the disconcerting reply.

Years ago I remember being told of a rich young man at one of the Universities, who was in the habit of substituting champagne bottles—full ones, too—for the wooden pins in a bowling-alley. The progress of years has apparently entirely changed his disposition, for the last time I saw his name in print was as the backer of a futile piece of legislation designed to make England moral by Act of Parliament.

The real man of pleasure loves gaiety and enjoyment all his life; the sham one, after indulging in wild eccentricity in youth, settles down into a morose old age—intolerant and narrow-minded.

Another variety of the type remains bright and cheerful only just as long as prosperity smiles on

his plans and wishes; but the moment trouble comes he grows limp as a wet rag. Often, while the other members of their family are tugging and sweating to give the wheel another turn, these wet rags fold themselves up and slip away quietly into a corner, where they lie down and watch the proceedings until all is serene and lovely again. At this point, of course, they appear once more upon the scene, and bravely help to bear his self-inflicted burdens.

Passions, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way they become dangerous in the extreme.

Many men of fair intellect, who might have had useful careers, have been driven into unrestrained indulgence in pleasure by some great sorrow, such as being thrown over by a sweetheart, or the loss of a beloved relative or friend. Prompted by an irrepressible instinct to fly from sorrow, they drift into fixing their minds upon some frivolous external occupation, such as gaming or the Turf, in order to divert their thoughts from gloomy channels where madness seems to lie. An individual of this mental disposition has been well described by a French writer as "un homme qui se sent poursuivi, et qui fouette le cheval qu'un ami lui a prêté, galopant pour la vie."

The environment of a rich and youthful pleasure-seeker is too often highly conducive to his downfall. Few of this class, unless they are shrewd beyond their years, when in the haunts of pleasure, can distinguish between a rogue and a gentleman,

for many harpies and sharpers are superficially polished. Cunning schemes for making money by speculation and the Turf are put forward to captivate the novice ushered into the midst of life. He longs to be prematurely classed as a clever man of the world, and flatters himself that he has found not only the society which suits his taste, but the means of supporting himself in it.

According to an old definition, any man is a gentleman who pays his tailor's bill. The correctness of that definition would appear to be open to doubt, for the name has been most liberally bestowed on dandies and sharpers, wealthy tradesmen and sporting men.

The society of so-called sporting men has ruined many a fine young fellow, who, starting as a fool, has in time become a knave.

If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. As Benjamin Franklin said: "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

Nature, in making up the pudding of the human mind, may not be inaptly compared to a cook, mixing together her various ingredients, but dealing out some with too heavy a hand, and dispensing others too sparingly.

Many men, though endowed by nature with a competent share of common sense, and even of useful talent, come to no good, the reason being the defective mixing of the ingredients spoken of above. One fault, when too strongly developed, has sometimes been a man's destruction: the most dangerous, perhaps, of all is inability to say "No."

The man or woman able, when necessary, to utter this sturdy monosyllable is possessed of strong, serviceable moral power. Those who are weak enough to yield to persuasion against their conviction get involved in troubles which too often lead to their ruin. On the other hand, people radically obstinate are not morally strong, because they more frequently than otherwise act from a doggedness of disposition which sees nothing good out of their own sphere or nature. Such people are dangerous, and furnish a fair proportion of human failures.

Generally speaking, it is more honourable for a rich man to become poor than for a poor one to become rich; for men mostly get ruined through their good qualities and enriched through their bad ones. This, however, does not apply to dissipated youths who think they will grow rich by playing cards and betting.

A young man who thinks he is going to make money by matching his brains against those of his elders generally ends badly. The nature of the financial transactions in which he becomes involved is more or less bound to have a deteriorating effect upon his character. Before long, becoming accustomed to see large sums changing hands, he grows less considerate of the value of money, and consequently more disposed and prepared to plunge rapidly and recklessly into the vortex of dissipation.

High spirits and ready cash are for a time very efficient in banishing care. A reveller banishes all thoughts of the worries and regrets which generally

arise when the roar of the carousal has ceased and the last bowl has been drained.

No period in a young man's life is looked forward to with so much impatience as the hour which ends his minority; and in after years none is looked back to with so much regret. Freedom appears to a young man as the brightest star in the firmament of his existence, and is never lost sight of until the goal for which he has been so long travelling is at length reached. When the mind and the spirit are young, the season of manhood has a vision of brightness from the future which nothing can dim but cold reality.

The busy world is stretched out before our boyhood like the exhibition of mechanical automata. In the distance we see nothing but the most attractive part of the picture—the anguish of disappointment and failure are hidden—old age and poverty lie obscured in the background—everything is bathed in a roseate glow—which, alas! soon fades away, and is obscured by gloom, for the season of youth vanishes like the reflection of a moonbeam from a placid pool.

For a time youthful ardour weaves flowery garlands to delight the fancy, and life is a "perpetual feast of nectared sweets," existence a luscious wine served in a jewelled chalice, which neither care, nor sorrow, nor sin, seems likely to dash to the ground. Why break such a glorious spell? It is not for youth to dwell with sadness upon its facile joys, or ponder sadly over the falsity of dreams of unchecked and continuous pleasure.

What matters it to a rich young fellow that he

is ignorant and uneducated? Wherever he goes he is sure to find life easy.

There are two languages that are universal—the one, money; and the other, love. All men understand the one; and woman—who, though she may divide our sorrows and double our joys, not unusually quadruples our expenses—often understands both.

Nearly all the old philosophers have denounced and ridiculed feminine attractions as evanescent, worthless, and mischievous; but, alas! while preaching against them, they have none the less been their slaves. Few men, old or young, are able to withstand "the sly, smooth witchcraft of a fair young face"—that beauty which has been cynically defined as woman's most forcible letter of recommendation.

And no matter what his faults may be, she is not infrequently only too ready to be the first love of a wealthy and youthful heir.

She herself, let it be remarked, seldom suffers from the particular malady in question. As a rule, the long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning. She mounts by insensible gradations from dolls, and kittens, and pet brothers, to the zenith of passion; to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats. A first kiss is a landmark in a boy's life, but no such event marks for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing, and purring, and fondling, and petting from her cradle, and she will pet, and fondle, and

purr, and kiss to her grave. Good luck to her for doing so, and for accomplishing what, in spite of the utterances of cranks and faddists, is the destiny for which an all-wise Nature placed her in the world.

The first love of a youthful spendthrift unfortunately is, nine times out of ten, a very unsatisfactory one, all of a piece with his thoroughly ill-ordered life.

More or less at the beck and call of some worthless girl, he runs about with no definite object in view. Saying the same words every day to the same person is decidedly not living; it is a mere state of existence. And at the bottom of all there is but to be found the bitterest of all social miseries—unmitigated boredom and weariness.

Many a young man becomes so satiated with follies that he reaches the state not inaptly described as looking as if he had been born tired.

"The silly little chap!" said a languid dandy to a friend who was boasting that his little boy—aged two—had learnt to walk with great ease; "if I had known as much when I was a child as I do now, I'm hanged if I would have ever learnt to walk at all, and then I should always have had some cursed fool to carry me."

Youth in dressing-gown and slippers, dawdling over breakfast at noon, is a very decrepit, ghastly image of that youth who sees the sun blush over the mountains, and the dew sparkling upon blossoming hedgerows.

"Strange destiny!" cries the spendthrift. "Always some will-o'-the-wisp before my path—nothing

real!" Vaguely he realizes the severe punishment of Tantalus, and becomes wretched through sorrow, boredom, and regret.

> "From his youth upwards to the present day,
> When vices more than years have made him grey;
> When riotous excess with wasteful hand,
> Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand;
> Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
> Untainted with one deed of real worth."

Too lazy to think and too stupid to learn, uncultivated men of pleasure are a nuisance to themselves and to everyone else as well.

The conversation of such men was tersely summed up by Dr. Beaufort, who, being asked by a priest whether he knew the celebrated spendthrift Lord Barrymore, replied: "Intimately, most intimately. We dine together almost every day when his lordship is in town." "What do you talk about?" "Eating and drinking." "What else?" "Drinking and eating."

These two topics, together with discussions as to the merits of race-horses and speculations concerning the good looks, virtue, or lack of virtue, of certain members of the fair sex, are about the only ones which arouse any interest in the genuine nincompoop —that evergreen which does not change from one generation to another.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king; give him brains without riches, and he is a slave; give him riches without brains, and he is a fool.

The pursuit of pleasure by a wealthy idiot is sure to prove an unprofitable business; the more

he tries to catch it, the more easily it eludes him. Pleasure, indeed, should never be made a business; let him who approaches it in this way reflect on the words of Lord Chesterfield:

"I have run the silly rounds of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world: I appraise them at their real worth, which is, in truth, very low. Those who have only seen their outside always overrate them, but I have been behind the scenes, I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which move their gaudy machines, and I have also seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle of pleasure in the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose."

Pleasure, as Lord Chesterfield said, may be unreal, but its after effects are very real indeed. A particularly unpleasant one is the impecuniosity which assails its too ardent votaries. This is usually associated with that "extravagance of poverty" which obliges ruined spendthrifts to pay, or rather owe, double as much as solvent people for luxuries which have to be procured upon credit.

Fifty or sixty years ago it was considered quite a normal thing for a rich young Peer or wealthy Squire to be a spendthrift. His education and

training often fitted him for little else. Many a one was an expert at leading a completely idle and vacuous life, and would cheerfully admit that he was always bored. His day usually began about one, when his valet called him. He then took a sort of breakfast attired in a dressing-gown and smoking-cap. Though he took in the *Morning Post* and *Times*, he was not in the habit of looking at them, as they bored him—especially the telegrams. He dressed before three, and then strolled into the Club. This was the worst part of the day, and sometimes it bored him dreadfully. When it was too boring, he would go round to Truefitt's and have his hair brushed. Later he did the Park, when, though he flattered himself his turn-out was correct, driving bored him awfully too. He dined somewhere or other at eight. Dinner cost him about £1 15s. His usual hour for going to bed was about four. Most young "swells" of this kind openly avowed that they had no predilection for any profession. One of them declared that if he had to choose, he thought he would rather drive a hansom, because there seemed less boredom about it than about anything else: one would not have to get down, and if one wanted to talk, one had only to open the hole in the roof of the cab.

As to politics, the ideas of an individual leading this kind of life were amusingly satirized by a somewhat severe critic in the late sixties of the last century in some evidence supposed to be given by a Peer of twenty-three before an imaginary committee appointed to inquire into the utility and general working capacity of the House of Lords:

THE DANDIES' COAT OF ARMS.

By George Cruikshank.

"The scion of a noble race said he had been inside the House of Peers twice; thought once was for a bet. Had been educated. Had gone to Eton, where he had got well kicked with no bad results, and then to Oxford. When there, was at Christ Church. Did not take a degree, but instead wore a velvet cap with a gold tassel, and kept horses. Wore also a ribbed silk gown. On high days wore a rich figured silk covered with large gold patches, and dined at a high table with 'Dons.' Spent £5,000 at Oxford, and left when he was twenty-one. Yes, he had lots of ancestors. Considered it 'great fun' to be an hereditary legislator. Did not care what was disestablished as long as it was not Tattersalls'. No, did not know there had been a row in the Commons about the Irish Church. Should vote against the Suspensory Bill, because someone he knew wanted a berth over there in the clerical line. Has no prejudices on the question. Would give the Commissioners long odds on the result. Considered the House of Lords a 'grand institution.' Saw something about 'thanking God there was a House of Lords' in last week's *Bell's Life*, and thought it great fun. Should send his vote up by proxy. Did not much care what happened, as long as it did not interfere with grouse-shooting, the Derby Day, or Rotten Row. Knew some good fellows in the Commons, though he thought they talked too much. Had heard of Oliver Cromwell. He ran fifth for the Chester Cup in '61."

It was very unfortunate for the class to which they belonged that most aristocratic pleasure-

seekers despised politics, under the mistaken impression that legislation would never affect their amusements. In this they were quite wrong, for at the present time the tendency of the House of Commons to interfere with personal independence is a growing evil. Indeed, some phases of proposed legislation in this direction are as ridiculous and unreasonable as forbidding a consumptive person to cough.

At the present time several sports, including racing, are threatened. The days are gone when the Turf and the gaming-table played a great part in a public man's life. The one great business of life, however, in spite of all laws or prohibitions, will continue to be play. Even those individuals who profess to be horrified at the vice of betting are continually speculating in the City. In old days many a man about town made no secret of his vices. Happiness to him meant a good book on the Derby—honour, the punctual liquidation of his betting account, or the settlement of his losses at cards. Few habitual gamblers are successful in the end. The fate of the plunger is usually sad ; if the charm of gambling was only less potent, the lesson to be drawn from the decline of a gambler's fortunes would be far more effective. When years creep on and poverty and misfortune dog his path, he ceases to be a spoilt child. The extravagances of many a popular gambler are tolerated as eccentricity, so long as he has money and credit to hazard on the chance of a bet; but when misfortune steadily dogs his path he soon collapses. It is whispered that he has debts of honour, both

on the Turf and at cards, unpaid and unpayable. Before long he becomes the butt of a thousand duns, and acquaintances cease to greet him with a friendly nod. On the other hand, dependents who once stood respectfully uncovered in his presence treat him with familiarity and scorn. In spite of all this, the vicissitudes of a gambler's life have never yet deterred anyone from speculation.

Enjoyment battens upon surprises, and delights are heightened by doubt. Lady Teazle, who lamented that roses did not blow all the year round, would have been astonished, probably, to hear that she would like roses the less were her desire granted. Perpetuity is such an enemy to content, that certain spendthrifts, even after having been affluent for many years, often retain a positive hankering after the old excitement of being once more in debt.

Some are perfectly happy never to be out of it. We often speak of being settled in life; we may as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling downhill.

Many a youthful heir to a great inheritance has been the most unhappy of men. In spite of the possession of ample means, not a few on attaining their majority have seemed to be the prey of a settled melancholy.

There is an instinct in the heart of man which makes him fear a cloudless happiness. It seems, indeed, as if he owes to misfortune a tithe of his life which, when it is not paid, bears interest, and

as time goes on swells a debt which sooner or later he must acquit. Perhaps this is why certain men lead perfectly happy lives in spite of being never free from worry, whilst the chronic emptiness of their pockets in nowise ruffles their serenity.

An optimist of this kind, enlarging upon the blessings of an impecuniosity for which, it should be added, he himself alone was to blame, said: "After all, I have much to be thankful for. To begin with, I can wear any clothes I like, no matter how old or shabby, nor am I troubled with visitors or obliged to make calls. Bores do not bore me. Sponges cannot haunt my table. Itinerant bands do not play opposite my window. I avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. No one thinks of presenting me with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates me by asking, 'Is there any other article to-day, sir?' Begging letter-writers leave me alone. Impostors know it is useless to attempt to bleed me. I practise temperance. I swallow infinitely less poison than others. I am saved many a deception, many a headache. And, lastly, if I have a true friend in the world, I am sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it."

This type of pleasure-seeker, however, is rather the exception. It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out at elbows.

CHAPTER II

SPORTING RESORTS—RESTAURANTS—GRANDMOTHERLY LEGISLATION

In past days there was one respect in which London men of pleasure were at a great disadvantage; there were no good restaurants.

In books like "Tom and Jerry" the meagre references made to the question of cuisine indicate that the bucks of that day did not pay any great attention to this question. It is to be feared that deep potations were more in their line.

At certain old-world hostelries, like Hatchett's, the Blue Posts, Long's, and Limmer's, a good, old-fashioned, simple English dinner was always procurable. French cooking was little known or liked in England then. Indeed, everything foreign was viewed with great distrust.

Englishmen themselves bitterly resented being called foreigners when they were abroad. Speaking of a fracas in which he had been engaged, a regular John Bull gave as his reason for assaulting a Frenchman at Calais, he having been called *un étranger:* "I did not understand such an impertinence," said he, "but a friend who was with me said the words meant 'a foreigner.' 'A foreigner, you scoundrel!' cried I. 'How dare you say a free-born Briton is a foreigner!' and I knocked him down."

In those days, besides being very free with their

fists, Englishmen were far more robust in their tastes than is the case to-day. Prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and other rough sports were highly popular, the day being closed by a hearty dinner of plain, old-fashioned food. This over and the cloth removed, an imposing array of decanters would be placed upon the highly polished mahogany. Huge potations of port would be drained, the evening being usually enlivened by song dealing either with the pleasures of love or the joys of the chase. There was little refinement, which by many old-fashioned Englishmen was regarded as being an unmanly quality.

With these ideas prevalent, it was not extraordinary that French kickshaws, as the excellent culinary concoctions of our friends across the Channel were contemptuously called, made little appeal to the bucks and beaux, a good deal of whose existence was passed on the race-course and by the ring-side.

At the same time there existed a certain number of epicures, who kept very good cooks and thoroughly appreciated refined cookery.

During the time of the French Revolution a young *émigré* officer, M. d'Aubignac, made quite a little fortune in London owing to his skill in mixing salads. Almost at the end of his slender resources, he was one evening having a modest dinner at a West End chop-house, when a party of dandies, perceiving his nationality from his dress, came up to him, and said very civilly: "Sir, they say your countrymen excel in making salads. Will you do us the favour of making one?"

A RESTAURANT OF THE PAST.

D'Aubignac consented, and, having obtained the requisite materials, set to work. Getting into conversation with the dandies, he let slip that his slender means were, for the most part, the result of help from the English Government, which gave some assistance to the *émigrés*. The result of this was that a present of £5 was pressed upon him, and some time later (he had given his address) a polite request reached him, to come and prepare another salad in one of the finest houses in Grosvenor Square. Perceiving the chance which lay before him, he went, and in return for his services received a very comfortable present. His salad was declared excellent, and soon his fame as a fashionable salad-maker spread all over the West End. Before long he was able to set up a carriage, and made regular rounds, accompanied by a servant, who carried the dainty mahogany box which contained all sorts of ingredients, up to that time scarcely known in England. In course of time he had a number of these boxes made, and realized a considerable sum by their sale to clients. So successful was he in his curious profession, that when at last he was able to return to France, he had amassed a capital of several thousand pounds.

Sixty or seventy years ago French cooking was only appreciated by the cultured few. The days of the London restaurant were not yet. Men of pleasure congregated at sporting hostelries, like Limmer's and Long's. In the latter there was at times a good deal of private gaming in a room known as the "room at the end of the landing," where habitués of the hotel could play without fear

of being disturbed, and it was said that large winners sometimes made the proprietor handsome presents. On the other hand, this worthy often fed some of his clients when they had no shots in their locker, trusting them for payment on the chance of a run of luck.

Some visitors were very difficult to deal with. They would neither pay nor go. On one occasion the landlord determined to adopt strong measures with an especially bad case, and, proceeding to his bedroom early in the morning, said: "Now, sir, I want you to pay your bill, and you must. I have asked for it often enough, and I tell you now that you don't leave my house till you pay it." "Good," was the reply, "just put that in writing; make a regular agreement of it. I'll stay with you as long as I live!"

Some of the old sporting characters were witty men. One who had a neat turn for versification, happening to be at an hotel, and seeking in vain for a candle with which to light himself to his room at a late hour, passed a pretty young lady, who had two candles, of which she politely offered him one. He took it and thanked her, and the next morning acknowledged the courtesy in the following epigram:

> "You gave me a candle, I gave you my thanks,
> And add, as a compliment justly your due,
> There isn't a girl in these feminine ranks
> Who could, if she tried, hold a candle to you."

The queerest characters were certain old-fashioned squires who, when in town, frequented Hatchett's and Long's.

One of them created quite a sensation in the coffee-room while dining, eating heartily and drinking deeply. Each time he emptied his glass he made a noise similar to that which a dog might if his feelings were excited. Asked whether he had any reason for this eccentric behaviour he curtly replied: "My doctor orders me to take port wine and bark."

He was more conscientious in following his doctor's injunction than a certain roysterer who, on enquiry whether he had followed the prescription, said, "No! If I had I should have broken my neck; for the stuff was so nasty that I threw it out of window."

Not the least curious visitors were officers returned from India, where at that time there was much heavy drinking.

"India, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest climate under the sun. But a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they eat, and they eat and they dhrink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies, and say it's the climate as has killed 'em."

The escapades and extravagances of the junior officers were sometimes extraordinary.

After the Indian Mutiny, for instance, one of them, arriving at a West End hotel, had amongst his luggage a very peculiar-looking box. This so excited the curiosity of the chamber-maid that she peeped into it; but she immediately dropped the lid with a shriek which alarmed the house. The box contained half a Sepoy, embalmed, and looking

uncommonly fresh and lively. He had been blown away from the gun, and grimly grinned through his bushy beard and his hirsute appendages.

A feature of "Old Long's" was the excellence of the whisky and soda supplied there during the early eighties. The hotel was noted for this, and also for supplying the best devilled soles in all London.

Every West End sporting resort formerly boasted one of those famous old English waiters, of whom William (of Long's), who died not very many years ago, was the last. There must be many who still remember the delightful manners and suave demeanour of this admirable servant, whom, it seemed, nothing could discomfort or even surprise. Under the most trying circumstances his civility never abated, whilst his urbanity was proof against all manifestations of unreason or ill-temper.

William, however, was of more refined appearance and address than the old English waiter of an earlier epoch—of which class the famous John Collins, of Limmer's, was the archetype. Rubicund, and not infrequently bibulous, such men were the product of an age the ways of which were totally different from those in favour to-day.

One of their chief characteristics was the intense respect which they cherished for those of their clients whom they considered real gentlemen. The standard of gentility necessary to ensure their approbation was not very high. In the "Tom and Jerry" days a capacity for taking plenty of wine, and liberal tipping, were enough.

One of these waiters, giving evidence in the courts,

cast an amusing sidelight upon the ideas of his class as to what constituted gentility.

"You say the defendant is no gentleman," said counsel. "What makes you think so?" "'Cause, sir, he gives me sixpence and always says 'Thank you,' when I hand him a mutton chop, or even a piece of bread. Now, a real gentleman never does this; he hollers out, 'Here, Bill, get me a mutton chop, or I'll throw this pepper-box at your head,' but he always gives me half-a-crown. You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have associated with too many of them in my coffee-room and on the race-course."

One of the most useful qualifications of these privileged servants was their marvellous memory for faces, and their most useless one their partiality for giving clients racing tips which, if followed, almost invariably resulted in a loss. Such men would be hopelessly out of place in the West End restaurant of to-day, for though they possessed a number of peculiar virtues, they entirely lacked adaptability. Besides this, owing to their complete ignorance of foreign languages, which the old school of waiter heartily despised, they would be quite unable to deal with the polyglot patrons who throng the luxurious palaces where the course of modern pleasure takes its way. In connection with this subject, nothing is more striking than the great change which has taken place in London hotels and restaurants within the last twenty-five years. After making a somewhat feeble fight, the vast majority of old-fashioned houses of refreshment have either been forced to shut their doors or just

manage to maintain a precarious existence. Except where interesting historical associations remain as an alluring bait, the old-fashioned tavern makes no appeal to the modern diner-out. One of the most conspicuous instances of the change which has swept over London is the disappearance of the Albion Tavern in Aldersgate Street, which, up to comparatively recent years, was a famous resort for dining. All sorts of societies used to hold their feasts there, as did various regiments. Gradually, however, the Albion found itself unable to compete with the newer hotels, and its doors had to be closed, while its splendid stock of wine was sold at auction. Lighter and better prepared food, a constantly changing menu, first-class attendance, and the growth of temperance, have all contributed to make the modern client prefer the cosmopolitan caravansaries to the old English taverns.

Thirty years ago, there were few cafés run on the Continental plan. Romano's, it is true, existed, but it was a very small place, best known to the public as being the favourite resort of the staff of the *Sporting Times*, which was full of chaff about the proprietor, the late Mr. Romano—christened by the cheery pink sheet, "The Roman."

The popularity of the late founder was very great among his clients, and his death was much regretted by men about town. "Ah," said one of these sadly, as he caught sight of the title of a book, "The History of the Romanoffs," which a friend was reading, "they tell me the place has changed a good deal since the old man died." He thought it was the history of Romano's.

Though the views of the majority of the frequenters of this restaurant were very broad, Romano's before it was rebuilt was very narrow: so much so, indeed, that it was familiarly known as the Rifle Gallery.

The opening of the Savoy in the late eighties marked an era in the history of London restaurants. Since then the Carlton and the Ritz have further added to the comfort and pleasure of those who like to dine well amidst artistically designed and pleasant surroundings.

It is a matter for regret that the peaceful and quiet Willis's in King Street has ceased to exist. Opened in 1893, it at first achieved considerable success. The moving spirit in its management was Mr. Algernon Bourke, who, in his time, has done many things, some of them very well. It was intended, I believe, to resemble the defunct Amphitryon Club in the matter of cuisine and wines; and, like the latter resort, its frequenters mostly belonged to the fashionable world. Besides the restaurant proper, there were several private rooms, and latterly an unsuccessful experiment was made with a supper club.

The fact is, supper clubs in private rooms are not popular with the very people—ladies—for whose benefit they are intended.

Ladies do not care to be cooped up away from the general public, or if they wish to sup quietly, they prefer to do so in their own or their friends' houses. Most of them like to see pretty actresses and chorus-girls supping with their admirers. The day has long gone by when any but the silliest and

most narrow-minded pretend to be shocked at anything of this sort.

The great feature of modern London—its excellent and palatial restaurants—is an entirely modern development. Even in the old days of the early eighties good French cooking could only be procured at the Café Royal and the Bristol, and perhaps at one or two smaller places, only known to a select number of gourmets who devoted their time to searching out little hostelries in Soho where good fare was to be obtained. At the present day, anyone wishing to dine well is fairly embarrassed by the variety of choice which lies before him. A fact to be remarked is that whilst London restaurants have enormously improved, those of Paris, once so celebrated for the perfection of their cuisine, have deteriorated. The Maison Dorée, Café Riche, Brébant's, Bignon's, and others well known to the pleasure-lovers of the past, have disappeared for ever. Voisin's still flourishes, but the Café Anglais is soon, I believe, to be offered for sale. The day of the moderate-sized French restaurant, indeed, seems to be over ; it is said that the Parisians have been driven into dining at home by the invasion of foreign visitors, who, owing to their love of squandering money, have sent up prices all round.

The worst offenders in this respect are the Americans, both from the United States and from South America. Many of them do not think they have dined well unless an extravagant price has been paid for their dinner.

Formerly almost every restaurant in Paris had its special *clientèle*, people who made a point of

coming to dine on certain days. This is now a thing of the past.

The halcyon days of the restaurateur were during the Second Empire, when numbers of small restaurants were opened. People were then not very luxurious, and various devices were adopted to attract clients. One of these, carried out in the late fifties of the last century, gave rise to a lawsuit which at the time created considerable amusement.

A laughable trial then took place in Paris between the celebrated Belgian painter, Stevens, and one Vandenhall, a restaurateur in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Finding few customers, the cook applied to the artist, who suggested the bold plan of placarding the neighbourhood with—"Splendid sausages served at three sous, all hot! Two gold Napoleons inserted in each hundred!" Crowds came, there was luck about the house, till it was remarked that the nuggets were generally found on the plates of a select few. A general row was the result, the kitchen was gutted, and the splendid signboard, "Saucisson d'Or," was dragged down ignominiously. Stevens sued for 15,000 francs, the value of his "idea," but both litigants were laughed out of court, lotteries being illegal.

London in the past, though not so luxurious as it is to-day, was a pleasant enough place for a man of pleasure—who, within certain bounds, provided his pockets were filled with cash, could do pretty much as he liked. Grandmotherly restriction is an entirely new thing, and all this early closing of restaurants and public-houses, strict censorship of

music-halls, and the like, is not at all in accordance with the spirit of the London of other days.

Open-air dancing-places like Vauxhall formerly encountered no opposition at all; in fact, the resort in question was looked upon almost as a London institution. At the beginning of the last century it was particularly popular with fashionable bucks and bloods, but in after years it became more democratic. In its latter days it was advertised in the streets by a dark green chariot of fantastic make, in shape like a half-opened shell, tastefully ornamented with gilding and pictures, drawn by two richly harnessed cream-coloured horses; on the box was a coachman in red and gold, looking respectable and almost aristocratic, with his long whip on his knee; and behind him the trumpeters, seated in the chariot, proclaimed its advent. This, old people remembered as the same Vauxhall which, under the Regency, had attracted all the wealth, beauty, and fashion of England.

Though formerly there were no luxurious restaurants for supping after the theatres were shut, a man about town could betake himself to one of the numerous night-houses, like "Kate Hamilton's," which abounded round the Haymarket. After these had been suppressed, came the night-clubs, which, owing to the Act passed by a Unionist Government, have also become things of the past. No doubt both night-houses and night-clubs were far from being edifying resorts, but I doubt if they did any particular harm.

In the days when London was full of rough resorts, a young man about town learnt a good

AN EVENING AT VAUXHALL

From an old print

A NOSEGAY AT COVENT GARDEN.

"GOOSEBERRY" AT "KATE'S."

FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

By John Leech.

deal concerning the seamy side of existence. Not a few of the haunts of pleasure were dangerous places, and if a young fellow got into them he knew what to expect. The writer has known men who had had to fight their way out of houses in St. John's Wood, poker in hand.

The nocturnal resorts and "flash kens," which the roysterers out for a spree frequented, were no bad training in knowledge of human nature, its weaknesses and limitations, or resourceful courage.

No doubt a number of persons came to grief through frequenting night-houses and dancing-halls, but in all probability they would have come to grief had they been forced to pass their time in museums and churches. The flabby modern theory that vice can be extirpated by ignoring its existence, or by chastening the homes of gaiety, is one of the most fallacious suggestions of the human mind.

The English of the past, strong and sturdy in mind, would have no interference with personal liberty; witness the fate which, in the forties of the last century, befell the efforts of a certain Scotch fanatic, Sir Andrew Agnew, who asked Parliament to coerce the nation into his own notion of the virtuous and the godly. His attempt to control the morals of the people by State and police machinery evoked a storm of sarcasm and ridicule, and he and his programme were literally snuffed out of existence by a song more coarse than comic, the burden of which throughout all broad and independent England was, "This is the song of Sir Andrew Agnew." But it answered the

purpose, and well, for it put the whole army of hypocrites to the rout for a very long season.

Up to the early seventies, pleasure-loving Londoners kept later hours than the *viveurs* of Paris do to-day.

Early closing is merely part of our modern system of sham moralization, which proceeds on the assumption that if you cannot entirely suppress an evil, you must see that it is put carefully out of sight.

For the benefit of those no doubt well-meaning but entirely misguided persons who imagine that the morality of London has been improved by the various modern Acts of Parliament designed to meddle and interfere with personal liberty, I may here say that my conviction, based upon an intimate knowledge of the West End since 1883, is that, on the whole, vice, if less conspicuous and brutal, is far more insidious and even dangerous than in former days. Every man about town knows that blackmailing abounds. The best friend to the bully and the unscrupulous girl or woman is that kind of "reformer" who believes that laws can make people moral. Efforts at compulsory moralization, admirable as they may be in theory, are in practice often capable of being utilized for the most iniquitous ends.

As for the closing of restaurants at 12.30, and at 12 on Saturday nights, the only wonder is how intelligent people consent to submit to such a restriction. In the provinces, owing to an even earlier closing hour, things are worse still.

An amusing sight for the student of humanity is at some large public gathering to hear the docile

crowd sing "Rule, Britannia—Britons never will be slaves," and then file off to what, amongst the less wealthy classes at least, amounts to compulsory bed, everything being closed by Act of Parliament.

"Never will be slaves," indeed! Owing to superabundant and faddist legislation, there is no race so enslaved as the modern English. A striking proof of this is that, when the Chief of the Berlin Police recently paid a visit to London in order to investigate our closing regulations, he declared that it was inconceivable that the people of Berlin would put up with anything of the sort.

In promoting faddist legislation, it may be added, the Unionists or Conservatives are not one whit better than the Radicals. Indeed, probably the most monstrous bill ever introduced into the House of Commons is a Regulation of Clubs Bill for which Mr. S. Roberts, Unionist member for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield, is responsible. His precious piece of grandmotherly legislation seeks to apply to clubs the law now governing public-houses: they are to be closed at exactly the same time; in addition to which, there are other ridiculous clauses. If Mr. S. Roberts has his way, Britons will be more enslaved than ever.

Modern England may be compared to a huge school, ruled by puritanical if well-meaning masters, and influenced by a host of myrmidons, a large number of whom are swayed by bigotry and sometimes by hysteria.

Self-control, self-respect, education, culture, and

common sense—all the natural impulses and failings of humanity are ignored by modern legislation. The modern Englishman apparently is not to be trusted ; therefore he is placed under restraints—in fact, he is reduced to the level of a schoolboy.

Even worse than Mr. Roberts's Bill is an amazingly impertinent piece of meddling interference suggested by a weekly journal of high reputation. In this it was gravely proposed that post-masters and -mistresses should be empowered to open private letters if they were inclined to suspect that there was anything about betting in them. That well-known authority on Turf matters—Mr. Alfred Watson—commenting upon this outrageous suggestion, quite rightly branded it as "fanaticism run wild."

Legislative attempts to drive the people into good behaviour by putting shackles on the limbs of their moral capacity to discriminate between right and wrong, besides being as a rule useless, are absolutely unjustifiable. Attempts to put down the overindulgence of a degraded few, by a corrective application so sweeping that the whole nation is branded with the insulting imputation of being unfit to enjoy liberty, cannot fail to weaken respect for the law, which above all things should be founded upon common sense. Without doubt there will some day arise a reaction against all legislation which, under the guise of moral improvement, is constantly seeking to crush personal liberty.

If ever the democracy becomes really educated and alive to facts which are now as much as

possible ignored, they will bitterly resent all this ill-considered and unnecessary solicitude for their —" Heaven save the mark !"—moral welfare. As if a people could be moral who were distrusted and invited to surrender their consciences and sense of personal dignity into the hands of grandmotherly fanatics !

We seem every day to be getting nearer to the state of affairs which, during one period of the eighteenth century, prevailed at Vienna, where, though luxury and extravagance abounded, the most bigoted and rigorous attempts were made to safeguard public morality.

A legion of vile spies, called by the high-sounding name of *commissaires de chastité*, persecuted the unfortunate women of the city, and drove them—as so-called moral reformers attempt to do to-day in modern London—from pillar to post, unwilling to allow them dwelling-places in which to lay their weary heads.

Maria Theresa inaugurated this cruel and ridiculous policy. Like many of our own countrymen and countrywomen, she was quite devoid of the sublime virtue of toleration as regards anything connected with love apart from matrimony. Like them also she had the presumption to imagine that human nature could be changed. Her crusade, of course, proved utterly futile ; nevertheless, it has since been intermittently revived in various countries, but never with the slightest success.

A comparatively recent instance occurred in England in 1885, when the late Mr. W. T. Stead —good, sincere, and well-meaning, but highly emo-

tional — having disguised himself as a man of pleasure (it was said by putting on patent-leather boots), betook himself to a café in Leicester Square, and, of course, without difficulty, obtained some amazing revelations concerning London vice.

As a result of the agitation which followed, the Criminal Law Amendment Act was passed, the enactments of which were expected to produce a great improvement in national morality.

All anticipations of this sort, however, were doomed to disappointment. Indeed, according to those reformers who are now clamouring for a more stringent Act, things have got worse instead of better.

Owing to the outcry aroused concerning the so-called "White Slave Traffic"—which, however, has been exaggerated by persons who glean their knowledge of life from sensational books—legislation is at present pending, the main effect of which will merely be the further hounding down of the unfortunate daughters of pleasure. Already, because of the difficulty of obtaining rooms, these poor creatures are driven into the hands of the vile bullies whom our moral reformers profess to be anxious to stamp out.

One of the greatest aids to the blackmailer and the bully is the legislation which makes it difficult for these women to find an abode—and this difficulty, which often places them at the mercy of unscrupulous brutes, is one of the chief causes of such White Slave Trafficking as does exist.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the way in which the question of the social evil is treated in

England, where an army of prigs, faddists, and emotional if well-meaning women wage a sort of *opéra bouffe* war against an instinct which, as everyone who has devoted serious attention to the subject knows, mere repression is powerless to check. Meanwhile, doctors and scientists, who in more enlightened countries have done so much to mitigate the worst effects of vice, are never consulted at all. Owing to this and to the shameful cowardice of Members of Parliament, protection of the national health, for which there is such urgent need, is never even discussed. The expression of high moral sentiments and sensational appeals to stamp out the "White Slave Trade" are more popular, and better calculated to catch votes.

Though politicians of the stamp of Mr. Arthur Lee and Mr. Alan Burgoyne are ready enough to push forward legislation drafted by fanatical and emotional moral reformers, they have not the courage to advocate measures which, as all acquainted with the facts know, would enormously improve the national well-being.

The main effect of the repressive laws of which they are so fond will be merely to make the lot of the unfortunate women more miserable than ever. On the other hand, the good effects of a carefully considered measure designed to palliate the horrors of the scourge which affects not only the living, but generations to come, would be incalculable.

The indifference shown towards this question by politicians and others who should enlighten the public as to the real state of affairs is absolutely criminal.

It is a national scandal that not the slightest effort is made to prevent England from labouring under the stigma of being utterly callous to the horrors of a plague just as formidable and fatal as tuberculosis.

Germany—at least as regards its army and navy —has come nearest to solving this grave problem in a satisfactory manner.

This is not the place to describe the methods which have achieved such admirable results. Suffice it to say that they do not consist in the early closing of restaurants (in Berlin many are allowed to be open all night), suppressing dancing-places, or hounding wretched women out of flats.

Some day, perhaps, when our politicians are more independent and public-spirited, a saner policy will be adopted.

Till that day arrives, let us have some cessation of self-congratulation and nauseous talk about our wonderful progress in moral reform. Considering that the well-being and health of many an unborn generation is now wilfully sacrificed in the cause of humbug and cant — " progress in national pollution " would be much nearer the mark.

CHAPTER III

GULLS—PIGEONS—ROOKS

WHY the word "gull" should be used to express stupidity it is hard to comprehend, for in reality gulls are very knowing birds indeed, and difficult to be deceived. If a piece of bread or biscuit be thrown from a boat, it remains but a very short time on the surface of the water before it is carried off by a gull, although previously not a bird was visible. But if a number of gulls are flying about, and a piece of paper or white wood be thrown into the water, there is not a gull who will even stoop towards it, although to the human eye the bread and the paper appear identical.

The term "pigeon" is, of course, derived from the trap-shooting which not a great time ago was considered a legitimate form of sport. Not so many years ago, indeed, ladies went down to Hurlingham, where a special plot of ground was reserved for what was euphemistically termed "The Tournament of Doves."

A hundred years ago and later there were many places round London at which trap-shooting flourished. The Old Hats at Ealing, on the Uxbridge Road, the Red House at Battersea—swept away by the improvements which pro-

duced Chelsea Bridge and Battersea Park—and Hornsey Wood House, were all great pigeon-shooting resorts.

At the Red House on June 30, 1829, a celebrated match was shot, those who took part in it being Lord Ranelagh, Captain Ross, Messrs. Osbaldeston, Grant, and Shoubridge, Lord Ranelagh and Mr. Grant receiving four dead birds in advance. The match became a tie at the fifteenth double shot between Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge. Captain Ross and Mr. Shoubridge then shot the tie off. Captain Ross led, and killed his three double birds in succession. Mr. Shoubridge followed with the same success. Captain Ross, in his next double shot, missed one bird, and Mr. Shoubridge killed both his, and was declared the winner. This was considered the best shooting ever witnessed, Mr. Shoubridge having killed ten double shots out of the last eleven, and the first bird of the eleventh, making twenty-one birds out of twenty-two. During the next season four of the above "crack" shots again tried their prowess. These were Anson, Ross, Shoubridge, and Osbaldeston. At the commencement Anson and the Squire were favourites at five to four. Captain Ross made some of the most surprising shots ever known in the enclosure; the distance was twenty yards with the five traps, at twenty-five double shots each. The betting was five to one that both birds were killed against being missed. At the conclusion the numbers were: Mr. Shourbridge, twenty-seven; Captain Ross, twenty-six; Hon. George Anson, twenty-five; Mr. Osbaldeston, twenty-four. Two

matches were then shot by Captain Ross and Mr. Osbaldeston, at thirty yards, with the five traps, at twelve birds each, and were both won by the captain, who killed ten out of twelve.

This was in its way legitimate enough; but in numberless cases pigeon-shooting was merely an elaborate method of extracting money from the products of foolish young men. It is not a manly sport—if, indeed, it is a sport at all. There is a feeling of repugnance at the idea of confining, and then liberating from that confinement, hundreds of domestic birds doomed to instant and often inglorious death, for, if the pigeon escape the regular shooter, he is pretty certain to be destroyed by the numerous irregular gunners who infest and surround the privileged ground.

Nevertheless, in these days, when every attempt is made to avoid cruelty, there is no need to prohibit it by legislation. As a matter of fact, there is no more cruelty about modern pigeon-shooting than there is about a big pheasant-shoot — probably rather less.

The form of gambling, however, which has done most harm to the aristocracy and squirearchy of England is racing. The juggernaut of the Turf has crushed many a fine old family; for to many its attractions have been irresistible. Of a certain nobleman who, notwithstanding grave financial reverses, had continued to go racing to the last day of his life, it was said that he would have liked to be buried in the middle of a race-course. The fascination exercised by the Turf is not infrequently hereditary. A striking instance of this recently

came under the writer's notice. He was, with a friend, looking for a country residence, and in the course of the search went over a small house in one of the southern counties. This was the property of an invalid clergyman, who from an upper window pointed out a well-known race-course which lay close by.

"On race days," said he, "I have my chair wheeled to the bottom of the garden, so that I can get a good view of the horses as they go by. You will think it odd of me to say so, but, though I have never made a bet, I love the Turf. Goodness knows, I have little reason to do so! My father" (mentioning a well-known "Cavalry plunger" of the sixties) "owned a lot of race-horses; and had it not been for them, I should have occupied a very different position to-day. They cost him his fortune, and we were left with practically nothing. Nevertheless, as I have said, racing has a great attraction for me. I suppose it was seeing my father's stud when I was a boy."

To-day, speculation on the Stock Exchange has taken the place of racing as a means for well-to-do people to get rid of their money. There is a pleasant air of respectability about dabbling in stocks and shares very different from the stigma of gambling which hangs about transactions on the Turf.

Successful speculation is "business"; unsuccessful betting, mere "gambling"; notwithstanding this, in the majority of instances both produce the same effect—an empty pocket.

The different way in which the world regards Stock Exchange speculation and betting was per-

THE JUGGERNAUT OF THE TURF.

By Matt Morgan.

haps never better shown than at the death of the ill-starred Marquess of Hastings, upon which occasion a great London daily, whilst very severely criticizing the defunct nobleman in its largest type, had a column and a half in equally large type dedicated to the praise of Baron James de Rothschild. The Baron was a prudent speculator, not a rash gambler. He died with a million or so more than he came into the world with—not poorer by several thousands.

Though the days of great Turf plungers seem to have gone, racing is still very popular with the people at large. It is almost the only speculative amusement they have, and very likely it does less harm than is generally supposed. In any case, proposals such as were embodied in the Bishop of Hereford's Bill, so sensibly rejected by the House of Lords, are a gross and unwarrantable interference with personal liberty. To prohibit the publication of the odds in the newspapers savours of the worst sort of tyranny. How any Englishman could be found to draft such a monstrous piece of legislation is indeed an extraordinary thing.

Ever since racing first began, the British public, not necessarily for betting reasons, has taken the warmest interest in it; but the character of the interest has perhaps a little changed in the course of years. Nowadays, apart from those who actually attend race-meetings, the majority do their racing through the medium of the newspapers. Not always was this the case; but in older days they had their own means of communicating racing as well as general news.

In the days before railways coachmen and guards were the great racing authorities. They carried the news from town to town, being often very much beset, after a great race-meeting, for the names of the winners.

Many a bedroom window would fly open as the mail clattered by, and the guards generally knew what was wanted before the night-capped inquirer opened his lips.

Bell's Life was the great sporting authority; every hostelry with the slightest claim to respectability took it in regularly, and people dropped in all the week to read the sporting news.

It was generally a queer, tattered-looking sheet by the end of the week. In the North of England the *York Herald* was a wonderful authority on all racing matters. It was a big single sheet, which could accommodate three readers at a time. Short paragraphs, not long racing articles, were its speciality.

"Vates," in *Bell's Life*, was then about the only prophet who presumed to speak in verse on the eve of the two great races. People learnt his effusions by heart, as they did the verses beneath Leech's weekly picture in the same paper.

There was no critical analysis of leading favourites. Each horse was usually praised to the skies, so that whatever turned up trumps, the writer might be always on the right side and able to refer to the favourable opinion he had expressed some months before.

With the growth of the modern excellent sporting press, the public has gained far greater oppor-

tunities of knowing the form of the various horses. It is, consequently, far cleverer at backing winners to-day than it was in the past, and, as a proof of this, book-making is no longer the easy road to fortune which it once was.

The old open race-meetings, of course, were not conducted so strictly as those of to-day. All sorts of sharpers lay in wait for countrymen and others, while open gambling was carried on in booths, especially at Epsom. Huge fat women, under large umbrellas, kept a lookout near the roulette-tables which were scattered about near the course. Frith's clever picture, "The Derby Day," gives an excellent idea of what went on as late as the sixties.

In the London of other days, whilst "pigeons," in the shape of rich young heirs and bumpkin squires, were to be found in fair profusion, there were also a number of individuals who, if not exactly "rooks," eked out a comfortable living by betting and play.

A man of this sort was often quite a slave to regular, or rather irregular, habits. When not engaged in racing or some other sporting event, his day consisted entirely of cards. Beginning with a rubber or two in the afternoon, he would sit over the green cloth till dinner. After this, billiards would monopolize his attention till about twelve o'clock, when more serious card-playing began. In the days of Crockford's he would often stay at the famous Temple of Chance in St. James's Street till the dawn broke. In later years he would either play more whist or join some private party where the stakes ran high. With the morning light and

the cry of the early milkman he came home with a light or heavy heart, corresponding with the state of his pocket, and went to bed.

To-day the counterpart of yesterday, to-morrow the counterpart of to-day!

The mental attitude of a certain number of individuals as to gambling has probably never been better summed up than by George Eliot.

"Favourable chance, I fancy," she wrote, "is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. Let even a polished man of these days get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live outside his income, or shirk the resolute, honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitably anchor himself on the chance that the thing left undone may turn out not to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence, and he will adore that same cunning complexity called Chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed Chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle

deprecated in that religion is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind."

Gambling and betting have always been part of the stock-in-trade of the sharpers who prey upon foolish young men. To-day the latter are supposed to be very wide-awake; nevertheless, the peculiar kind of swindler who lives by pandering to their follies still flourishes. There are still plenty of pickings for the rook, and the fox seldom prowls about in vain.

At the present day a clever, impecunious adventurer finds many an active sphere for his peculiar labours which was denied to his predecessor. In the distant past a man whose keen wit had to stand him in the stead of a lofty name and handsome revenues was forced to open the world with his sword as a soldier of fortune. If he could not do this he had to ingratiate himself with someone who would offer him the requisite facilities for marrying an heiress, or else to descend to the tricks and cunning of the downright knave. He could punt over the green cloth at games of hazard, it is true; but a man who has to live by his wits can seldom afford to play unless he has a decided advantage over his opponent, and the adventurer was often enough sufficiently manly to despise such methods.

The halcyon age of the sharper was, of course, the eighteenth century, when men drank deep, and almost everyone with money gambled.

Beaux and statesmen, peers and apprentices, the learned and polite, as well as the ignorant and

vulgar, were alike involved in the vortex of play. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, betting of every description, with the ordinary resources of cards and dice, were the chief employment of many, and these were engaged in, more or less, by almost every person in the higher ranks of life. The proprietary clubs—White's, Brooks's, Boodle's—were originally instituted to evade the statute against public gaming-houses. But every fashionable assembly was a public gaming-house. People betted on everything, no matter how absurd.

In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, when racing was just beginning to be fashionable in France, a veritable mania for betting captured the *viveurs* of Paris, who settled everything by a wager. Members of the Jockey Club betted as to each other's health, the duration of their lives, and sometimes even as to the virtue of other members' wives.

Eccentric bets were all the rage. M. de Chateauvillard and Charles Laffitte, for instance, actually rode ponies into the Jockey Club and played a game of billiards without dismounting.

Another member, offering to bet a hundred louis that a certain gentleman's wife was not faithful to him, was considerably embarrassed by the member, who had only overheard that a wager was on foot, insisting on sharing it with him. The conditions were duly entered in the betting-book, the name of the husband being, however, omitted, and a week later that individual, who never learnt the truth, was duly handed a thousand francs. Everything, from the exact size of Taglioni's legs to the subject

of M. Thiers' next speech, became the subject of speculation. Thus the Jockey Club's betting-book made even more curious reading than the famous volume in which are to be read the eccentric wagers made by members of White's Club, at the time when the attention of the West End of London was so largely concentrated upon play.

A young man is said to have won money on spiders. He wagered that a spider which he would produce would cross a plate quicker than a spider to be produced by a friend. Each spider was to have its own plate. His opponent's spider, however, on being started, would not stir, whilst his own ran with immense speed. The bet was consequently lost, and the loser soon found out the reason why. Our young friend had a hot plate.

There were many tragedies, and it was no uncommon thing for a heavy loser to blow out his brains.

Great excitement was aroused on one occasion when a certain gambler had won a vast sum of money at écarté owing to constantly turning up the King of Diamonds. All of a sudden his unhappy adversary rose, seized the cards, and in a desperate, despairing manner rushed hurriedly into an adjoining room. During the moment of his doing so the handle of a pistol was seen by a gentleman, as he rushed past, in his coat pocket. An exclamation of horror ensued. All rushed to the door to try and force it open, for it was locked on the inside, but before this could be done the report of a pistol was heard; for a moment, all drew back in silent fear. The women, pale and trembling,

shrank back to the farthest corner of the room. The door was broken open, and then they beheld the King of Diamonds, with his head blown off by the unsuccessful gambler!

Ireland produced a number of adventurers at the end of the eighteenth century. Many a one, like the celebrated Tom Hughes, was the son of some worthy tradesman. Spoilt by a fond mother, Tom's taste for gaiety and dissipation soon marked him out as a man of pleasure.

His father died while Tom was still a boy, and being still his mother's darling, she indulged him in all his extravagance far beyond the limits of her abilities. He dressed, gamed at "Lucas's," and paid his court to the ladies of pleasure. His mother's affairs were, by his dissipation, brought into a critical state, and she was no longer able to assist him. The debts he had contracted, and a desire to shine far above his station, induced him to quit Ireland and make his appearance in England. He accordingly repaired to London, where he found means to raise some money, appeared at the billiard-tables, tennis-courts, and horse-races, and sported with various success. At length Tom met with a good pigeon, and then he began to make a more brilliant figure than ever, betting like any rich young squire. With the Phrynes of Covent Garden he was in high favour; they shared the spoils; and his generosity to them was almost unbounded. His favourite house was that of Mrs. Thornton in the Piazza, and here he spent, or rather threw away, many hundreds of pounds.

Fortune at this period seemed to accompany

him everywhere. He was a great gainer by the gaming-parties held at Carlisle House in Soho Square, and derived considerable emolument from having a share in the E O tables at Dr. Graham's in Pall Mall. In a rencontre he had with a gentleman under the Piazza concerning a play debt, he received a wound in his side. Luckily, his antagonist's sword struck against a rib, and the wound proved in no way dangerous, so that he recovered in a few days. Soon after, he fell in company with a young gentleman, of considerable fortune, just come of age; they sat down to cribbage, and in one night he won above £3,000 of his opponent, who made over to him a landed estate as a consideration for that sum.

Tom was now in the zenith of his grandeur. He borrowed a sum of money of old Pope, the usurer, and, being considered a man of real fortune, he was balloted a member of the Jockey Club.

From this period may be dated his decline. Passionately fond of hazard, he could not bear to hear the rattling of a dice-box unless he was of the party. A run of ill-luck, added to his good-nature in giving assistance to any unfortunate fellow-gambler who broke down, soon compelled him to have recourse again to Pope. The estate was presently so deeply involved that he could not pay the interest of the mortgage, and in a short time Hughes was compelled to transfer the whole property to the money-lender.

Though he was destitute of money, he still had credit, but his creditors soon became so clamorous

that he was obliged to lie low. Stern necessity, however, drove him out in search of play and money, and he was often paid a "shoulder compliment" by the "catchpole," and was thereby more distressed. One evening, when he was at the Long Acre Coffee-house, playing at backgammon, his creditors, having got scent of his situation, paid him a visit. Tom, however, having many acquaintances in the room, was thereby saved; for, instead of letting him be made a prisoner, they rolled the "catchpoles" in the gutter, whilst their friend made good his escape.

He was, however, caught a few nights after, and obliged to pay for all his sins. This became a very expensive affair, which he never got clear of till he was set at liberty by the Insolvent Act.

He was soon after confined at the house of the famous, or rather infamous, Charles Scoldwell, a rapacious bailiff, who was eventually transported. Charley knew his man, and knew that Tom had many friends who would not let him want; accordingly, as long as they visited him and promoted the trade of the house, Charley was in no hurry to carry Tom over the water. But when Tom's purse began to fail, and his friends seemed to cool, Charley made no ceremony, but conducted him to the Bench. Here, worn out by illness, worry, and debt, Hughes eventually died, leaving not even the price of a coffin.

White's was a great centre of speculation from the end of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. Here were to be found all the fashion-

able men of pleasure of the day, those of varying tastes generally herding together in separate groups, as if they were not a part of the same club. The triflers and exquisites approximated more closely to another class—the sporting men—than any other, for "sporting" transactions brought them more frequently in collision one with another. Seventy years ago many beaux lounged about inside the still existing bow window, built in 1811, reconnoitring up and down St. James's Street—some talking upon affairs of love, others upon affairs of "honour"; of matches on the "tapis," and the losses sustained at Crockford's the night before.

So much has been written of the latter gaming resort that it is here only necessary to say that, like a vast sponge, it absorbed all the ready money of the men of pleasure of the period during which it was open.

At that time the West End was the scene of all sorts of queer freaks, of which the running match between Lord William Lennox and an officer of the 9th Lancers was an instance.

Coming into Crockford's one evening, the latter, known in the army as one of the fleetest runners of his day, declared he would give anyone present ten yards in a hundred, and run him for the same number of pounds. Lord William, in spite of having just had a big dinner, accepted the challenge, and the conditions of the match were signed as follows: "100 sovs. each, p. p., to come off in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, at 12 o'clock p.m., J. Spalding, Esq., to give Lord W. Lennox

ten yards in a hundred. Colonel Standen and Lord Fitzhardinge to be umpires, Count D'Orsay referee."

The odds against Lord William were at first 6 to 4, soon increased to 2 to 1.

For the next hour the favourite took some gentle exercise, and reached the appointed starting-place five minutes before midnight.

There had been a shower of rain, and the ground was so slippery that one of his backers fell when measuring the ground ; this was looked upon as an unlucky omen, and 5 to 2 was offered in favour of the soldier, who had youth upon his side. "I shall give the words, One, two, three, and away," said the starter, placing Lord William ten yards in advance ; "and at the latter you will both be off, running between the two umpires." While the course was being cleared (for so novel a sight as a foot-race in this aristocratic neighbourhood had attracted a crowd of idlers), Lord William, determined not to throw away a chance, quietly divested himself of his shoes. In the mean time, his opponent's friends were not backward in the cause, and a noble lord, who had invested a couple of hundreds on the match, gave a hint to his man to cross to the pavement, which was dry, in order to avoid the chance of slipping upon the wet macadamized road. This generally clever backer either forgot that in following the suggestion the distance given to Lord William would be increased in a trifling degree, or considered that the advantage gained would counterbalance the drawback. No sooner had the word been given than Lord William shot off like an

arrow from a bow. His opponent was even quicker at starting; but unfortunately, in making for the pavement, he came in contact with the very individual who had tendered the above advice. The concussion, though not severe, threw him out of his stride, and Lord William was pronounced to have won in a canter. His feet were cut by the sharp stones, his shoes lost or stolen, his silk stockings sacrificed; but the balance was in his favour, for the following morning the winner received £60 as his share of the original stake and odds that he stood on this sporting event.

At that period, strange wagers were common.

A sporting blade, who never would allow himself to be outdone, one day got into an argument with a friend as to which of the two could endure the hotter bath, he himself maintaining he could stand any degree of heat. After some argument and discussion a bet was made. Two bath-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The competitors stripped, and, separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word, the wager being who would stay in the longest with the hot water running. No. 1 drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, but No. 2 pulled out the plug in the bottom of the tub. After about half a minute, No. 1 inquired:

"How is it in there—pretty warm?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's getting mighty hot; but I guess I can hold out a minute longer."

"So can I," answered No. 1. "Scis—s! Squash! but the heat is awful!"

Fifteen seconds passed, equal to half an hour by No. 1's imaginary watch.

"I say, over there, how is it now?"

"Oh! It's nearly up to boiling-point. Oh, Christopher!" answered the cunning villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape-pipe.

By this time No. 1 was splurging about like a boiled lobster. He called again:

"I s-a-y, over there, how is it now?"

"Hot," replied No. 2. "But—whew! Scis-s! I shall hold out another minute all right."

"Oh, can you!" shrieked the now partially boiled No. 1, and, unable to contain himself, scrambling out, he bolted through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

"You infernal rascal! Why didn't you put the plug in?"

"Well, our conditions said nothing about that," said the imperturbable joker. "Why in thunder didn't you leave yours out?"

As old betting-books attest, wagers were formerly made about all sorts of things which would now be considered unsuitable subjects for speculation. Young officers were very fond of betting as to marriages and the like. In a country town lived a rich attorney with two daughters, each of whom, as he was fond of giving out, would have £20,000. This statement naturally gave rise to a good deal of joking, especially amongst the subalterns of a regiment of foot quartered there, with the result that the attorney declared that no officer should ever sit at his table.

Talking over this exclusion one day, a dashing young lieutenant, to the amazement of his companions, offered to bet that he would be present at a dinner-party to which the attorney had invited a number of the townspeople.

The wager was quickly accepted, and, in pursuance of his plan, on the appointed day the subaltern presented himself at the lawyer's door and begged to see him on most urgent business.

He was soon admitted, the man of law having no idea of losing a client merely because he wore a red coat; he was very much astonished, however, when his visitor gravely informed him that he was the bearer of intelligence that would save him £10,000. Just then, however, dinner was announced, and the young officer, with well-feigned regret, was on the point of retiring, saying he would call the next morning, when the bewildered attorney, fearful of neglecting his guests, and yet distressed at the idea of not getting told of what might be valuable information, became totally forgetful of his resolution as regards his daughters, and pressed the subaltern to join his dinner-party. This the officer, after proper hesitation, consented to do, and, taking good care to place himself between the young ladies, made fierce love to both during the repast.

Dinner over, the host, now in a perfect fever of unrest, hurried his young guest into a private room, and begged him to let him know what he meant by saying he could save him £10,000.

"Why, sir," said the officer, "everyone says that when your daughters marry you will give them

twenty thousand pounds apiece; I came here to tell you I will take either of them with ten."

The lawyer was mad with rage, but the officer claimed and received his bet.

Many a young fellow, after a career of extravagance, found himself in a pitiable condition. The only thing before him was often bankruptcy, and this in many cases proved a positive relief. An insolvent, however honourable or unfortunate, had always the millstone of his debts hanging about his neck, and this, to men of principle, proved well-nigh intolerable.

In old days, however, only persons in business went bankrupt, as the penalty for debt was a sort of not dishonourable incarceration. In consequence of this penalty, many men of pleasure passed the last years of their lives in a debtors' prison.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the etymology of the word "bankrupt" is very curious. It is said to have arisen from the establishment of the first traders in exchange who dealt in open market-places, which consisted in a bare bench or counter (Latin, *bancus;* Italian, *banca*), which bench, in case of the trader's failure, was broken up, by way of public stigma. Hence, then, the name of banker or bencher, and hence, as some presume, the origin of the term "bankrupt."

In the days of imprisonment for debt, money-lenders flourished even more than they do to-day. A regular hierarchy of usurers then existed. At the bottom of them was the Shylock in a small way, who negotiated modest loans, part of which was given in bad sherry, worse cigars, or worthless

pictures. A great trade was done in spurious works of art, impecunious borrowers being forced to take some *chef d'œuvre*, declared to be from the brush of an old master, as part consideration for an outrageous bill. Sometimes, however, the lender got the worst of these very dubious transactions.

One dissipated young fellow, being very pressed for money, resold to a certain Hebrew dealer, for one-sixth of the money he had paid for it, a picture which he had purchased but a week or two before. The rapacity of the Israelite, however, prompted his victim to get even with this Shylock, at whose establishment a few days later he accordingly again presented himself.

"I have brought you," said he, "a most valuable painting — a cherished heirloom which has descended from father to son for many generations in my family; I have lost all you gave me the other day for that picture, and therefore need a further hundred pounds in order to try and retrieve my losses."

The Jew looked at the painting, and liked it, with the result that after some demur he advanced the required sum.

"In six days from this, almost for certain," said the borrower, "I shall be in funds; I therefore wish to make the condition that if at the end of that time I bring you one hundred and ten pounds—outrageous interest—you will restore my painting. We will make a memorandum to that effect in writing."

Thinking that he was making a pretty good bargain, the Jew agreed.

A couple of days or so later, an individual who

gave every indication of being possessed of considerable wealth, apparently struck by the beauty of the painting which he saw displayed in the dealer's window, entered and offered an enormous sum for it.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed in ecstasy. "I am a connoisseur in works of art. It is a Rubens, and I must positively have it at any price." The keen eyes of the Jew sparkled, but he recollected the written agreement, and therefore refused to part with it.

The next morning a painter arrived, who also offered to purchase it, but with no better success. On that and the ensuing day a crowd of persons collected round the window, all loud in their admiration of the superb painting. Inquiries poured in, and at last the Jew, overpowered with questions and offers of purchase, was compelled to remove the picture altogether from the public gaze.

The sixth day was more exciting still, and the Jew was all agog. It was possible the original owner might not appear, and then he was at liberty to dispose of it to whomsoever he would. About midday, however, to his great mortification the young man once more stood before him.

"Well, Isaac," said he, with a deep sigh, "here I am, but without money to redeem the painting. Here, however, are my watch, chain, rings, and other jewelry, which I will give you instead."

"Our bargain said nothing about that," was the reply.

"But the things are twice the amount of your loan. I can raise the amount on them from a friend in half an hour."

The picture-dealer was disconcerted, but only for a moment.

"I would rather buy the picture right out," at length said he, "and am prepared to pay well for it. What do you say to two hundred pounds?"

"Two hundred devils!" was the reply. "Fancy taking such a sum for a Rubens, and an heirloom handed down from generation to generation. You are facetious, friend Isaac, or take me to be a fool."

"Well, say two hundred and fifty pounds?"

"Nonsense! I will go and get the money I owe you, and then take my painting away."

"Well, I'll give you three hundred." It was half the amount offered him by an English nobleman.

So saying, the dealer produced the money. The young man appeared to be staggered; he hesitated, hemmed, hawed, and evinced every sign of indecision.

"Well, as you are an old friend of mine," said he, "you shall have it; but only think what my ancestors would say were they to know I had ceded such a Rubens at such a price. You have a great bargain, let me tell you, and cannot fail to double the sum you have given for it. Adieu, you old bloodsucker!" pocketing the notes and gold. "I am sure you will long bear me in remembrance for this. Once more, adieu."

The Jew before long found he had good reason to remember his erratic client, for from the day of his purchase no one showed the least desire to give anything for the Rubens, which several passing connoisseurs, no doubt sent by its former owner,

obligingly pointed out was nothing but an indifferent copy. Never, perhaps, was there a better instance of the biter bit.

At the topmost rung of the ladder was the fashionable West End usurer who called himself a financier. A useful man, on occasion, to people in a tight place, he served you in the present tense, lent to you in the conditional mood, kept you in the subjunctive, and ruined you in the future. Meanwhile he gave excellent dinners to his clients, and almost considered himself to be a gentleman.

Such a man called bills "securities," and, by adroit methods, generally contrived that not he but some humbler member of his profession should sue his victims.

Some dealt entirely with the aristocracy, and preferred only coronets with strawberry-leaves round them; others made a speciality of dealing only with the military. It is said that a certain discounter on his death-bed thanked Heaven that, although he had ruined half the Household Brigade, his conscience was clear of ever having done a bill for a Woolwich cadet.

Another spoke with pity of a friend and rival, who he said had sunk so low as to be obliged to do bills at thirty per cent. for the Royal Marines.

The descendants of the money-lenders who furnished the bucks of the past with the ready cash to lead their lives of pleasure are now, for the most part, reputable and well-to-do people, who have entirely forgotten the methods by which their ancestors managed to emerge from obscurity. Some sport quite aristocratic names, though most

of them bear some resemblance to the original appellations of their families. Most of the old money-lenders were Jews, and a Jew, when he thinks fit to christianize his name, invariably adheres to a recognizable semblance—orthographical or phonetic—of his original patronymic. Thus, Moses, who may not like to be called Moses, will not think of calling himself Johnson or Wilkins: he becomes Moss, Morris, or Morse, as Shadrach becomes Sherrington. Jonas would rather miss a profitable discount transaction than sign himself Montmorency or Higginbottom on any bill, warrant, or quittance whatsoever; but he has not the slightest objection to write himself Jones. On the same principle, Solomon manages to appease the manes of his Hebrew fathers by retaining a large proportion of the ancestral title in various forms.

The individual who did this with the greatest success of all was one Nathan Levi by name. Anxious to show originality in his choice, and feeling that a new variety of his patronymic was called for, he one day boldly blossomed out as Mr. Leviathan.

When, in old days, a young man had come to the end of his tether, and there was nothing before him but a prolonged incarceration or a bolt to Calais or Boulogne, the alternative was a rich marriage. This alternative not a few regarded in a very cynical manner.

"I'm in a fine way; I shall certainly be arrested; I can't save my liberty—that is certain," said a handsome young fellow who was at his wits' end to

escape arrest. "All I can do is to try to lose it my own way. Of the two, 'tis better to marry than go to gaol; but at whose suit I shall be obliged to surrender myself, my wife's or my creditors', depends entirely on whether the bailiff or the parson does his business quickest."

Sometimes, when married, such spendthrifts made excellent husbands; but this was the exception rather than the rule. More often, they caught a tartar, who, fully equal to their tricks, paid them out in their own coin.

One jovial blade, noted for keeping late hours, continued after his marriage to come home about two every morning. One night, however, he concluded to go home early, and accordingly he arrived at his house at midnight. In answer to his knock, his wife opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?" "William," was the reply. "No," said she, "that won't do for me; my William won't be home for two hours yet;" and the poor fellow was kept shivering outside till his usual hour.

Occasionally such marriages came to a speedy end, as in the case of the spendthrift who, when his wife remonstrated with him on his conduct, pleaded: "My dear, I am only like the Prodigal Son; I shall reform by-and-by." Upon this, the lady—a woman of considerable spirit—rejoined: "And I will be like the Prodigal Son too. I will arise and go to my father's house." And off she went.

CHAPTER IV

A JOVIAL SPIRIT—BUCKS—DUELLISTS

A TYPICAL man of pleasure of a past age was the third Duke of Rutland, whose jovial administration as Viceroy, to which office he was appointed when thirty-three, was long remembered in Dublin.

The Duke was fond of mixing in all sorts of society; and he had many amusing adventures. With Colonel St. Leger and some other boon companions, he strolled one night into an inn kept by a well-known character—Darby Monaghan.

The latter, who knew His Grace by sight, took good care that the entertainment should be such as to give every satisfaction to his guests, and he contrived to season it with such an abundant flow of native wit and drollery that they were quite delighted with him. His wine and whisky-punch were so good that by two in the morning they were all very jolly, and ready to sally out into the street in quest of any amusing adventure. The diplomatic Darby prevented this, contriving by the humour of his songs and the waggishness of his jests to hold his party fascinated safe beneath his roof. One after another, the guests became more and more exhilarated, until they had reached a

pitch when all the party were ready for any piece of mischief or fun.

"Landlord," said the Duke, "you are a glorious fellow, and an honour to your country! What can I do for you, my boy? Damme, I'll knight you; so down upon your marrow-bones this instant!"

"Your Grace's high commands shall be obeyed," said Darby, kneeling.

The Duke drew his sword, and although Colonel St. Leger endeavoured to prevent his carrying the joke too far, he struck Darby over the shoulder, uttering the ominous words, "Rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan!"

Darby having humbly thanked His Grace, and sworn fealty to the King of England in a bumper, an immense bowl of punch was ordered in and prosperity was drunk to the new knight.

The whole party then had a glorious carouse, sitting so late that they decided to pass the night at the inn.

The next morning, Darby, accustomed to be about early, and as fit as a fiddle, went to call the Duke, and informed him that a good breakfast was ready for his party. Everyone sat down in good humour except Colonel St. Leger, who at last said:

"I am afraid, my Lord Duke, your Excellency made a bit of a blunder last night; you conferred the honour of knighthood on our landlord."

"Did I, by Heaven!" exclaimed His Grace.

"That you did," replied the Colonel.

"How unfortunate! Why didn't you prevent me?"

"I endeavoured to do so with all my might, but your Excellency's arm was too quick; and I

preferred seeing your weapon fall upon his shoulder rather than have it thrust into me."

"It's an unfortunate affair!" exclaimed the startled Duke; "but I suppose the fellow doesn't recollect the circumstances more than myself. Let us call him in. I wouldn't have such a thing get about London for the world. I should become the laughing-stock of everyone at Court, and very likely be recalled."

"Both possible and true," replied the Colonel; "but let us ring for Darby, and hear what he himself knows about the matter."

Darby, who was standing just outside the door, heard all that passed, and resolved to resist every attempt at depriving him of his newly-acquired honours.

The Duke, determined to set matters right, now called him in.

"Well, Darby," said he, "I am afraid we were all rather foolish last night."

"I don't remember anything at all, your Grace, except that my head was whizzing like a top this morning."

"Oh!" said the Duke, much relieved, "you don't recollect all that nonsense about a sword, then?"

"Well," said Darby, "I remember the whack yer Excellency's Royl Highness gave me with that same sword over my shoulder, when ye bid me 'Rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan.'"

This staggered the Viceroy.

"You don't presume to suppose," said he, "that I knighted you in fun or anything of that sort?"

"Shure," replied the landlord, "I wouldn't be after doing yer Highness such discredit as to think ye meant to break yer royl word to man or mortal."

The Duke racked his brains to find a way out.

"Come," said he, "I'll give you a tide-waiter's place, or something in the Excise, that will bring you in about one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and make you independent for life."

"Well," persisted Darby, "I'd rather keep the title; for, d'ye see, it 'll be such a wonderment for a punch-house to be kept by Sir Darby Monaghan, that I'll soon have all the custom of Dublin city, and that 'll be better than a tide-waither's place, anyhow."

Eventually, after further discussion, the Duke promised that if Darby would abandon all claim to the knighthood he should have a place worth £250 a year, and the latter in high glee said he would accept it, provided her ladyship, as he called Mrs. Monaghan, was agreeable. This lady very wisely, and without hesitation, voted for the income of £250, which they enjoyed for many years. The title, too, stuck by them till the last; years later the affair was bruited abroad, to the great amusement of the middle and lower orders in Dublin, who never failed to address the fortunate couple by the appellations of "Sir Darby and Lady Monaghan."

The genial Viceroy had but a short life. He died during his term of office at the early age of thirty-four.

Like the Duke of Rutland, many men of rank and fashion in old days delighted in visiting queer resorts, and seeing for themselves what low life really was. When a celebrated criminal or high-

wayman was captured, bucks and dandies flocked to see him in Newgate.

When the highwayman Hawkes—a singular character, who combined great charity to the Uxbridge poor with robbery on the road—was thrown into prison, Colonel George Hanger, (afterwards Lord Coleraine), a famous man of pleasure, at once went to see him. He had heard that the highwayman possessed a wonderful horse; and he was anxious to buy it. He rode specially from Newmarket to London for the purpose, arriving at length, after a wet and dirty journey, very much bedraggled—in dirty boots, surtout coat, and round hat, which in those days no gentlemen wore in London. Just as he was when he dismounted from his horse he went to Newgate, and desired to see Mr. Hawkes, but without telling the turnkey who he was. The turnkey called Hawkes out of the tap-room, and the prisoner was simply told that an acquaintance wanted to speak to him. After calling for a bottle of wine, and condoling with him on his situation, Colonel Hanger entered on his business with Hawkes, telling him he knew he had a famous mare, and that he much wished to buy her. "The mare," said Hawkes, "is a good mare still, though she has done a good deal of work; and, moreover, is as fast a one as I ever crossed." "Pray, Mr. Hawkes, what is the greatest distance, in point of expedition, you ever rode her?" "Why, sir, the longest ground, in a short time, that she ever carried me, was one evening when, after doing a little business near Salt Hill, I rode her within the hour to London."

"She must be very speedy indeed," Hanger replied; and no more was said about the mare's performances. The visitor then made Hawkes a present of two or three guineas, and told him that, as the mare was to be sold for the benefit of the captors, he hoped he would not deceive him, but tell him frankly whether he would recommend him to buy her or not. "Sir," answered he, "it is not likely that a man so near his latter end as I am (for there is hardly any chance of my escaping), should deceive anyone; therefore, sir, pray tell me, for what purpose do you want her?" Hanger replied, for *the road*, and *only* for the road. "Then, sir," said he, taking the Colonel for one of his own calling, "I will fairly tell you that I recommend you not to purchase her, for I do not think she will suit you, as it was with the greatest difficulty *I could ever get her up to a carriage.*"

Hawkes was a brave and charitable fellow. Riding one day near Uxbridge, well dressed and well mounted, he met an industrious labourer, who stopped him, and said: "Gentleman, don't ride that way, as there are two footpads gone up that lane, who have just robbed me." "What have you lost?" said Hawkes. "Ten or twelve shillings," replied the man; "all I have earned by hard labour to support a wife and family during a week." "Take this pistol, then, in your hand," said Hawkes, "and get up behind me, and show me the man who robbed you." The countryman accordingly sprang up behind him, and they soon overtook the footpads; they then dismounted, and Hawkes, after asking them if they were not ashamed to rob

a poor labourer, knocked one down, whilst the countryman seized the other. Hawkes took everything from them, beat them soundly, and gave the spoils to the countryman. He then mounted his horse, and rode off, telling the grateful, astonished rustic to remember the flying highwayman.

On another occasion, after robbing three or four stage-coaches before break of day in the neighbourhood of London, he stopped one in which was a lieutenant of a man-of-war. The lieutenant presented a long horse-pistol at Hawkes, and told him to stand off, or he would shoot him. Hawkes said he was determined to rob the coach. The lieutenant replied: "I have got but a small sum of money, which I do not know how to replace, and I am resolved that you shall not have it." "Then," said Hawkes, "get out of the coach; I don't want to take a small pittance from a poor officer, who has earned it hardly in his country's service. But mind you, sir, I will most assuredly rob this coach, and I shall advance immediately; therefore, be sure you take good aim, so as to be certain of killing me, for, on my honour, I shall not fire till my pistol touches your head." The lieutenant accordingly got out of the coach, and Hawkes robbed the other passengers; he then wished the lieutenant good-morning, and rode off.

George Hanger was a curious character in many ways. At Eton he studied everything but his books. He was even then fond of dog and gun, and during the day, out of school-hours, he was generally engaged in the sports of the field. By night, game of another kind engrossed his whole attention. Like

many other precocious youths of his day, he passed as much time as he could in female society.

A carpenter's wife was his first flame, and often he risked his life getting over the roof of his boarding-house at night to pass a few hours with some favourite grisette of Windsor. During the latter part of his time at Eton, to perfect his education, he became attached to, and was much enamoured of, the daughter of a vendor of cabbages. Ovid's "Epistles" were totally laid aside for his "Art of Love," in which Hanger made considerable progress. The bigger boys then had a very precocious custom every Sunday of resorting to what they called "Castle prayers at Windsor," which in reality was going to pay court to certain flighty damsels.

Lord Coleraine, George Hanger's brother, familiarly known as "Blue Hanger," from the colour of his clothes, was, perhaps, the best-dressed man of his age; and he was no less remarkable for his politeness and good-humour. Heavy losses at play when he was a young man compelled him to retire into France in order to avoid his creditors; and there he remained upwards of twelve years, until the death of his elder brother. The long sojourn in a foreign country so changed him that when he came to the title he returned to England a complete Frenchman.

On his first visit to Drury Lane Theatre his natural turn for pleasantry brought him into a *rencontre* that gave him some uneasiness. Seeing a gentleman in boots enter the box where he was sitting in the dress circle, and place himself on the

seat just before him rather abruptly, his ideas of etiquette could not well brook what in France would have been considered a breach of decorum. Accordingly, he addressed him in the following words: "I beg, sir, you will make no apology!"

"Apology, sir!" replied the stranger; "apology for what?"

"Why," returned his lordship, pointing down towards the boots, "that you did not bring your horse with you into the box."

"Perhaps it is lucky for you, sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my horsewhip; but I have a remedy at hand, and I will pull your nose for your impertinence." Some other gentlemen in the box then interfered; an exchange of cards took place, and both parties left the theatre.

"Blue" went immediately to his brother George at Brooks's, and having stated the particulars, begged his assistance to get him out of the scrape, "which," said he, "may end in bloodshed. I acknowledge," he continued, "that I was the first aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What had I better do?"

"Soap it well," replied George, "and then it will easily slip through his fingers." George, however, accommodated the affair to the satisfaction of all parties by explaining to the stranger that his brother had resided so long in France as almost to have forgotten the customs of his countrymen.

The lobby of Covent Garden was at that time a favourite resort of male and female pleasure-seekers, and old pictures (one of which is here reproduced) show it thronged by numbers of the

frail sisterhood, who used it for the purpose of meeting their admirers.

A certain type of man, known as a "box-lobby lounger," made a practice of looking in there every night, much as in the eighties men of pleasure used to make a practice of going every night to the promenade of some music-hall.

The habits of men-about-town are much the same in every generation, though there was perhaps more deliberate selfishness connected with them a hundred years ago, when so many of the rich let nothing stand in the way of their whims. Fox-hunting in the country, dissipation in town, then occupied the time of most wealthy young fellows, to the entire exclusion of all serious considerations. It is, however, only fair to remember, that they were then seriously handicapped by the absurd prejudice which existed against a gentleman going into business.

The life of a man-about-town in the early part of the nineteenth century was about as useless and futile as it is possible to conceive. On the other hand, it must be remembered that many a buck fought gallantly for his country in Wellington's campaigns. Perhaps the reaction from his usual idle round made him bear with the greater equanimity the hardships of a soldier's profession and the dangers of the battle-field.

The London life of a young man of fashion about 1800 does not seem to have been very enlivening. He rose about ten in the morning, and having taken a slight breakfast, put on his riding-coat and repaired to his stables. Having inspected his horses, asked a thousand questions of his coachman

LOUNGING AT COVENT GARDEN.

and grooms, and given as many orders, he either rode on horseback or in his curricle, attended by two grooms, dashing through all the fashionable streets into Hyde Park. If, however, the weather was unfavourable, he took his chariot, and visited the shops of the most noted coachmakers and saddlers, who never failed to receive him with profound respect. After ordering something or other, he next repaired to Tattersalls', where he met his friends seriously engaged in studying the pedigree or merits of horses, or in discussing the invaluable properties of a pointer, setter, greyhound, or other sporting animal.

He then drove from one exhibition to another, looked in at the caricature shops, and, about three, went to a fashionable hotel; there he took his lunch, read the papers, arranged his parties for the evening, and at five strolled home to find his clothes laid out and his valet waiting. He looked at the cards which had been left for him in the course of the morning, and gave his orders accordingly. At seven he was dressed, and either went to some party to dinner, or returned to the hotel, where he had previously arranged with some friends the order of the day—or rather, night. At nine he went to the play, not to see it, which would have been a shocking infringement of the laws of fashionable decorum, but to flit from box to box, to look at ladies whom he knew, and to show himself to others whom he did not; to lounge about the lobbies, to take a review of the frail fair ones in the coffee-room, and, finally, to saunter back to his carriage. He then drove to a rout, a ball, or the

faro-bank of some lady of distinction, who concealed her own poverty by displaying the full purses of others. About four in the morning, exhausted with fatigue, he returned home, to begin again the next morning the follies of the past day.

The bucks of the past devoted great attention to their dress, to the tying of their elaborate neck-cloths, to their hair, and, when they came into fashion, to their whiskers.

One military dandy, when whiskers began to be worn, was so desirous of putting these adornments upon the "new establishment" that he went over to Ireland, where he lived obscurely during their growth. Only when they had reached the necessary fulness and length, when they could be cut by rule—four inches and a half deep by three inches wide—did he return to England. He came back home specially for the cutting operation, and declared that his whiskers at this time were so thick and long that, upon Truefitt's trimming them, the floor was strewed with sufficient hair to supply a whole regiment of hussars with moustaches.

This same buck was very proud of his whiskers, and seldom lost an opportunity of referring to them. One windy day he was walking down Pall Mall with a lady who had on an immense French bonnet, which, as the couple approached Waterloo Place, was in danger of being blown off; two of the buck's friends, walking as close as possible with the idea of catching a glimpse of the lady's pretty face, heard the following dialogue: "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, "how shock-

ingly high the wind is! There is no keeping my bonnet in place." "Lodge the brim of it in my left whisker, my darling," said the dandy, "and it will be perfectly secure."

Two twin-brothers — men-about-town — well known for their love of amusement, once played an extraordinary joke upon a French barber, whom they completely mystified. In height, size, features, complexion, and colour of hair, they exactly resembled one another, and when they were both dressed in similar costume, there was no telling which was which.

A fashionable French coiffeur was just then all the rage in the West End, and the twins agreed to have some fun with him. The elder arranged to be shaved for three months, paying a liberal sum down, no stipulation as to the number of times a day being made. At first one brother would undergo the operation one day, and the other, successfully personating him, would occupy the same seat the day following. Now, neither of the brothers could boast of a remarkably heavy beard, and it was therefore a matter of astonishment to the French coiffeur to perceive how very rapidly, to all appearance, the hirsute covering of the chin and upper lip of his quarterly customer grew.

"Monsieur," said he good-humouredly, as he was one day lathering the well-known face, "I have shave plenty beards vat looked strong as de diable, but I sall nevare shave von beard zat sall grow as zis beard of yours."

Matters went on smoothly until one of the brothers missed his accustomed day; the other,

however, underwent the usual operation the next morning, and was operated upon by the dexterous fingers of the French coiffeur himself. That same evening his brother, with a beard of nearly four days' growth, entered the saloon, and seating himself in an easy-chair, requested the coiffeur to shave him as rapidly as possible, as he was going to a party.

Perhaps the operator had a thought that shaving the same individual twice a day was rather a large order, but he said nothing until, as he was tucking the napkin under the chin, his gaze was fascinated by the extraordinary growth of what he supposed to be only a few hours.

"Mon Dieu!" at length he gasped, "monsieur, zis is ze most magnifique barbe in ze country." And bestowing a goodly cup of lather upon the face and chin of his customer, he continued: "Diable! I have shave many years, but I nevare shave one beard vat grew so much as zis!"

The customer, in his effort to suppress his laughter, gulped down a disagreeable portion of the lather; but he nevertheless succeeded in avoiding a loud explosion. He reserved the *dénouement* for the next day, when both brothers entered the saloon together, and stood before the amazed hairdresser.

In a few words they explained the joke which had been played upon him, and made all right by paying him a double fee for the quarter.

"Ah, messieurs," he said, "I have shave much, but I nevare sall shave two barbes so ver mosh like as dese barbes vat you have." Then, after a

thoughtful pause, he asked: "Messieurs, you are married?"

Upon being answered in the negative, he winked his eyes, nodded his head, and remarked:

"Zen, messieurs, if you sall get marry, it is ver mosh best zat you sall live ver far apart, or you sall see ze vives sall make von little mistake, ze same as I make with ze barbes."

Very curious was the life of an impecunious man-about-town in the days when arrest for debt was common. Very likely he would be walking down St. James's Street or Pall Mall, with a smart buggy and high stepper following him, whilst a bailiff lurked at almost every corner to serve him with a writ.

Such officials, however, were usually gentle enough with popular men-about-town, and did not obtrude themselves at inconvenient moments; besides, they always knew where they could find their victims.

In the spunging-houses he was very popular, especially with the daughters of the house, by whom he was regarded, in fact, as quite a friend of the family!

Anyone with expectations could at that time obtain practically unlimited credit.

The old-established tradesmen were seldom averse from good investments, knowing they would be paid eventually. Accordingly, they were glad when, after years of waiting, their bills passed at length into the hands of the lawyers. The bills, thus treated, ultimately become transformed into bonds, with five per cent. interest, clear of income-

tax. The bills signed, they cheerfully opened a fresh account, and had the satisfaction of watching it grow larger and larger as before, while the interest on their bonds accumulated just as that on their bills had done. Thus everybody was pleased. Shrewd men-about-town, heirs to large estates, were only too ready to fall in with such an arrangement, being aware that if they could only hold out long enough, in consequence of a death or a dispute in the firm, West End tradesmen's affairs not infrequently got into Chancery, when nothing more of their claims was likely to be heard of during a debtor's lifetime. Nine times out of ten, however, the tradesmen lost nothing. The custom of men of fashion was of itself almost as good as a fortune. A well-known buck had so many imitators to follow his lead into a shop that such debts as he contracted were usually more than outbalanced by the sums spent and paid by less fashionable folk who followed his lead.

Dashing officers were especially improvident; the daily pay of an ensign in the Guards, which amounted to about four shillings a day, would not have paid his tailor for one single button and buttonhole of the elaborate suits which were then in vogue.

About 1821 great sums were expended upon men's dress. As the illustration shows, a tendency towards exaggeration prevailed, whilst there also seems to have been a good deal of affectation about men of fashion. The old school were much horrified at this. One of them, going to see his nephew, a young Baronet, about twelve

MONSTROSITIES OF 1821.

By George Cruikshank.

in the morning, found him sipping a cup of chocolate in bed, and asking if the French tailor had brought his stays. "Zounds!" cried Sir John, "is the fellow ill? I always got up at six, and ordered out the cold beef and a tankard of October, and filled myself well out, and never wanted stays to keep myself together."

Military dandies belonging to crack regiments, when deeply involved in debt, had generally rich relatives who would set them on their feet again, but officers of marching regiments were generally not so lucky. Not a few, from the time they obtained their commission to the end of their military career, were in constant difficulties. A conspicuous instance of this was a certain young Colonel who, owing to great gallantry in the field, had received command of a regiment. Though a magnificent fellow, he was always in financial difficulties, and whatever debts he paid were generally discharged through the agency of a friend. This friend—one of his Majors, Vowell by name—was a gentleman of as much tact in the settlement of a bill as his commanding officer was in contracting the same; the Major was especially expert at lopping off extra charges; and whenever opportunity arose, adroitly delayed payment till some convenient and far-distant date.

The Colonel's regiment at one time happened to be quartered in a rather amusing part of Ireland, where the officers were very hospitably entertained. In return for this hospitality, when the time came for them to change their quarters, the gallant officer invited all the local gentry to a ball and

supper on the evening before his regiment was to march.

In due course the entertainment, given at the principal inn or hotel, took place. Dozens and dozens of the best claret and champagne were opened and quaffed; all was hilarity and exhilaration, which reached its climax when a most splendid supper was set before the guests. During the whole of this time, the gallant Colonel, with his grand chamberlain and secretary, the "Major," did the honours of the assembly in a manner exceedingly creditable to the regiment. The two were to be seen everywhere, in polite attendance on the guests—the male portion of whom loudly and repeatedly expressed their satisfaction by toasts and healths, whilst the ladies sighed at the prospect of being so soon deprived of the society of a corps containing so many fine fellows.

When the dancing had recommenced after supper, the landlord thought the time had come to present his bill, with the result that he set out to find the Colonel. To his dismay, however, the latter was nowhere to be found—he having, with his factotum the Major, taken his departure just in the nick of time to escape the presentation of the bill.

Coming across one of the other officers, the poor landlord, now much dismayed, said, "Captain, where is the Colonel?" to which the latter, thoroughly understanding the drift of the question, replied:

"Gone, I fancy. He always was great at a retreat."

Upon this, the landlord, greatly chagrined at

such bad news, exclaimed, "Begorra, then, has he walked off with himself entirely? If so, by the holy poker, I'm clane done out of house and home. But, Captain, sure enough the Colonel must have left Vowell to settle the score?"

"Not only one Vowell," was the reply, "but three of them—I.O.U."; and this turned out to be the case. "Was the Colonel a very popular man when he lived in your town?" some time later inquired a busybody of this landlord. "I should think so," was the reply; "when he left, no end of people tried to prevent his leaving, and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for miles."

A despairing creditor of the Colonel once wrote:

"Sir,—Your account has been standing for two years. I must have it settled immediately."

To which came the reply:

"Sir,—Things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run a little while."

Some men-about-town were so careless about their debts that they did not even know when they were liable to arrest.

Two brothers, who were everlastingly in debt, were once at a party where they both enjoyed themselves hugely, until the elder, looking out at the window, descried at the door a gentleman who

had all the appearance of a sheriff's officer. "Fred, my boy," said he to his brother, "yonder's a man who wants me. It will be awkward to be arrested to-night. Do me a good turn; go out, and let him take you. You can explain to him his mistake later, when he will let you off, and we shall both be free." This seemed clear enough, and Fred, having consented, sallied forth. The sheriff's man, with a polite bow, apologized for arresting him. "It's my dooty," said he; and away they trudged. "I will make a purchase or two," remarked the prisoner, "before you go to Whitecross Street. You are in no hurry, I suppose?" "Not at all, sir," was the response. In this way an hour was whiled away, when the prisoner, thinking he had had enough of the joke, turned round and said: "Now, you are a deuced clever fellow, are you not? You think you have got Mr. ——, whereas you have only got his younger brother." "Not at all, sir," was the reply. "I came for you, sir," and at once marched the discomfited debtor off to the spunging-house.

The stratagems and tricks resorted to by wild bucks when hard pressed, were endless in their variety.

A small-sized sheriff's officer, rather light of wit, one day went to serve a *capias* upon an original-minded spendthrift. After a long search he eventually found his man in a field. On explaining his business he was requested to read his *capias*, which commenced as usual, "You are hereby commanded without delay to take the body of, &c." "Humph!" says the prisoner, stretching himself on

LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC

By George Cruikshank

his back, "I'm ready." "Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms?" "Certainly; you must take my body, you know. I do not resist the process of the law, but submit with cheerfulness." "Will you wait until I can bring a cart?" "Can't promise. I may recover from my fatigue in the meantime." "Well, what must I do?" "You must do your duty." And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left, when he went off in another direction.

It is extraordinary how the dashing blades of that day contrived to get on. Not a few never had any money, never paid a debt if it was possible to avoid it, and yet managed to owe something to almost everyone who knew them.

"My dear sir," said a wily buck, with a benevolent smile, to a creditor who called about his bill, "I meant to pay your account—in fact, it should have been paid before, but I was disappointed in not receiving some money which I had calculated on. Mr. X" (naming a very rich man) "owes me money, and I have expected it every day for a month. When he pays up, I'll pay you." This was his answer time after time.

At the mention of this individual's name the confiding creditor always pricked up his ears, and appeared to take courage. In this way, continually keeping X's name in the foreground, the buck was enabled to move along and contract new debts.

One day, X, who, as has been said, was noted for his wealth, called upon this spendthrift.

"Look here," said the former. "I owe you ten pounds. Give me a receipt and I'll pay you."

"In the name of Heaven I beg of you not to do it!" cried the buck in alarm, all his cool assurance leaving him.

X looked at the man in astonishment.

"Don't want your money?" he gasped in astonishment.

"Not a shilling of it. Keep it for me, and don't pay me until I tell you that I am in earnest in wanting it!"

"What is the meaning of it?"

"I'll tell you," replied the buck in a confidential tone. "By means of that ten pounds which you owe me I am enabled to get credit for a thousand, besides bluffing all my old creditors."

The most objectionable sort of buck, perhaps, was the rowdy, knocker-wrenching, watch-beating buck, who, as a type, became obsolete about ninety years ago. Revellers of this sort, when arrested and hauled before a magistrate, usually declared that the first attack had been made upon them—"upon my honour, your Worship." The magistrate usually reprobated their conduct in strong terms, and would proceed to say he was not certain whether he should commit upon the felony or the assault. At this, culprits generally pricked up their ears, appearing much alarmed, fearful of their fate. In the course of the day, however, after being allowed to apply some "sovereign" remedies for the injury done, and, after a suitable admonition, they were discharged. There was scarcely a night passed without what was then called a spree with the Charlies; and peaceful citizens became quite accustomed to witnessing

GETTING THE BEST OF A CHARLIE.

some senseless blackguard rowdyness when walking quietly home to their beds. The *modus operandi* was as follows: Half-a-dozen swells proceeded to wrench off all the knockers that came in their way. If the guardians of the peace interfered, a general fight took place. Occasionally a watchman was found asleep in his box, when it was immediately upset, and the Dogberry found himself sprawling in the mud, until extricated by a brother Verges. The most heartless joke was for a party to hire a hackney coach, having previously armed themselves with potatoes or penny-pieces, for the purpose of breaking lamps, windows, and chemists' glass bottles on their drive through the main streets. The whole thing was brutal and senseless horseplay which never deserved to be called fun.

Occasionally, however, some little wit was displayed by disturbers of the peace. Such a case arose when a few evil-disposed wags, returning late from a drinking bout, unfixed a washerwoman's board, which informed the public, "Mangling done here," and affixed it just above the doorplate of a surgeon, a few streets farther on.

Witty also was the buck who approached a guardian of law and order who was trying to raise from the gutter a strayed and incapable reveller.

"Who is he?" asked the buck.

"Can't say, sir," was the reply; "he can't give an account of himself."

"Of course not," cried the buck. "How do you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

In the eighteenth century a nobleman, or even a gentleman of good family, was known by his dress. This he wore not only on "Court" days and special occasions, but in the streets, and at evening parties or other gatherings at home or at the coffee-houses and clubs. Fox and his friends were among the first to affect a carelessness about costume, and the habit quickly spread from them to others of the fashionable world. The old fashions, however, did not entirely perish till about 1793, when the French Revolution began to influence dress all over Europe. It was then that pantaloons, cropped hair, and shoe-strings, as well as the total abolition of buckles and ruffles, and the disuse of hair-powder, characterized the dress of Englishmen. A good deal of swearing then prevailed amongst the bucks.

Some person asked Charles James Fox what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment." "The meaning," said he, "I think, is clear enough: the man had a *habit* of swearing."

Though oaths were common, those who used them probably did so more from custom than anything else. "Don't be distressed," said a certain dandy to a clergyman who had reproved him for his language; "I swear a great deal, and you pray a great deal, but neither of us means anything by it!"

Even in the age of hard swearing there were dashing blades who, hating bad language, did all they could to prevent its use. Such a one was a gallant naval officer who, when about to take the command of a new ship, and reading his orders to

A FASHIONABLE MAN IN 1800.

From an old print.

the crew on the quarter-deck, said: "There is one favour I will ask you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads—are you willing to grant your new captain one favour?" "Ay, ay!" cried all hands. "Let's know what it is, sir." "Well, my lads, it is this—that you will allow me to swear the first oath in this ship. If any of us are to swear at all, surely the Captain should be allowed such a privilege. I am not asking much." The appeal seemed so reasonable and the manner of the Captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general shout from the ship's company answered "Ay, ay, sir!" with the usual three cheers. As the first oath was never sworn, the sailors had no chance of a second, and there was no swearing on the ship.

During the time of the Napoleonic wars, and later in England as in France, a military officer was generally accounted a dashing fellow, endowed with all the mystery of a hero of romance. Girls fell in love with him; beaux envied him; no man dared offend him. The danger of giving offence lay in the alleged duelling propensities of the officers, and the mere commoner feared to receive an invitation to coffee and pistols at five next morning, with the pleasant prospect of a bullet lodged exactly in the centre of his heart. The entry of some dashing Captain or Colonel would cause every eye in a crowded ballroom to turn towards the door, and every female heart to palpitate in the most surprising manner. What a change from the present day, when the scientific officer is usually reputed

to be as innocent of gallantry as a saint, and often is as solemn as an owl!

In 1751 two military officers, stationed in the town of Dublin, quarrelled over their wine about some ladies. The following morning one of them sent a challenge to his companion, to which the latter returned the following answer:

"SIR,—I reckon it my peculiar happiness that I can produce the officers and soldiers who witnessed my behaviour at Fontenoy as evidences of my courage. You may endeavour, if you please, to propagate my refusing your challenge and brand me with cowardice; but I am fully convinced that nobody will believe me guilty, and everybody will see that you are malicious. The cause in which we quarrelled was a trifle; the blood of a soldier should be reserved for a nobler purpose. Love is blind, resentment mean, and taste capricious; and it ought to be considered that murder, though palliated by a false show of honour, is murder still, and calls for vengeance."

Of a very different disposition was the swaggering young officer, who heard someone celebrating the exploits of a duellist reported to have killed six men with his own hand. "Bah!" said he, "I would have you know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those men whom I have sent to slumber in the other world."

A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman who ventured to give him some whole-

PREPARING FOR A DUEL.

By George Cruikshank.

some advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said: "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card; consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honour me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied: "Sir, you are a fool! Here is my card; consider your nose pulled. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."

On the Continent at one time people fought for nothing at all. An Italian nobleman is said to have fought sixteen duels upon the question, "Who was the better poet—Ariosto or Tasso?" Being mortally wounded in the sixteenth fight, he confessed, as he lay dying, that he had never read either.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century in England there arose a disposition to laugh at duelling. Lord Northland, for instance, being asked by a friend which he considered the best weapons to choose in the event of being called out, replied that, in his opinion, the best way of settling such disputes was to fight with a couple of bottles of "sparkling" champagne (at that time the still Sillery was a good deal drunk). Each of the duellists should take a bottle, shake it well up, and then, after taking aim at his opponent, cut the string or wire which held the cork. An even better way, added he, was for the two antagonists to sit down and empty the bottles in a friendly way, after which all animosity would most likely subside.

The famous John Wilkes must have been a very

uncomfortable antagonist in a duel. In his affair with Lord Talbot, the latter asked how many times they were to fire. "Just as often as your lordship pleases. I have brought a bag of bullets and a flask of gunpowder."

Not so very many years ago this incident was paralleled when two men-about-town went to fight a duel on Calais sands.

"Have you got the bullets, Harry?" said one of the combatants to his second (who is still alive).

"Yes, five hundred of them!" was the reply.

"Good God!" said the duellist, "we're not going pheasant-shooting!"

This combat, it may be added, ended—like most modern duels—in nothing but smoke.

Calais sands was a favourite rendezvous for English belligerents, to whom twelve paces in their own country were debarred by the intervention of the law.

A prompt response was usually made to invitations to cross the Channel for the purposes of vindicating honour. Those who declined to go were exceptionally strong-minded. Such a one was the philosophical spark who, on receiving a note from a brother officer who had run away with his wife, saying he was waiting at Calais to give him any satisfaction he might demand, wrote back to say that he already had all the satisfaction he needed in being rid of a tiresome wife.

He had no wish to meet with the tragic fate which overtook so many Englishmen on those gloomy sands.

A good many duels, which were in reality only "polite murders," took place there: the death of a sojourner in the town, named Rook, at the hands of the exiled desperado Montague, may be cited as an instance of cool atrocity.

After a night of play and debauchery at the house of a well-known character, "Fat Philips," in the Rue de Croy, where a quarrel over cards had occurred, a meeting was arranged. Two individuals well known in the town acted in the capacity of seconds.

After "killing their man," and leaving him a pace or two above high-water mark, the survivors returned to breakfast. The surgeon to the party, on being interrogated by a friend as to the motive of his early rising, replied coolly, "that he had been *enjoying a little rook-shooting!*"

CHAPTER V

SOME RECKLESS SPENDTHRIFTS

LOOKING through our social history, it would seem that in the national character very good qualities are apt to be balanced by very bad ones.

Merry or mad, coarse or prudish, drunkards or teetotallers, misers or gamblers, the English, when they are not obliged by circumstances to earn their daily bread, often seem unable to realize that in most mundane affairs a middle course is the most satisfactory one to steer.

It must be remembered, however, that nowhere do the trees grow into the heavens; and the many good qualities of the British race make ample amends for the tendency of certain erratic individuals whose unstable minds have been but slightly affected by a careless education. Not infrequently, indeed, some of these young men, having come to years of discretion, had the intellectual equipment of an idiot.

One of them, having built himself a large house, was at a loss to know what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.

"And what," said the young squire, smiling,

"shall I do with the earth which I dig out of it?"

"Have the pit made large enough to hold all!" gravely replied the steward.

Another, hearing that iron was good for the soil, and that it promoted the growth of trees, instructed his bailiff to procure a large number of old iron rails, which he caused to be spread about his shrubbery. Great was his annoyance when he found that his young trees continued to grow as slowly as ever. Many of the spendthrifts of the past were so unintelligent that they were men of sorrow rather than men of pleasure.

The result of their complete lack of mental culture was generally an extravagant love of low society, ready to pander to every folly and applaud every whim.

A hundred years ago or so it was not an uncommon thing to see a young fellow of family and fortune, sometimes worthy of better things, who, taking more than ordinary pains to degrade himself, became almost as low a character as any of those whom he had chosen for his companions.

An individual of this sort would drink purl in the morning, smoke his pipe in a night cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew Fair, for the humour of the thing. He studied and practised all the plebeian arts and exercises under the best masters, and disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He would often have a set-to with various well-known prize-fighters, now and then being honoured by receiving a fall from the great Mendoza himself. Nobody was better

known among the stage and hackney coachmen as a brother whip. Affecting to imitate in every particular the air and manners of the vulgar, a spendthrift of this kind learnt how to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect. He also acquired ephemeral fame by singing the cant songs drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pickpockets, the peculiar humour of which was supposed to be enhanced by screwing up the mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between the jaws. These and similar accomplishments soon gained a buck great popularity in low society.

Such follies, however, were less disastrous to the pocket than the wild plunging upon sporting events which cost so many their fortunes.

To-day, speculation in the City seems to be the favourite method of getting rid of superfluous cash. While, of course, respectable business men are unwilling to pander to a spendthrift's extravagant ideas, there are always many unscrupulous individuals who are not so particular. It follows that if once a young man catches the fever of stocks and shares, unless he is in very good advisory hands, he may well be fleeced as surely by these sharks as he would have been by an expert sharper.

The indignant Frenchman's definition was not so far out. "Ah," said he, "I make von great discovery—de raison for your name 'broker.' It is because ven a personne have bizziness vid him he often become broke."

Formerly the Turf was the favourite medium

for getting rid of a large fortune. The sums which the pleasant and amusing sport of racing cost the old English aristocracy are incalculable.

Nevertheless, until quite recent times, it was considered a natural and proper thing for a young man inheriting a large fortune immediately to set up a stable of horses.

Perhaps this was merely a sort of unconscious form of socialism, everyone more or less realizing that a racing career on a large scale would reduce most fortunes, however large, to quite a reasonable size.

What is known as a "sporting career"—perhaps because it almost invariably puts a good deal of cash in all sorts of people's pockets—generally engenders great popularity for anyone adopting it; and considerable prestige used to be acquired by numberless young fellows with more money than brains.

A conspicuous instance of this was the Marquis of Hastings, who died young after a very disastrous racing career.

A critic declared that he had all the recklessness of a Buckingham without his wit, all the contempt for propriety of a Wharton without his genius, all the wonderful power of enduring dissipation in which Bolingbroke gloried, without the equally wonderful power of application of which he boasted less, but by which he profited more. The Marquis of Hastings had certainly no great mental endowments; quickness he had, and might have made at least as good a statesman as other young noblemen have turned out, had his energies been properly

directed. From boyhood, however, evil influences beset him, and he was for ever violating etiquette instead of combating prejudices, while confusing a noble contempt for conventionalities with an ignoble disregard of decency. There was a time, before he had reached the height of his ambition and regularly "gone upon the Turf," when he might have been saved from his own worse self. But the temper of the time did not permit of such salvation. Read the sporting papers of even a quarter of a century ago, and you will find frequent eulogistic references to youthful owners of race-horses, whose knowledge of the Turf is spoken of in terms of almost respectful admiration. Brilliant and successful futures were generally predicted for them in the years to come. Hardly in a single instance was any part of such bright forecasts realized. About the most striking case of a wealthy young man rushing blindly to folly was the meteoric passage of Mr. Ernest Benzon —the well-known Jubilee Juggins of 1887—across the horizon of fast London life. Inheriting a considerable fortune—some £250,000, which at that period was considered more than it is to-day —this young man devoted his energies to getting rid of it as soon as he could. By assiduously indulging in billiards, cards, and racing, he was entirely successful in quickly finding himself in a very unpleasant financial position. He was a good-natured man, who had the great disadvantage of having been carelessly brought up. The way he was plundered was shocking—not, perhaps, so much on the Turf, but at private gambling parties,

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

By Matt Morgan.

organized for his benefit, or rather his ruin, and in billiard matches for large sums, which he never had any chance of winning.

In the early eighties, before young Benzon had come of age, the writer happened to meet him at the old Long's Hotel. He was sitting before the fire there, holding a small jewel-case in his hand. "Pretty things, aren't they?" said he, showing a pair of magnificent links. "I gave five hundred for them this morning. Of course I didn't pay. I owe £30,000. What do *you* owe?"

He then proceeded to detail various gambling experiences, in the vast majority of which he seemed to have suffered severely. Nevertheless, he was confident that he would come out all right.

In the earlier part of his career there is no doubt that he had considerable belief in his own shrewdness and judgment. Later on he clung only to hope, which, as many come to realize, is generally a very slippery hold.

The poor Jubilee Juggins was his own worst enemy; and it is pleasant to think that, owing to his being possessed of a moderate annual income which he could not alienate, his life after the sun of prosperity had set was not made miserable by acute poverty.

Two almost equally reckless pleasure-seekers of about the same era were the Marquis of Ailesbury and the late Mr. Abington Baird.

The former of these two misguided young men in all probability was scarcely sane. As a child he was brought up among servants and grooms, with the result that at an early age he was extremely

proficient in the use of bad language. As an Eton boy he was insubordinate to a degree, and finally had to be taken away altogether, because, after being given more than one chance, he resolutely declined to be whipped, and swore at the head-master when summoned to his presence. Many will remember his escapades and his curious costume, modelled upon that worn by omnibus-drivers of the horse-loving age, which has but recently passed away.

The low life of London, the society of those in an inferior grade to his own, and intercourse with that portion of the community whose object it is to amuse the public by rough eccentricity, had attractions for him which were irresistible. His fortune, his name, his social surroundings, placed him amongst the highest aristocracy; but in tastes, habits, and sympathies Nature marked him out as being more in touch with those belonging to the lowest class.

Not infrequently those who can enjoy to the fullest extent all that a wealthy and refined civilization has to offer, will be the very men to turn their backs upon its charms and go elsewhere. On the other hand, the men who have had little opportunity for the indulgence of social pleasures—either from the intensity of their industry or from obstacles that bar their progress in society—are always most keen in their pursuit of what wealth and rank can lay before them. They see, as it were, the golden fruit which folly rejects hanging on the tree—red, luscious, and tempting—and with outstretched hands and watering mouth long for

the moment when they may grasp it and taste its sweetness.

Though good-hearted enough, Lord Ailesbury appeared to take a delight in doing everything he could to approximate his appearance, language, and ways to that of his chosen plebeian associates. When scarcely of age he sold what he could of the family estates, shortly afterwards parting with his life interest in those which he was unable to sell. The result was that he died at an early age, after for some years subsisting on the charity of the great money-lender in whose hands he had been almost from the moment he had reached years of "indiscretion."

His great ambition was to be taken for a cab- or bus-driver, and he dressed and studied the part so persistently that, as a rule, his desire was fully realized.

The rough banter and repartee of the class he imitated flowed easily from his lips.

"I say, Guv'nor, who feeds the pigs when you be driving?" he would shout out to any Jehu who incurred his displeasure as he threaded his way through the traffic.

As for his career upon the Turf, it was sad. Owing probably to the rascality of some of those who preyed upon him, it soon came to an end, under circumstances which, had he not been absolutely indifferent to the opinion of decent people, should have covered him with confusion and shame. The most generous judgment which can be passed upon this misguided young man is that, combined with a naturally weak intellect, his

careless upbringing ruined his life. He was a man born out of his class, and would have been happier had he not inherited wealth with which he was hopelessly unfit to deal.

Mr. Abington Baird, whilst scarcely of such a weak character, was also in a great measure the victim of circumstances. The son of an austere and extremely religious father, he found himself while quite a child in possession of riches which many of the monarchs of the Middle Ages would have envied.

From his earliest years Mr. Baird was cursed with a violent temper, which was not curbed as it should have been. As a boy it is said that when in a rage he would pull his watch from his pocket and grind it to fragments under his heel. In after years an exhibition of this same temper whilst riding a race once got him into considerable trouble. Sane amusement—excepting only racing—appealed to him not at all. He has been known to get together three or four piano organs in his drawing-room, and to have them played one against another by their grinders. Any queer whim which passed through his mind—owing to his almost boundless wealth—he could and would instantly gratify. On one occasion, happening to take a fancy to a small house in the West End of London which had been very attractively decorated, he made the owner an offer for it just as it stood. The offer, being a good one, was accepted, and the owner stepped out of the house. Mr. Baird, left in possession, proceeded to finish the evening in characteristic fashion with some boon companions.

In the morning, when he woke up, feeling unwell, he could not quite make out where he was.

"Where am I?" inquired he of one of the attendant harpies who appeared bearing a cooling morning draught.

"You're at home, Squire. This is your house; and everything in it is yours," was the reply, which recalled the overnight purchase to the new owner's rather bemuddled mind.

Mr. Abington Baird, in spite of every sort of extravagance, left a very large sum of money—about a million. It is computed that he only dissipated two-thirds of his fortune. Had he lived longer he would no doubt have got through every penny he possessed.

In his love of costly eccentricities and contempt for public opinion, Mr. Baird somewhat resembled another rich man of a preceding generation—"Mad Windham," of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk, whose wild doings and reckless extravagance attracted a good deal of attention a little more than fifty years ago.

Before proceeding to detail some of this gentleman's extravagances, it is only right to point out that public opinion regarding rowdiness was then in a very lax condition.

It was an era when, provided people had money in their pockets, they could perpetrate all kinds of minor outrages with more or less impunity.

A striking proof of the demoralizing horseplay then prevalent was the lawsuit brought in 1855, by a farmer at Bedford, against certain officers of

a crack regiment, who, returning from the Derby on a dray, by pelting the plaintiff with various missiles, had so injured one of his eyes that, declaring himself deprived of sight, he claimed £2,000 damages. The case being eventually settled by arbitration, the poor man was awarded £700, the names of the officers, it should be added, being strictly suppressed.

Some of the friends of this jovial party about the same time played terrible havoc in Windsor.

Sallying out into the town, they took down every sign in the place, including a golden canister, a red boot, a barber's pole, a wooden Highlander, a huge cocked hat, and a painted sugar-loaf, all of which they placed in the balcony of an adjutant's house, who was greatly surprised and horrified when he saw a crowd of idlers collected in front of his domain early the following morning.

At the local theatre they entirely stopped the performance, a particularly mischievous wag strewing the stage, the chairs and seats, in the trial scene of the "Merchant of Venice," with detonating balls, which nearly blew the whole Senatorial tribunal up into the flies. This caused the greatest consternation amongst both actors and audience. Very appropriately the afterpiece was "The Devil to Pay," and the devil to pay it was, with a vengeance!

At a local wild-beast show, into which this roystering band subsequently strolled, they were rather less successful in their sport.

"That's a very knowing animal of yours," said one of them to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and antics, I suppose?" looking at the animal through his eyeglass.

"Surprisin'!" retorted the keeper; "we've larned him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a suvrin, Captain."

The gallant officer upon this handed the elephant a pound, and sure enough he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very extraordinary—very astonishing!" said the joker, wiping his glass. "Now let's see him take it out and hand it back."

"He never larnt that trick, sir," retorted the keeper, as with a roguish leer he turned away to stir up the hyena.

Into times when doings such as those just described were not uncommon came "Mad Windham." At twenty-one he was heir to the fine properties of Felbrigg and Hanworth—the former estate especially remarkable for the glorious Jacobean façade of the mansion, surmounted by the words *Gloria Deo in Excelsis* in stone.

Felbrigg had been the home of the statesman William Windham, a splendid Englishman, and the darling of Norfolk. When he lost his life through an injury which he received in attempting to save a friend's library from fire, the whole county grieved.

He came of a long line of ancestors who had succeeded the original owners of the property, the noble and gallant De Felbriggs, one of whom — standard-bearer to Richard II. — is

commemorated by a magnificent brass in the church in the park.

With the death of William Windham, the direct line of the Windhams of Felbrigg may be said to have become extinct. The name was, however, perpetuated by a connection of the statesman, who succeeded to the family estates and assumed the highly respected family cognomen.

His son married Lady Sophia Harvey; the sole fruit of the marriage being a boy who from his earliest years showed signs of eccentricity bordering upon madness.

The extraordinary and mistaken education which he received from his parents no doubt rendered his failings more acute.

Their treatment of this son was highly pernicious, and though they spoilt him he was one day punished for doing what he had been told to do the day before, and *vice versâ*, the treatment he received varying between capricious kindness and uncalled-for severity. The boy's bringing-up, indeed, was about the worst conceivable. His father had a livery made for him—blue coat, red waistcoat, red plush breeches, and dress buttons—the Windham livery, which he wore both before and after he went to school, and in it he used to come into the kitchen to carry up the dishes with the other servants, whose airs and manners he imitated. After dinner he helped the servants in the pantry. This, however, only occurred when there were strangers in the house. The boy continued working with the servants until the

death of his father, and wore the livery after it had become too small for him. The waiting at table continued even after the boy had gone to Eton.

His morning amusement in the kitchen consisted of playing at railways: opening and shutting doors, and calling out the names of the stations. The servants petted him, and the father used to say, "Poor little fellow, let him amuse himself; he has no playfellows." He certainly had no companions of his own age.

Under these circumstances it is not extraordinary that young Windham should have conceived a great liking for low ways.

It is natural for an only child, with no brothers and sisters, or associates of his own age, with no one, indeed, except tutors whom he dislikes, eagerly to embrace the opportunity of frequenting the society of persons like grooms and stable-boys, who are generally highly popular with boys who are allowed to frequent the stables as much as they please, and ever ready to encourage and humour the whims of a young master who is to inherit a rich estate.

At school young Windham was so eccentric in his ways that he was already considered mad. He liked to mix with low associates, and despised ordinary manners. As he grew up it was recognized that he was impossible in decent society, his eccentricities being even more extraordinary than those of the notorious Jack Mytton, so well known in Shropshire at an earlier period. With ladies he was outrageous, delighting to tear their

clothes and make faces at them. At Eton he first received the nickname of Mad Windham, which became so well known in Norfolk.

With the crowd, though he was always something of a laughing-stock, he was fairly popular, probably because he was lavish with his money, which he sometimes threw about in the streets to be scrambled for.

At the ovation of the Felbrigg tenantry, on the occasion of his uncle General Windham's return from the Crimea, he was seen on his pony, riding at random. He rode into the crowd, and as the pony was frightened by the discharge of artillery, he got off and tried to draw the pony into the crowd after him, through the horses and carriages and people. Lord Suffield interfered, and took him by the collar and dragged him out. At the Norwich Sessions Ball in 1859 he behaved very strangely—jumped about, walked backwards, beckoned to the ladies to come down to him; he trod upon Sir John Boileau's toes, and, instead of apologizing, swore, and when somebody afterwards trod upon his toes he took up his foot in his hand and hopped across the room howling. At the subscription ball his behaviour was equally strange. He forced his partner through the dances, tore the ladies' dresses, and committed other absurdities. He did the same at other balls. He laughed on these occasions in the strangest manner, being apt also to break out into his favourite song of "Old Bob Ridley" at the most inopportune times.

As a young man, amongst his odd fancies were dressing himself up like a fireman and smashing

down doors and partitions with an axe, or impersonating a railway guard. Attired in uniform, he would blow a whistle and wave a flag on railway platforms, to which, in those lax days, he obtained admission—no doubt, by lavish tipping. On one occasion he nearly caused an accident, and at others he occasioned great annoyance and confusion by playing all sorts of pranks with the passengers' luggage. He had a guard's uniform made for him, with all its appendages, belt and whistle complete, and dressed in this suit he would go to the platform, take the luggage from the passengers as they came out of the ticket-office, put it in the luggage van, and then, jumping into a second-class carriage, would travel with the train as far as he pleased, repeating his performance at every station where a stoppage took place.

His behaviour on the Eastern Counties Line—as it was then called—his driving the engine, his acting the part of guard or porter, his working as a stoker, his blowing a whistle to start the train, thereby endangering the lives of hundreds of passengers—was utterly inconsistent with soundness of mind, and can be attributed only to great mental deficiency. So with the acts and doings described by the policemen from the Haymarket and its neighbourhood. For a considerable period Mr. Windham was in the habit of frequenting the Haymarket, where the police generally saw him in the company of strumpets, screeching, singing, howling, dancing, and assaulting the people in the street. He was ridiculed by the women more than by other young roysterers, and the police invariably treated him

as a person who could not be held responsible for his acts. At Norwich, Yarmouth, and elsewhere, he represented himself to be a detective from London, and seemed to harbour the delusive idea that he actually was in the police force.

Whilst at Felbrigg Hall he once ran off with a mail-cart, pretended to be an officer in the service of the Queen, drove furiously into a crowd assembled in front of a menagerie of wild beasts, wanted to go into the menagerie with horse, cart, and all, and wound up by fighting one of the showmen, who gave him two black eyes.

He had then become very military in his ideas, and assumed the title of captain, maintained he was the greatest man in England, and required every person to address him as "Captain Windham." The police at Norwich and Yarmouth were obliged to comply with that requisition, and even in London, among the police and others, he was called by no other name than Captain Windham.

The only real attempt, however, which he made to adopt a military career was when he joined the Militia. In this rôle, no doubt on account of being kept in order by his brother officers, he appears to have behaved fairly well.

Coming up to London with the reputation of vast wealth, and a first-class capacity for getting rid of it, he naturally received the warmest welcome from all the male and female harpies of the Metropolis.

In the West End, especially about the Haymarket, he soon became notorious for his escapades and extravagances.

He was very fond of the police, and had a great liking for a particular sergeant, whom he used to address as "old fellow," and once seriously invited to a champagne dinner. He declared that when he came of age he would give a grand treat to the whole force. Always very excitable, he was treated by them as a schoolboy. At a volunteer dinner at Wimbledon one July, Mr. Windham got on the top of a post near the principal entrance and shouted and swore, and uttered other kinds of offensive language while ladies were passing in their carriages. On another occasion, about ten o'clock at night, while a section of police were crossing Jermyn Street, Mr. Windham drove up in a phaeton in a furious manner, and the men were obliged to scatter themselves as quickly as possible. He cried: "Damn your —— eyes; get out of the way, or I will run over you," and kept straight on. When he was stopped and asked for an explanation of his conduct, he merely said to the Inspector: "Oh, it's all right, old fellow; it's only me."

A curious thing about him was that, though constantly mixing with the lowest society, he is said not to have been given to excessive drinking. Madness, not alcohol, caused his follies. Meanwhile he was making ducks and drakes of his fortune, and, in spite of the efforts made to deter him, had made a very undesirable marriage with one of the most notorious of the "pretty horse-breakers," as they were called—Agnes Willoughby, a woman who lived in a villa in St. John's Wood.

His extravagance soon caused him to be pressed

for money, and he then concluded a most disastrous contract to sell the timber in Felbrigg Park.

Meanwhile he had started a coach between Norwich and Cromer, upon which he drove passengers for nothing. Though he was a good whip, the journey was usually rather exciting, for, besides being very uncertain in his movements, he sometimes took it into his head to go to quite other places than those named. He drove at a tremendous speed, screaming to everyone he encountered to get out of his way, and on one occasion was known to overturn the coach merely for fun.

At last, in 1861, his uncle, General Windham (known as Redan Windham), and other relatives, sought to have the wild young squire declared a lunatic, so that the control of his estates might be taken out of his hands. After a most costly and lengthy trial of thirty-four days, Mad Windham was declared sane by the jury, and left the court amidst the cheers of an admiring crowd, who carried him to the cab in which he drove away.

The money now went faster than ever. A year or two later, being declared bankrupt, he found himself in such straitened circumstances that he accepted a situation as driver of a regular coach—the Express. He did not keep his place long, however, for he was too wild a driver to give general satisfaction.

He was now in a pitiable position. The low characters who had pandered to all his whims naturally left him in the lurch when he no longer had the ability to provide for his entertainment.

As the old East Anglian song runs:

> "When Jock's pockets are filled with cash
> Everyone helps him to cut a dash,
> The landlord meets him with a smile,
> Saying, 'Drink, my lad, 'tis worth your while!'
>
> "Ah! but when our money's all gone and spent,
> And none to be borrowed and none to be lent,
> In comes the landlord with a frown,
> Saying, 'Get up, Jock; let John sit down.'"

On a meagre pittance of about a pound a week, allowed him by relatives, the erstwhile Squire of Felbrigg eked out existence in a Norwich public-house; and there, a few years later, he died. He had sold his estate and mansion of Felbrigg to a Mr. Kitton of Norwich, a fact which gave rise to the saying:

> "Windham has gone to the dogs,
> Felbrigg has gone to the Kittons."

Shortly afterwards the purchaser of the estate changed his name to Ketton, which made people call him "Kitton with an eye out."

Though "Mad Windham" had been able to sell Felbrigg, he had been unable to alienate a considerable amount of landed property, together with the fine old mansion of Hanworth Hall. To this remnant of Windham's estate, in due course, succeeded his son, about whom there had been another great lawsuit. It had been contended that this son was a substituted child, or, at any rate, not the son of his father.

The attempt to dispossess the child was as unsuccessful as the attempt to establish his father's insanity, and the verdict seems to have been equally

popular amongst the not very clear-thinking Norfolk country-folk. Some of these, having largely profited by "Mad Windham's" extravagance, were inclined to regard General Windham, who had naturally and rightly been the chief mover in both trials, as a "wicked uncle."

In due course young Windham came into a fine property, for during his long minority what was left of the estate had pulled round. He accordingly succeeded not only to a large sum of ready-money, but to a rent-roll of about ten thousand a year.

I knew this young man well, and perfectly recall his coming of age. At this celebration, his mother, the Agnes Willoughby of the sixties, made a speech, in which she gave a somewhat rambling account of the attempts which had been made to deprive her son of his birthright. I also remember her fervent declaration that "her boy," as she called him, was no substituted child, but really Mad Windham's son, and it made a considerable impression upon my mind. Young Windham was a most generous-hearted and good-natured youth, nobody's enemy, indeed, but his own. The traditions of his father, however, for whose memory he had a sort of curious admiration, acted prejudicially upon what was a very weak character. One of Mad Windham's freaks, when he was playing ducks and drakes with his fortune in London, was to make indiscriminate distributions of jewelry to all the undesirable characters he could find, and this was one of the ways in which his son imitated him. I have seen him enter a supper-place, not a thousand yards from

Leicester Square, with a basket filled with trinkets of considerable value, which he would proceed to present to any attractive female frequenter who chanced to please his eye. He gambled wildly, with uniform ill-success, and lost huge sums at pigeon-shooting. His extravagances in this direction may be realized when it is stated that upon the day of his coming of age, when the tenantry were gathered in Hanworth Park, he lost no less than £6,000. Though a very fine shot, he was easily put out, and designing persons found him no difficult prey.

He died when quite a young man, and Hanworth has now passed into other hands. As has been said, it had not been originally part of the Windham estate, having only come to that family in the lifetime of Mad Windham's father. For generations it had belonged to the Doughtys, and an old Norfolk prophecy, curiously verified, declared that if ever a Windham should acquire Hanworth in addition to Felbrigg, ill would befall.

CHAPTER VI

PLEASURE-LOVING UNDERGRADUATES

At the present day it seems strange to connect the Universities with men of pleasure, but it is only within the last twenty-five years that the system of a certain number of wealthy young men going up to Oxford or Cambridge merely to pass the time before attaining their majority has been abandoned.

Fifty or sixty years ago, and even later, there were colleges where it was more or less quite a recognized thing for peers and gentlemen-commoners to do pretty much as they pleased, all that was asked of them being to avoid creating any flagrant scandal. In theory they were, of course, liable to be punished for a number of breaches of discipline, which, it need hardly be said, they were constantly committing; but in practice such punishments affected them but little, being mostly of the nature of fines—which, considering the large sums of money they spent, made not the slightest difference to them. Not a few raced, hunted, and gambled to their hearts' content; drove four-in-hands and tandems, though this was quite against the rules; and made excursions to all

sorts of forbidden places—a more serious offence entailing rustication or expulsion.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, a good many people thought that unless a man was well furnished with cash or industry, he had no business at the University, and had better be elsewhere.

A poor man was expected to read and become a credit to his College; within certain limits, a rich one was allowed to do pretty well as he pleased, it being, indeed, more or less tacitly understood that not much was to be expected from him. Certain Colleges, however, whilst tolerating the presence of such idlers, took care to make as much out of them as possible, their whole system being apparently based upon a graduated bleeding of aspirants for degrees. At one time it used to be said at Christ Church that, according to emolument, the cook came in a good first, the butler a fair second, and the Dean a bad third, and that he got about £6,000 a year.

A number of the old-fashioned Fellows were also, in their own way, men of pleasure. A University poet wrote:

"What class of life, though ne'er so great,
With a good fat Fellowship can compare?
We still dream on at our own rate,
Without perplexing care;
Whilst those of business, when oppress'd,
Lie down with thoughts that break their rest,
And then, then, then,
Rise to toil and slave again.
An easier round of life we keep;
We eat, we drink, we smoke, we sleep,
And then, then, then,
Rise and do the same again."

Certain Colleges were very particular as to the social qualifications of their Fellows.

A story was current at one College that the candidates for Fellowships were all asked to dinner and given cherry-pie, that the old Fellows watched to see what they did with the stones, and that the discreet or ungentlemanly disposal of these superfluities was the real test of fitness; examinations in classic authors being gabbled through merely for form's sake.

Those were the days when on special occasions noblemen wore gorgeous blue and gold gowns, together with the gold tassels to their caps which originated the expressions "tufts" and "tuft-hunting."

The next most shining men were the Fellow-Commoners, who wore gowns trimmed with gold or silver lace, velvet caps or top hats.

The abolition of these gorgeous costumes in the middle of the last century was a concession to that levelling spirit which has in modern times destroyed so much that was picturesque. It seems a pity that such ornamental relics of other days should have been suppressed. The wearing of such gowns might at least have been made optional, there being no possible harm in an undergraduate appearing in elaborate old-world attire provided his parents are able and willing to pay for it.

Peers and Fellow-Commoners formerly enjoyed a number of other privileges. They could, if they liked, crack their bottle—or their joke, if they had one—in the Common Parlour or Combination Room, with the Dons, with whom in old days they were often hail-fellow well met.

For this and other reasons sometimes not very creditable to the authorities, who were often too lenient towards men of rank, which was then apt to arouse the same adulation as wealth does now, the gold- and silver-tasselled members indulged in many escapades with far more immunity from punishment than ordinary undergraduates.

Most of them troubled little about reading, but passed most of the day in strenuous idleness in the open air.

Convivial dinners, wines, and sometimes gambling, came with the evening.

Many pleasure-loving undergraduates never troubled to go up for any examination at all; others did so, with disconcerting results. Some of the answers they gave were very quaint.

A sporting undergraduate, being under examination in the schools, was asked to point out "which were the greater and which were the lesser prophets." This was rather a knock-down blow to a student unversed in theology; but, pulling himself together, he recovered his self-possession, and answered, with the most cucumberish and icebergish nonchalance: "I never like to make invidious distinctions."

Another dashing young fellow who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in preparing for the Bar, was asked after his examination how he got along. "Oh well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness. "And what was that?" "They asked me what a *qui tam* action

was." "That was a hard one! And you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes. I told them I did not know."

A gentleman once introduced his son to Rowland Hill, by a letter, as a youth of great promise, and likely to do honour to the University of which he was a member; "but he is shy," added the father, "and, I fear, buries his talent in a napkin." A short time afterwards the parent, anxious for his opinion, inquired what he thought of his son. "I have shaken the napkin," said Rowland, "at all the corners, and there is nothing in it."

Even clever undergraduates who belonged to a fast set were apt to despise reading for examinations, to get through which they trusted to luck. Some of them, who had come up to the University merely to pass away time, never tried for a degree at all, while others submitted themselves for examination merely with the idea of being facetious at some Don's expense.

At an examination for a medical degree a candidate was asked by the examiner, "What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?" "Wait until he came down!" he coolly replied. "True," replied the Don; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my arms; for I would knock you down immediately!" He received a diploma.

This candidate fared better than the young fellow who, returning home, had to admit to his father that he had failed in everything. "Go, sir," said the angry parent—"go up to your room, lock

yourself in, and bring me the key; I don't want to see your face again."

In past days the discipline at many Colleges, especially those popular with riding men, was anything but severe.

Dining in Hall could generally be avoided, though the price of the dinner had to be paid. Attendance at chapel could be reduced to a minimum, and even such services as an undergraduate could not avoid attending were generally gabbled through at a great rate.

At one time, in consequence of a Joe Miller story of a fast-reading Curate saying he would give his drawling Rector as far as Pontius Pilate in the Creed and beat him, all very quick-reading Chaplains at either University were given the nickname of "Pontius Pilates."

Lectures with a little diplomacy could be avoided altogether. The excuse of private reading was accepted without much demur. In fact, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a smart young Cantab's idea of University life was to give "gaudies" and spreads, keep a horse or two, go to Newmarket, attend the Six-mile Bottom, drive a drag, wear "varmint" clothes and well-built coats, show his appreciation of the Cyprians of Barnwell and New Zealand, be a staunch admirer of the bottle, and care a damn for no man. "At lucre or renown let others aim," for a spark of this sort despised scholarships, and looked down upon and never dreamt of becoming a Fellow; and as for taking honours, it was about the very last idea that could enter his head. What cared he for

Tutors or Proctors, for Masters or Vice-Chancellors, since his whole aim was pleasure and amusement; since a day's hard reading would drive him half mad or give him the blue devils; since subordination is a word of the meaning of which he professed to be ignorant; and since rows and sprees were the delight of his soul. He was never seen in Academicals till Hall time, or towards evening, and then only put them on for "decency's sake," or because it was the custom throughout the "Varsity." But in the day he was seen in a Jarvey tile, or a low-crowned-broad-brim, a pair of white swell tops, "varmint" inexpressibles, a regular flash waistcoat, and his coat of a nameless cut; his cloth of the most uncommon pattern and tied after his own way, and a short crook-stick or bit o' plant in his hand; and thus he went out riding: or he might dress differently, and lounge through the streets, always in company with a friend or two, visiting saddlers, milliners, barbers, bootmakers, and tailors; or looking in at a friend's rooms, to arrange matters for the day; or in the summer term, if fine, he might make up a water party, and go down the Cam in a six-oar, dine abroad at Ditton, or take a snack at Chesterton, and return in the evening; or he might walk out to Chesterton to play at billiards, and return plus or minus the sum he started with; or he might drive out in a buggy, or do fifty other things, and enter into fifty other schemes, all productive of amusement.

In the days when pugilism was at the height of its glory many undergraduates prided themselves upon their fistic prowess, and presumed upon their

ability to knock down anyone they came across. Such men looked with contempt upon the Dons, most of whom they considered as poor weak creatures. This estimate, however, was not always a correct one. One Don, who was told by an angry and reckless undergraduate that his gown was his protection, replying, "It may be mine, but it shall not be yours," pulled it off, and gave the young fellow a sound thrashing.

Some of the Dons, indeed, were tough customers to tackle, even with fists. Such a one was old Doctor Caldwell, a small lean man, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine-knots. He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, among the knowing ones, he was reputed to be as agile as a cat; and, in addition, was by no means deficient in knowledge of the "noble science of self-defence." Besides, he was as cool as a cucumber. Amongst the freshmen of a certain year, one individual, a youth of eighteen or nineteen, besides being very strong, was something of a boxer and a good deal of a bully. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Caldwell's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potential in his rule.

The freshman was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despotically by a man that he imagined he could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the gentleman a genteel private thrashing some night in the College, pretending to mistake him for some fellow-student. Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, the young fellow

met the doctor crossing the yard. Walking up to him abruptly—

"Hello, Smith! you rascal—is that you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him. Old Caldwell said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. The young fellow's youth, weight, and muscle made him "an ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was a-straddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Dr. Caldwell —a mistake—for Heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned the young fellow, who thought he was about to be eaten up. "I — I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately—"It makes no difference; for all present purposes, consider me Smith!"

And it is said that old Caldwell gave the young fellow such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity.

Many undergraduates were very cheeky with the Dons. A conspicuous instance is said to have been Surtees, author of the "Handley Cross" series, of volumes—which have delighted several generations of sportsmen.

When at College he was waiting on a Dean on business, and feeling coldish, stirred the fire. "Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the great man, "do you think

that any other undergraduate in the College would have taken that liberty?"

"Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply, "anyone as cool as I am."

Practical jokes have always been popular with youth, and a hundred years ago, when people were not very particular as to other folks' feelings as long as amusement was to be obtained, all sorts of hoaxes, some of which would now be deemed brutal, were played.

About the most cruel and stupid of these was the one which produced a ludicrous scene in 1807 at Steven's Hotel, Bond Street. Some wag sent a letter to every schoolmaster within ten miles of London, inviting an interview on a certain day, between two and three o'clock, as "business" rendered every other day inconvenient. Each letter complimented the conductor of the "seminary," and informed him that the writer of the letter proposed placing his two nephews from Bengal under his care. Most of the D.D.'s, M.A.'s, and eminent professors of the birch, who had been addressed by William Herbert, Esq. (the assumed name of the author), were punctual in their attendance. The room into which they were at first shown was soon found unable to contain them, and a larger had to be used. No Mr. Herbert making his appearance, explanations ensued; his letters were compared, and found quite uniform in their orthography; with the result that the crowd of pedagogues, between sixty and seventy in number, broke up very depressed and annoyed. Many other schoolmasters, less punctual, made their

appearance in the afternoon, during which they kept pestering the waiters with inquiries for Mr. Herbert. The author of the hoax, it should be added, was never found.

In more modern times a far more legitimate joke was played on a certain celebrated conjurer who, during his provincial tours, used to visit the Universities.

One of his tricks never failed to mystify an audience. This consisted in producing on the stage a watch of somewhat peculiar make, which he handed round in order that its salient characteristics might be recognized. He would then announce his intention of passing it into the pocket of some obviously *bonâ fide* member of the audience, in whose possession, much to his own and everyone else's astonishment, it would in due course be found. The way in which this trick was performed was very ingenious—the man at the turnstile where the tickets were given up slipping a watch, in every particular resembling the one shown by the conjurer, into the pocket of anyone he might select, whose seat could, of course, be afterwards identified by the number of the ticket, which was made known to the conjurer. A certain undergraduate by some means or other got to know the secret of the trick, and after one or two visits to the entertainment, having contrived to get the watch put in his pocket, whilst entering the building quietly transferred it into the pocket of someone in the crowd, on whom he kept his eyes till he had noted the exact position of his seat. In consequence of this manœuvre, when the conjurer announced that the

watch would be found in the undergraduate's pocket, the latter created a sensation by waving his hand in the air and saying, "I passed it into the right-hand pocket of that gentleman over there," and in that pocket, of course, it was found. No one was more mystified by this than the conjurer himself, who, of course, could not conceive what means had been employed to effect such an amazing transfer.

Practical jokes involving damage to College buildings were at one time not unusual at the Universities, it being a favourite pastime of undergraduates to bedaub or remove statuary when they could get at it.

Byron is said to have executed a daring exploit in this line. The roof of the library of Trinity College is surmounted by three figures in stone, representing Faith, Hope, and Charity. These figures are accessible only from a window of a particular room in Neville's Court, which happened to be occupied by the poet. To reach them, after getting out of this window, anyone had to climb a perpendicular wall, sustaining himself by a frail leaden spout. He had then to traverse the sloping roof of a long range of buildings, by moving carefully on his hands and knees, at the imminent risk of being precipitated fifty feet into the court beneath. When the library was gained, a stone parapet had to be crossed—altogether a very dangerous performance indeed. Byron, however, duly performed the feat one Sunday morning, while the heads of the Dons and dignitaries were yet buried in their pillows. Before setting out he had

abstracted three surplices from the College chapel, which he bore with him in his dangerous progress. When the bell at eight o'clock rang out its deep-toned summons to the usual morning devotions, and the Fellows and undergraduates were hurrying on their way to the chapel, they were startled to behold Faith, Hope, and Charity clad in surplices which reached in snowy folds to their feet, while their heads were surmounted, helmet-wise, with bed-chamber water-ewers. An inquiry was instituted by the indignant College authorities, but it resulted in nothing. A few select friends knew the truth, and the rest of the College guessed who the author of the outrage was; nevertheless, it was never brought home to him.

Extravagance was rife amongst the faster class of undergraduates, and if anyone of these went down without having contracted a large amount of debts, it was considered quite extraordinary. The result of all this was often not at all profitable to those who seemed always ready to give these young men credit; indeed, at one time it was wittily said of any University tradesman who had grown rich by trusting undergraduates, "his faith hath made him whole."

The majority of these young men really meant to pay their debts, but a considerable number had no very clear idea as to how it would be done; yet another section lived almost entirely upon hopes of something turning up in the future.

A lady was descanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes,

to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."

Sons of well-to-do fathers often presumed a great deal upon their fathers' good-nature. Such a one was Sir James Graham's son, a tall, handsome boy, who very soon distanced in appearance, as in height, his father, who was known as the little Sir James. A friend once ventured to say to the little Baronet, speaking of his son, "The lad is full of life's good looks and talent; and as for height, he might put you in his pocket."

"You are quite mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "for I can assure you he is never out of mine."

Some young fellows were very ingenious in avoiding rows with their parents and guardians on this score. One dashing young man contrived a most ingenious plan for escaping censure after his extravagances had been reported to a relative, who came down to give him a lecture. It was the occasion of a public market, and an old woman chanced to be offering for sale a quantity of china and stoneware immediately in front of the undergraduate's rooms. The latter, having ascertained from the woman the value of her stock of goods, promised to pay the price demanded, on the condition that she would break in pieces every article of her ware when he should make an exclamation from the adjoining window. "You have, I fear,

been hearing many stories about me, uncle," said he, when his guardian arrived, "but you must not believe them. The public have conspired both against my character and my pocket—so much so that I can hardly look out of the window, but I am accused of something or other. I do believe," he proceeded, going to the window, "that were I to look out now, and call 'Halloo!' some of those people outside would set about destroying their goods, and then present a claim against us for the price." "Nonsense," said his relative; "I'll bet fifty pounds that no such thing will happen." "Done!" said the young fellow, who forthwith opened the window, and shouted lustily. In an instant the female vendor of china and earthenware overthrew her little platform and its contents, dashed her ware upon the ground, gave pursuit to such articles as rolled to a distance, and begged the crowd to assist her to gratify the wishes of the eccentric gentleman up above. In the course of a few minutes the woman appeared and demanded payment for her goods. The guardian, completely confounded, proceeded to suggest a variety of expedients for his nephew's protection against the impositions of an unscrupulous public, and paid a number of debts without a murmur.

Entertaining the fair sex was, of course, strictly forbidden; nevertheless, in old days many a frail charmer was smuggled into rooms, and even into College itself, as is shown by a quaint design of Rowlandson's representing a coquettish-looking damsel being hauled up by a rope to join a party of roystering undergraduates in a room above.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

Though liable to be arrested and punished, "Cyprians" were not unknown at both Oxford and Cambridge.

The remark of Dr. Glyn, who met one of these ladies, and got into conversation with her in one of the public walks at the latter place, was very apt. On leaving her, he inquired of a friend who had noticed him who she was. "A lady of a suspicious character," was the reply. "I fancied," said the Doctor, "there was something Athanasian in her looks." "How so?" "She seemed to be a *Quicunque vult*."

The turf, the road, and the hunting-field were then highly popular with a considerable section of undergraduates at both Universities, the result being that the livery-stable keepers at Oxford and Cambridge did a roaring trade. Many of these men were characters in their way, and the most celebrated of all, the famous Hobson of Cambridge, originated the phrase which is so well known wherever the English language is spoken, "Hobson's choice." Few know the origin of the saying. The tradition is, that the worthy projector of the Conduit was also the first man who let out hack-horses to the Cambridge students, furnishing them at the same time with whips and boots. His way of conducting business was rather novel: the horse whose turn it was to go out always stood nearest to the stable-door, having been shifted from stall to stall until it occupied that position. So soon, then, as a customer entered, there appeared before him, "Hobson's choice—that or none!" Thus even to dumb animals did the old horse-dealer evince the

same benevolence which he so bountifully exercised towards his fellow-men.

Another celebrated Cambridge horse-dealer of the past was Fordham. During a negotiation between him and an under-graduate for the purchase of a horse he was taken dangerously ill. There were only a few pounds between them in the deal; and the would-be purchaser, little thinking what had happened in the meantime, called the next day but one, and asked for Mr. Fordham. "Master is dead, sir," said one of his stable-boys, "but he left word you should have the horse."

The Cantabs of the past were very fond of the road. Not a few were excellent whips, who drove the "Tally-Ho" or the famous "Telegraph" just as well as a professional coachman.

In 1809, emulous of the honours gained by the whips of the Metropolis, some junior students formed themselves into what they called a "four-in-hand club," secretly embodied, and, therefore, not easy of public detection. Proctors were, however, on the lookout. One of these busy guardians of decorum at length detected a staunch member of the four-in-hand, whom, *nolens volens*, he laid instant hold of, and led, dire to tell, through the High Street to the house of durance vile! So dexterously had this young whip disguised himself, that it was with difficulty his Proctor could recognize him. Vainly did he beg for mercy. Oaths and bribes, asseverations of non-identity or promises of compensation, were all made in vain. Found as a whip, he was kept as a whip; so that his fate bore some resemblance to that of the

foreign Bishop, who, being taken in battle by an ancient monarch, and the Pope having besought the King to set his son free, as, in capturing him, he had violated the privileges of the Church—"See now," wrote the King, "if this be the coat of a son of thine!" sending to the Pontiff at the same time the armour in which the Bishop was taken.

Great indignation prevailed amongst the sporting men of the University at the treatment of their youthful jehu. His cause was now made the cause of all the whips. "Coachee" stuck by the side of "coachee"; and, as a result, the club of whips, who were so brave as to show (by their hissing the Proctor when he appeared in public next day) their detestation of discipline, were expelled from their College.

Tooling the mail was an amusement which, for some of those able to indulge in it, seemed the very summit of happiness. Not a few undergraduates were out-and-out whips; could drive to a hair round a corner, cut a fly off the ear of the near leader in the best style, well fiddle the wheelers, while (in their opinion, better than all) they also had the true cut and genuine slang of the real jarvey. "What," wrote an old Oxford man, "could equal the delight of opening the coach-door, and receiving the shillings of the sulky and deluded passengers as you announced to them your intention to go no farther? To enjoy this gratification we would pay anything—it could not be bought too dear;" for the honour of being mistaken for the jarvey was exquisite and enviable to a degree.

In the earlier part of the last century a large

number of Oxonians were habitual followers of hounds.

Deakin's, near Bicester, was then one of their great resorts. Lots of the freshmen thought it correct to breakfast there previous to hunting—young sportsmen, keen as their own spurs, many with their scarlet yet innocent of mud. Their anxiety was the greatest treat possible, and led to the most ludicrous mistakes. The fear of being too late made each youngster literally bolt his champagne and kidneys, and rush to the window at the sound of a horse's hoof. The waiter was incessantly despatched to see if any Nimrod in whom they had faith had passed by; and, when at last they had quite decided to start, the scene in the courtyard was a perfect comedy. Almost all on hired hacks—which, perhaps, they had never seen before—how could they recognize the individuality of their quadrupeds? "You sir, is that my horse?" "Your 'oss?" answered the cock-eyed ostler. "No, sur; that bees Mr. Sheard's 'oss." "D—n you, I didn't want you to tell me that! Is it the chestnut Sheard sent on for me?" "Can't say, sur," answers the cock-eyed, to whom the youngster's face, as a fresh arrival rattled along the street, was a study; "Sheard sended on three chestnuts." "Mine was a chestnut mare." "Ise two chestnut mares," replied the imperturbable. "A short-tailed un, is it, sur?" "I'll tell you, yer vership, as you looks so werry like a real gentleman, the short-tail'd un is the one to go!" a confederate would whisper with a wink. Of course, the adviser received half-a-crown caution-money. "Yes, it's the short-tailed

one I mean. Bring her out; make haste! We're late as it is." "'Rectly, sur, 'rectly," said the lad with a knowing cock of his swivel-eye to the old hands. "Holloa! Jim, bring out kicking Jane for Mr. Har-buf-not!" Naturally poor Mr. Arbuthnot, ashamed to own that it was the long-tail he had hired, had his first day on her restive ladyship, from fear of being too late; and, to the great delight of his friends, came a cropper just as the bang-tail cleared a gate in first-rate style.

Oxford was then full of riding men. It was a fine sight out with the Bicester to see some hundred and fifty "pinks," whose age could not average twenty, simultaneously, like cavalry, charge almost in line a stone wall five and a half feet high, and then top a flight of ox-rails with a double ditch, without one craning. Will, the huntsman, could not help saying: "Dang them young uns, how they do go it!"

In the winter of 1816-17, Christ Church was quite a little Melton in its way—no bad nursery for the latter place, having supplied Leicestershire with some of its best riders. The two rival clubs—Loder's in High Street, and Venables', close to Tom Gate (the White's and Boodle's of the Oxford of that day)—were then in all their glory. The former, though chiefly a literary society, a mixture of wits and fine gentlemen, contained some brilliant performers across country. At the head of these stood Lord Brudenell and the Marquis of Titchfield, with a few others who were zealous fox-hunters. The Venables' men were all sportsmen, thorough-going fellows who, when the day was over, fought

their hunting battles o'er again, not with thin potations, but over a bottle or two of plain, honest port. Among their leaders, whether in the College or the field, were Lords Molineux and Harborough, Sir Harry Goodriche, Messrs. W. Miles, Foley, Bower, and others afterwards celebrated as sportsmen. These kept plenty of the best sort of hunters, and seldom hunted less than four days a week. After they had gone down, the keepers of the livery-stables used to lament over the sad falling-off, almost with tears in their eyes. The Venables kept the true sporting spirit alive. About this time Loder's fell into a bad state, and some exclusive members having blackballed a popular fellow, and the only six or eight who were worth a straw in comparison having taken their names off in a body, the celebrated club fell into gradual disrepute. Many of the members were glad to be admitted as humble guests into the rooms of the very men whom they had at first refused to associate with. A gallant Captain in the Life Guards, an old Westminster boy, on being much pressed to join these tea-drinking tittle-tattlers, excused himself; but begged in return—to mark his sense of gratitude for their unwonted civility—they would accept a set of baby teacups and saucers, which he ordered from a toyshop, and which were actually sent upstairs, amid the shouts of a large party standing under the window to know the result of a ballot going on above.

In 1825 there was a row in Christ Church about the members of that College wearing red hunting-

coats, which, it appeared, were obnoxious to the Dean.

Some members of the College, who amused themselves with the gentleman-like exercise of fox-hunting, thinking it hard to be denied the harmless gratification of appearing clad like the rest of their brother-sportsmen in the field—namely, in scarlet hunting-coats, which the Dean had objected to their appearing in—purchased a quantity of scarlet paint, and painted every door in the quadrangle red. Some pains were taken to find out the vendor of the scarlet paint, as well as the perpetrators of the bloody deed, but, to the disgust of the authorities, all inquiries were in vain. Nevertheless, the affair led to the rustication of a popular undergraduate of lively disposition.

At that time Oxford was full of queer individuals, one of whom was old Fox, the waiter at the Star Inn.

This worthy had a great talent for mimicry, and possessed a collection of comic songs. He had been a good-looking man in his time, of which he often took care to remind people; and to those who would give ear to him, and were not hard of belief, he would relate some extraordinary but most amusing histories of amours he had been engaged in in his early years at the several inns at which he acted as waiter. He was, nevertheless, a most respectable-looking man, and an honest, good servant; but his days were shortened by his frequent devotion to the jolly god.

Fox was a very cool hand, but the manner in which he spoke and acted quite disarmed rebuke,

A youthful freshman, asking him in rather an imperious tone whether he was *sure* the bottle of champagne he was uncorking was a good one, "Why, no, sir," said he; "I am sure of nothing I never saw nor tasted; but" (filling a bumper and drinking it off) "*now*, sir, *I am sure* a better glass of champagne never slipt over a gentleman-commoner's tongue."

Towards the middle of the last century discipline both at Oxford and Cambridge greatly increased in severity, and a much more severe attitude was adopted towards young men of pleasure. In some ways this did good; in others, harm.

During the whole of Dr. Kaye's Vice-Chancellorship (which terminated at the latter end of the year 1816), Cambridge was as tranquil and in as good a state of discipline and morals as could possibly be expected, when one considers the number of undergraduates residing at that University. Dr. Kaye was particularly remarkable for the mildness of his government, where mildness is beneficial—that is, he did not interfere with the harmless pursuits and amusements of the undergraduates. To him succeeded Dr. Wood, the Master of St. John's College. Besides a strong prepossession in favour of severity, three things peculiarly marked this gentleman's Vice-Chancellorship: (1) Tandems were forbidden to be driven; (2) a University Debating Society, called the Union Society, was suppressed; (3) rules and regulations were drawn up under his direction, by which the Fitzwilliam Museum was virtually closed to undergraduates.

Then and after, restrictions are said to have greatly conduced towards the increase of gambling.

Many things which were formerly winked at were suppressed, and to-day there is no College where a man is allowed to be frankly idle. At both Universities regulations have been made far more rigorous, whilst no effort is spared to suppress evils such as gambling, a vice which during the last eighty years has, at intermittent periods, been very apt to flourish amongst undergraduates—it would seem to have taken the place of the heavy drinking which was so popular in old days.

The authorities, once so lax, are now, however, very alert about suppressing the roulette which has always been a favourite Varsity game.

A few years ago, however, during a raid they met their match. A number of undergraduates being discovered grouped around the green cloth, were informed that immediate expulsion, or at best rustication, would be their fate. Amongst the gamblers, however, was a youth who very adroitly contrived to save himself and fellow-gamblers from such a fate.

The undergraduate in question could wield a very trenchant and effective pen, any production of which, as was well known in his College, would be eagerly welcomed by most editors of newspapers.

Conscious of the power which his talents in this direction gave him, he was quite unabashed before the ire of the authorities.

"If you choose," said he, addressing the leading Don, "to act so severely because we have been

playing an innocent little game, I had better warn you that you will do so at the peril of the College reputation. Writing articles in the newspapers, as you probably know, is easy work for me; and I solemnly assure you that if you decide to send us down, within three days some astounding revelations of gambling at this University, with reflections upon the laxity displayed in its suppression at a certain College, will appear in one of the most widely-read sheets in the world. You can now decide whether you care to overlook the whole of this regrettable affair or not." The Dons, very much alarmed at the prospect of figuring in a newspaper scandal, gave way, and all the culprits escaped without punishment.

CHAPTER VII

DANCING-PLACES, MUSIC-HALLS, AND THE OLD GAIETY

A HUNDRED years ago and later, Englishmen, highly tenacious of their rights, would not allow their personal liberty to be tampered with by prigs or faddists. The triumph of the latter, indeed, only dates from the early seventies of the last century, when the passing of the Early Closing Act sealed the fate of such places as Cremorne Gardens and the Argyll Rooms.

Cremorne somewhat resembled the Jardin de Paris, and, though the dancing was quite decorous, in a measure relied for its existence upon the patronage of the same class of ladies as fill the Parisian resort to-day. For this reason, the fanatics who do not recognize that the frail sisterhood, even if they behave, have as good a right to frequent places of entertainment as anyone else, did all they could to get the Gardens closed. Its frequenters were branded as wicked and dissolute folk; and when in the late sixties a Society fête (from which, of course, its usual mixed *clientèle* was rigorously excluded) took place, a great outcry arose.

In poetry as well as prose the fashionable world was very severely handled:

"Come, fours-in-hand, who think it grand to have your doubtful load
Stared at by Sunday Greenwichers all down the Old Kent Road!
Come all, in fact, of Fashion's swarm, who clutch at such small straws
To save you from those swamps of bore your wearied notions cause!

"Come, blasées belles and stupid swells, there will be such a lark,
Much better than your daily dreary dawdle round the Park!
Come, prancers who at Almack's whirl—come, younger ones forlorn!
Come, see the Traviatas' haunt—come, see the famed Cremorne!"

As a matter of fact, the fête in question, which had perhaps better not have taken place, was a failure. It merely served to turn public attention to Cremorne, and hastened the closing of this pleasant open-air evening lounge for jaded Londoners. No good end was served by the refusal of its licence; morality was not in the least degree improved. The closing of the Gardens merely pleased unreasoning Puritans, and left London no better than it was before.

Cremorne was occasionally the scene of a good deal of light-hearted disorder, for as late as the early seventies the old "Tom and Jerry" spirit was not extinct. At that time men drank a good deal on festive occasions, and little, if any, discredit attached to a young man of position who found himself in custody as participant in a row in some place of public resort. Even the staidest of matrons and the demurest of misses, while outwardly professing to regard the conduct of their well-born

friends and relatives as shockingly reprehensible, did not fail in the innermost recesses of their minds to applaud it as evidence of a manly spirit.

The spirit of that age was rougher than that which prevails to-day.

Derby night, though there is sometimes a little excitement in certain music-halls, is now not very different from other evenings; but in the palmy days of Cremorne it was the occasion for outbursts of high spirits and horseplay. On that evening the attractions were always enhanced, and the attendance was far in excess of the ordinary. Lovers of excitement got full value for their money. The "swells," as they were called, after dining and celebrating their gains, or (with more liberality than discretion) drowning the memory of their losses at Epsom, drove comfortably down late in the evening to finish up their crowded day with what they called a "lark."

On such a night a slight disturbance would convert the gardens into a sort of battle-field. People of peaceful and law-abiding disposition would then hasten to get away and leave the place in possession of the *jeunesse dorée*, who, banded together by force of mutual sympathy, carried all before them. A good deal of destruction ensued. Many lamps were smashed and tables overturned, and the ware with which the latter were covered was thrown about or broken. Band-instruments were battered in or kicked to bits, decorations torn down and strewed about the grounds. Even the permanent structures were sometimes assailed and damaged in the most ruthless manner. A large force of police would

then appear, with the result that the ringleaders, generally well-known gilded youths, would be lodged in Chelsea Police Station. Every cell was filled, and the prisoners overflowing into the passages, the place was turned into a veritable pandemonium. Hardly a man of either captors or captured escaped without some visible evidence of personal injury; the clothing of most often hung in tatters. But the hard knocks exchanged left little ill-humour behind them. Both swells and police looked upon the whole affair as an enjoyable interlude, which broke the monotony of everyday life. Fines of £5 and £10 were inflicted, and, beyond a few broken heads, no one was very much the worse.

Another resort, somewhat similar to Cremorne, though, of course, an indoor one, was the Argyll Rooms, the last of the London dancing-places, which was closed at the end of the late seventies of the last century. "The Argyll" was a unique place of entertainment, which was frequented by people who were tired of the music-halls and did not care for the theatres. Though most of the habitués were individuals who could come to no harm at this resort, in 1878 the Middlesex magistrates, in whom at that time was vested the licensing of such places, suddenly decided to yield to the voice of the fanatics who had long demanded the suppression of this dancing-place, with the result that it closed. For some time later a restaurant was carried on in the building, but this proved a failure. In 1882 a licence was granted to Mr. Bignell, the proprietor, to turn it into a music-hall, and it was then opened as the Trocadero, where the late Miss Lottie Collins

made her first appearance. Since those days the place has been entirely transformed, and is now the very successful Trocadero Restaurant, run by the well-known firm of Lyons, who have accomplished a veritable revolution in the difficult art of providing refreshment for the public of London. The most popular music-hall in the eighties was the old London Pavilion, built on the site of Dr. Kahn's anatomical museum, long denounced as a West End scandal. Here the "Great MacDermott" used to delight enthusiastic audiences with his very full-blooded ditties. No doubt they were generally inane and sometimes of an undesirable tendency, but, with all their shortcomings, there was considerable spirit and life in some of them. For a time, indeed, owing to his famous song, "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do," which originated the term "jingoism," still in use to-day, this lion-comique came to be quite a political power, crowds flocking to the old Pavilion to applaud his bombast. Another song, dealing with the misfortunes of a late highly gifted politician in the Divorce Court, was also vastly popular. Though perhaps not in the best of taste, it was not unamusing, and was set to a capital tune. This production, with all its faults, was much more full of go and swing than anything sung in the gorgeous music-halls of to-day.

MacDermott in private life was a most exemplary citizen, but on the stage he was essentially a rollicking singer. He voiced the attitude towards life which at that period was assumed by a number of young men. Their ideal would appear to have

consisted in being able to consume an unlimited amount of alcohol, smoke numberless cigars, and bask in the smiles of facile beauty. His voice was very loud, but not, I fear, a very good one; yet when (holding an opera-hat with coloured silk lining, and a coloured silk handkerchief in his shirt-front) he came to the footlights, the whole house seemed to be animated by a spirit of vitality and enjoyment unknown to the music-hall frequenters of the present day. Few who knew it will forget the rollicking air of irresponsible gaiety which pervaded the old Pavilion at the time when a chairman was one of its most cherished institutions. Besides announcing the appearance of performers and keeping order, he smoked innumerable cigars. A seat at the table at which he sat facing the audience was considered to be quite an honour by young fellows about town.

Though the entertainment provided at modern palaces of variety is highly elaborate and refined, some of those who remember the old music-halls cannot help regretting the unrestrained vitality which was one of their principal features.

The songs, no doubt, were not infrequently coarse and unedifying, the music was feeble; but, nevertheless, the whole thing accurately reflected a certain side of life, and therefore was really more artistic than many a far more costly and refined modern entertainment.

The old school of music-hall singers is now practically extinct. Vance, who was occasionally something more than free in his songs, Charles Godfrey, Jenny Hill—the "Vital Spark"—and many

others, are gone. Peace to their ashes! Arthur Roberts gives entertainments in the provinces, and is seldom seen in town, whilst practically all the other singers who delighted old-fashioned music-hall audiences have disappeared. Though some of their methods would be out of place in this fastidious age, they did a good deal to amuse, and perhaps, in their own peculiar fashion, contributed to the happiness of their time more than many strict and strait-laced people. Their worst fault was that they were constantly hymning the praises of alcohol, and thus conveyed an impression that a capacity for consuming large quantities of it was a thing to be proud of.

Chief amongst the "Lion Comiques" was the late George Leybourne, who, in 1867, created a regular furore with "Champagne Charlie." This song he sang dressed as a swell, with the long whiskers known as "Piccadilly weepers."

Every night he arrived at the "halls" at which he sang in a yellow coach drawn by four greys, and occasionally he was to be seen in this equipage in the daytime.

As he passed through the West End in his four-in-hand, dressed in a gorgeous fur coat and smoking a huge cigar, Leybourne attracted great attention, with the result that "Champagne Charlie" was sung, hummed, and whistled all over the town.

Many people—but not the singer, who was also the composer—made a great deal of money out of it.

In all probability the song did something to increase the popularity of champagne, which in

those days could be procured at a comparatively moderate price.

Before this period the greater proportion drunk in England, and especially in the provinces, had been sweet; it was M. Hubinet, agent for Mme. Pommery, who gave him a free hand and almost unlimited supplies of cash, who first introduced dry champagne. By means of various amusing and original methods he pushed her excellent brand with the greatest success, and it is greatly owing to him that Pommery now enjoys such widespread popularity.

As the public taste for it increased, all sorts of ingenious means were used to puff various brands of champagne. A play is even said to have been written with the intention of increasing the sale of a certain *cuvée*.

A sequel to "Champagne Charlie" was "Moët and Chandon," also composed by George Leybourne, and sung by him dressed in a wonderful frogged blue coat edged with fur. There is no reason, however, for thinking that the singer was subsidized by the famous firm of wine-growers.

Later on, Leybourne abandoned the praises of sparkling wine, and, like so many of his contemporaries on the old music-hall stage, turned his attention to songs about love.

He died a comparatively young man. I see him now, a sick man, but still imbued with the spirit of life, singing in his catching way, "Ting! ting! that's how the bell goes!" Alas! a sad-toned bell was soon to toll for him.

A popular figure on the music-hall stage during

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE

THE GREAT COMIC SONG WRITTEN & SUNG BY

GEORGE LEYBOURNE.

Music by Alfred Lee.

the seventies was Pat Feeney, a prominent star of the past.

Many will remember the pleasant moments they passed listening to his clever drolleries and renderings of Irish ditties.

A contemporary of Feeney was the late Fred Albert, easily first among the topical vocalists flourishing at that time in the "Halls." His great *forte* was extemporizing, and he was noted for his knack of composing, on the spur of the moment, verses on any celebrity, or even on a member of his audience.

Best of all the old music-hall singers was the inimitable Bessie Bellwood, in her prime an exceedingly handsome woman, with a most graceful and fascinating sweep of her right arm as she advanced towards the audience. Her "What cheer, 'Ria," "Aubrey Plantagenet," and other ditties, never failed to bring down the house. Miss Bellwood possessed considerable powers of trenchant repartee, and was an expert at routing any disorderly reveller from amongst the audience when, as was not infrequent in those days, he sought to be facetious at her expense.

Bessie Bellwood's real name was Elizabeth Ann Katherine Mahoney, and she was, I believe, the niece of John Mahoney, in his day a well-known black-and-white artist, who executed illustrations for "Oliver Twist" and "Our Mutual Friend" for the Household Edition of Charles Dickens.

She died in 1896, at the very zenith of her popularity. Only thirty-six years old, she was followed to her grave by a large and sympathetic crowd.

In the eighties, Charles Coborn, who happily is still alive, enjoyed great popularity with his famous song, "The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," as did Mr. Chevalier with "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

Both Coborn and Chevalier, it should be added, were far more refined artistes than the ordinary music-hall singers of their time. Mr. Chevalier, indeed, was really a good actor—proof of which he is still giving in the inimitable impersonations of popular types with which he continues to delight an appreciative public.

Another most amusing singer, in quite a different line, was Arthur Roberts, who on the music-hall stage found a very congenial atmosphere for his peculiar methods and wit. His facial play when singing some song dealing with London life was quite inimitable. He was the incarnate spirit of Anti-Puritanism, and even those who disapproved of the ideas which he expressed could not help laughing at him.

Some of his songs—for instance, "I'm Living with Mother now"—would scarcely be appreciated by the patrons of our carefully censored modern palaces of variety. These, for all their gilding and silk, are not, in the writer's opinion, so amusing as the old-fashioned, non-luxurious music-hall of a bygone era.

The extraordinary popularity of prominent music-hall singers was shown by the enormous crowd of people who attended the funeral of the "King's Jester," as Dan Leno in his later years was called.

Thousands also followed the genial Herbert Campbell to his last resting-place. This clever singer, owing to his peculiar gifts, was as popular with the new style of music-hall frequenters as he had been with their predecessors of a more robust age.

The modern palace of varieties, though evolved from the music-hall, now provides quite a different entertainment. Many of the turns given would, in reality, be more in place in a theatre, concert-room, or circus. The main feature of the old music-hall was the singing of comic songs. At the modern palace of varieties there is very little of this, and such songs as are sung are generally of quite a different kind from those popular in the past.

The entertainment now furnished at the vast majority of variety halls, whilst totally inoffensive, rarely reflects any side of real life at all. It is, in short, the expression of nothing but vapidity, though none the less popular for that.

In spite of much criticism, cant, and abuse, the old-fashioned music-hall was often permeated by a real spirit of life—not, perhaps, of very desirable life. Rather was it the expression of the boisterous, irresponsible, and free-living spirit which distinguished Englishmen in the rough but glorious days of our sturdy past.

To-day everything is different. Strolling, a short time ago, into one of the gorgeously decorated palaces of varieties, I was struck by the contrast with the old-fashioned music-hall of other days. The suppressed hum of enjoyment, which was

formerly a feature of such places, was totally lacking, replaced by a decorous and what some love to call "refined" calm. Clever acrobatic turns and dancing furnished the major part of the programme, together with a certain amount of singing, well calculated to delight suburban drawing-rooms; but there was a sad lack of vivacity. In my opinion, an old-fashioned music-hall audience would have had none of it; yes, one turn they would have liked—Miss Marie Lloyd, with whose entry upon the stage the spirit of the defunct music-hall seemed to live again.

Another wonderfully clever singer who has the vitality which distinguished the old school is Miss Vesta Tilley, who never sang better than she does to-day. Of late years the tendency has been for music-halls to develop into smoking theatres. The programme given at most of them is generally modelled on the same pattern. At present there is some hostility to four-footed performers, though they are often amusing enough; and even when they are kindly treated and trained, I do not know that performing animals are very much in place at variety theatres. In old days there were special haunts where such shows were given. The most celebrated of all was one directed by a Scotchman, Bisset, who, in the last century, was renowned for his talent in educating horses, dogs, and cats. With unwearying patience he taught three of these latter small domestic tigers, with music-books before them, to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer as to produce several tunes, squalling at the same time in different keys or tones—first, second, and

third—by way of concert. Bisset's house was every day crowded, and he suffered great interruption to his business. Among the rest he was visited by an exhibitor of wonders, Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman whose elegant trifling in the toy-way was once so well known. This individual advised him to give a public exhibition of his animals in the Haymarket, and even promised, if allowed a share, to become a partner in the exhibition. Bisset agreed; but the day before the performance Pinchbeck withdrew his offer, and the other was left to act for himself. The well-known "Cat's Opera" was then instituted, and regular performances took place, in which a horse, a dog, monkeys, and Bisset's cats went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses. The venture was soon a great success, and before long Bisset found himself possessed of a considerable sum as the reward of his patience and ingenuity.

In the late seventies and early eighties the music-halls were not patronized by ladies as they are to-day. Occasionally one or two of them would be taken just to see what the entertainment was like, but all this was done *sub rosâ*. Not that the female element was wanting in the old "Halls." At the old Pavilion, which only had boxes on one side of the house, every one of them usually contained one or two gorgeously attired ladies. The swain or swains attendant—"mashers" they were called—lolled in the background in the languid manner distinguishing the Crutch and Toothpick Brigade, a confraternity whose principal place of

worship was the sacred shrine of burlesque—the old Gaiety. The first of the famous burlesques here was "Little Doctor Faust," produced in 1877. Owing to its great success it was followed by many others, written on similar lines by the late H. J. Byron.

In 1878 six arc electric lights were installed outside the theatre, and this was the first introduction to England and London of the illuminant so common to-day. Later on, in "Ariel," the employment in one scene of the new light was a great novelty. Thus arose the gradual progress of a method of lighting which is now practically universal in the theatrical world. The first theatre to be entirely lighted by electricity, as everyone knows, was the Savoy.

One of the most successful burlesques was "The Forty Thieves," in which the famous Gaiety quartette—the "Merry Family" as one of the songs ran—Nelly Farren, Kate Vaughan, Edward Terry, and E. W. Royce, were seen at their very best. Alas! the words they used to sing have been verified; and not one of them "will ever come back any more."

No one who remembers those days will ever forget the wonderful sparkle and life displayed by Miss Farren, or the graceful dancing of Miss Kate Vaughan. Miss Farren, indeed, was absolutely unique in her style; and probably no actress so imbued with the spirit of true burlesque will ever be seen again. The best tribute to the memory of this gifted woman, I think, was a little poem by H. B. published in the *Westminster Gazette*.

[*Photo. W. & D. Downey, London.*

MISS KATE VAUGHAN.

[*Photo. S. A. Walker.*

MISS NELLIE FARREN.

" She was a peal of laughter, ringing its way thro' life;
She was Gaiety's censure of London's serious strife.
'Laugh with me, romp with me, London!' this was her dinning song;
'Dance with me, frail and feeble; my music shall make you strong!'

" Into a world of sorrow born with a festal laugh,
Tripping her way she revelled, and mocked at the sage's staff.
'Follow me, follow me, mortals; life's but a jest, a toy!
Frowns are the fruit of folly, smiles are the flowers of joy!'"

The retirement of Miss Farren through illness, and the death of Mr. Fred Leslie, one of the cleverest and most versatile actors who ever lived, virtually sounded the death-knell of the Gaiety burlesque. Before this there had been many changes in the company. Miss Letty Lind, whose dancing in its own way was as dainty and graceful as that of Miss Kate Vaughan, had come; and Miss Connie Gilchrist, who was worshipped by all the frequenters of the old Gaiety, had gone. The sacred lamp of burlesque was not yet entirely extinguished; but its flame began already to burn low.

The transition from burlesque to musical comedy was effected by the now almost forgotten "Faust up to Date," in which poor merry Florence St. John acted and sang so brightly as Marguerite. In this played the late Mr. Lonnen, who had one or two excellent songs. A *pas-de-quatre* had a great success. The whole thing greatly appealed to the young men of that day, who were to be found in great force in the stalls previous to betaking themselves to the night clubs, which were at that time in full swing.

Burlesque has now entirely disappeared, so-called musical comedy—whatever that may mean—having completely usurped its place. This form of entertainment entails even less exercise of thought in the audience than did the old burlesques, which were not infrequently clever and amusing, besides being wittily written. Musical comedy, however, seldom fails to please modern audiences, to whose mental capacity it would seem to be exactly suited.

In old days the vast majority of stalls on a Gaiety first night were filled with men—the *viveurs* of the town. A very different state of affairs prevails now, well-known ladies forming a very large proportion of the audience. Indeed, in its way, a Gaiety first night has become quite a social event, whilst the old Tom and Jerry spirit, like the wit and jollity of the forgotten burlesques, has no place in the entertainment.

In the new and prosperous Gaiety, though the scenery is more elaborate, the dresses more gorgeous, and the faces just as pretty as of old, an entirely different spirit prevails. The entertainment is too often lacking in cohesion, whilst, of course, the lines are not as witty as some of those in the old burlesques. Nevertheless, musical comedy has produced some stars of its own—notably Miss Gertie Millar, that most attractive and graceful *diseuse* and dancer.

Mr. George Grossmith is also an amusing actor. No one can better assume the manners and idiosyncrasies of the modern young man of pleasure; and though his style is quite a different one, this clever actor has taken the place of the late Fred

Leslie. Mr. Grossmith, talented son of a talented father, is not only a most amusing actor and singer, but a clever writer of plays and *revues*. When one finds him so constantly to the fore, in such a variety of rôles, one cannot help being amazed at his versatility and the energy which enables him to be so ubiquitous.

Like the old Gaiety company, the mashers who flocked to see them are now dispersed or dead—not a few have done good service for the Empire in various parts of the world.

In spite of the ridiculous attitude which the Crutch and Toothpick Brigade pretended to adopt towards life, I believe their admiration for the stars of burlesque was more virile than the flabby adoration with which a large number of modern young men regard some of their idols. A few mashers married chorus-girls, but the burlesque stage was not regarded as being likely to furnish ideal brides.

To-day, marriage with a young lady of musical comedy seems to be considered by a certain number of people as quite a feather in a young fellow's cap.

Within recent years the Gaiety, Daly's, and other theatres, which offer a light form of entertainment to a faithful band of intelligent patrons, have furnished a considerable number of wives to the aristocracy. So well is the value of musical comedy as a marriage-mart understood, that at the present day girls of good social station go upon the stage without incurring much opposition from their parents.

The chorus-girls of old days were drawn from a far more humble class; very few could boast of anything

but a very plebeian descent. Nevertheless, some of them, especially after a good supper, used to throw out mysterious hints as to their illustrious ancestry. One of them, indeed, having made an aristocratic marriage, so impressed her husband with this that he eventually instructed a genealogist to make exhaustive researches into his wife's descent. The report of the expert, however, was disappointing. The only thing he could discover, said he, was that the lady's grandfather had played the hind-legs of an elephant in a provincial pantomime of the early fifties.

The different points of view as to the stage which a man takes in youth and in his more mature years are often curious.

"Now," said a little actress to a man-about-town, who had gone into theatrical management as a business after sowing his wild-oats, "now that you are manager, I hope you will engage me."

"Well, I don't know. I'll see."

"How! What do you mean? Have you not tried a dozen times to obtain an engagement for me at different theatres?"

"That's true enough, but then I thought only of your interests."

"And now?"

"Why, I am thinking of my own."

On the whole, the musical-comedy stage has been a most beneficent institution to a good many young ladies. Many a broken-hearted maiden has been placed in first-rate spirits by a breach-of-promise jury awarding her a verdict and damages of several hundred pounds.

Virtue, when deftly exploited, is an even more profitable asset than vice, and at the present day not a few stars of the lighter stage pride themselves on the thought that the purity of their morals is only equalled by that of their complexions.

The main efforts of most modern chorus-girls are directed towards making an advantageous marriage, but they are ready enough to accept invitations to dine or sup; presents of jewelry and the like are also not refused by most of them; but they take good care that the limits of propriety, as understood on the musical-comedy stage, should not be transgressed.

Provided they see some chance of making a good match, they will patiently tolerate any amount of twaddle or common boredom. The old style chorus-girl, however, was different.

"How amiable and tender," said a timid and enterprising lover, "is the passion of the dove!"

His companion, a particularly ardent maiden, was not going to stand such milk-and-water sentiment.

"I expect you're quite right about that," she rejoined; "but I think I'd better tell you at once that I don't like doves that only coo."

With regard to personal beauty, the modern show-girls are undoubtedly better-looking, more ladylike, and dressed in better taste than were those of the past.

It is curious to see how the ideas of different generations vary. Formerly, for instance, girls who had red hair were pitied and, amongst the humbler classes, jeered at—a favourite jibe at a red-

haired person being to call him or her "Carrots." Now red hair is thought to be a beauty, and women possessing ruddy locks are generally considered lucky.

Another improvement is, that theatrical ladies are far less given to the odious and unbecoming habit of dyeing their hair. The bright yellow locks, so popular in the eighties, now rarely offend the eye.

The ladies who—were such places still open—would frequent the Corinthian and Gardenia, have also improved in dress and behaviour, and rarely use the strong language which so easily fell from the lips of those who preceded them. An oath from a woman's lips always sounded jarring and unnatural; one would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

The chorus-girl has changed, and many other things have changed too. One result is that her tastes are more expensive than of yore. Motoring is now highly popular with the fair sex. Gone are the days when mashers took pretty girls down to Richmond in well-appointed Shrewsburys and Talbots, driven by a glossy-hatted driver with a small nosegay in his buttonhole. To-day, when the triumphant and discreet taxi speeds through the London streets, which have seen so many forms of locomotion come and go, songs like "I say, cabby," and Arthur Roberts's famous "On me 'ansom," would be quite out of date. Perhaps, in the future, the taxi, too, will be supplanted by some more advanced and convenient method of progression!

Another great change is the free-and-easy costume affected by young men-about-town—a fashion which, no doubt, has been largely produced by the enormous popularity of golf. It is curious to remember that thirty years ago the game was practically unknown to Londoners. The causes of its present immense popularity are easy to perceive. People of all ages can take part in it, and it is one of the few games in which experience can compensate for deficiency in physical power. Furthermore, the element of chance imported by the nature of the ground constantly supplies that hope which nowhere springs more readily than in the golfer's breast. Many players derive great benefit to their health; for golf is as complete a mental change as billiards, and has the healthful accompaniments that billiards lacks. Its continuous interest is another advantage. From the first "tee" shot to the last "putt" there is something to play for. "Gie up the hole!" said a veteran, playing the hopeless odds of "four more," when his opponent was lying on the brink. "Man! he may drap dead afore he plays!" Another point in favour of the game is its physical freedom. Bound to no irksome discipline, unembarrassed by complicated preparations, the golfer passes from the stuffy town to some breezy upland heath, or seeks the crisp, short turf which lies beside the exhilarating sea.

Golf and motoring have effected a revolution in costume. The smart young fellows in frock-coats and glossy top-hats—so many of whom one used to see in Piccadilly—have disappeared. Caps and soft

shirts are now worn quite freely in the West End, and great slackness prevails in masculine costume, which was once so smart. Though their dress has changed, the ideas of amusement popular with young men-about-town are much the same as ever. An admirable and true picture of the existence led by a youthful and careless pleasure-seeker of the present time has been given in Mr. Gilbert Frankau's clever poem, "One of Us."

In his ways, as well as his dress, the young man of to-day is far more free-and-easy than his predecessor of Crutch and Toothpick days. A striking instance of this was the subaltern who, the first time he came on parade, greeted his Colonel by clapping his heels together, saluting, and shouting out, "What ho!"

The young man of pleasure is also, I fancy, more temperate in his pleasures than his predecessor. Thirty years ago his predecessors frequented the Gardenia and Corinthian—both of them amusing places, though the former was at times inclined to be too rowdy.

Most of the bright spirits who footed it so blithely to the strains of "See me dance the polka" have now disappeared, like the fair ones with whom they laughed and supped.

Married, settled down in the country, or dead, are the Connies, Lotties, Idas, and Ethels of that vanished epoch, while a new generation of smiling damsels has arisen to rule in their stead.

At the better class of night-clubs—at least, during the earlier portion of the evening—the ladies rather affected the pose of behaving as if they were at

a Society dance. Later on, however, they would often relax.

One charming damsel, having hitherto maintained a very correct and even severe attitude, electrified a supper-party which she joined by suddenly kicking over the table, remarking, "I'm tired of being a lady. Let's have some fun."

In the lower class of clubs, which were only successors of the night-houses of the sixties, scenes were not infrequent. At one I remember, where a gallery for supper overlooked the dancing-hall, rows often occurred; and occasionally dancing would be interrupted by a shower of bottles thrown by persons above who were carried away by the exuberance of their feelings.

The particular virtue of these places was, that they destroyed the pose of being tired of everything, which had prevailed amongst a certain set in the late seventies. The *blasé* attitude of these mashers has now long been utterly out of date. The survivors of that period, in their middle and old age, go to the other extreme, for, in late years, a number of them have developed into individuals dowered with enormous zest for all kinds of amusement. Surely never has there been a time when middle-aged and even old men have been so avid of enjoyment as to-day! For instance, at the great fancy balls which have come into fashion within the last few years, a considerable portion of the male dancers have been men verging upon or over forty, some even a great deal older. Whereas thirty or forty years ago a man over thirty who donned fancy dress would have had to put up with a good

deal of chaff, if not of ridicule—to-day, an individual of the same age assumes the garb of a rajah, pierrot, or any other fantastic costume without the slightest feeling of shyness, his only disturbing thought being the idea that some contemporary of his may have chosen a more effective or striking costume. The mania for dressing up—a process so abhorrent to the old-fashioned Englishman—seems now likely to be overdone. The hundred-years-ago ball, for instance, though remarkable on account of the number of gorgeous old-time uniforms displayed, cannot be said to have been distinguished by any great spirit of vivacity.

Fancy balls, to be successful, must, of necessity, be Bohemian. The hundred-years-ago ball claimed to be, and actually was, a Society function, and for that reason lacked go. The spectacle of a number of well-known social figures strutting about dressed up in fancy costumes, or dancing sedately, may be pleasing enough to the eye, but after a time it ceases to be enlivening. Also the flashing of various coloured lights upon the dancers is apt to have an irritating effect. The only effective system of lighting for a fancy ball, is to have the place in which it is held as bright as possible. This has always been the method followed in France, where such things are thoroughly understood. Perhaps, however, owing to the great age of some of the people who took part in the Albert Hall affair, it was thought best to keep the place in a dim and subdued light.

CHAPTER VIII

PLEASURE-LOVING PARIS OF THE PAST

THE natural home of the fancy or masked ball is not England, but France. A convincing proof of how little the people of the former country understand the true spirit of such revels is the cold reserve which prevailed at most of those which have recently taken place. A feature of the evening at one was to be the unmasking of the ladies at a stated hour; but as a large number of the revellers discarded their masks and cloaks before reaching the ball-room, the whole thing fell rather flat.

A very small proportion of those present at these fêtes have the least idea of entering into the spirit of the thing. Most of them stalk gloomily about, taking good care not to address a word to anyone unless they are more or less intimate friends. On the other hand, however, considerable gaiety prevails at the small private dances—Wells's and others—which of recent years have become so popular amongst the pleasure-loving section of men-about-town. At these entertainments even ladies of the musical-comedy stage occasionally deign to throw off some of their insular reserve, the result being that the revels, without being indecorous, are often enjoyable and amusing.

At such dances, however, the great majority of the guests are on more or less intimate terms; it is the mixture of all sorts of individuals, mostly strangers to one another, which causes our big modern fancy balls to be so gloomy. The truth is, that fêtes of this sort are unsuited to the spirit of modern London.

A hundred years ago or so, things were different here. The entertainments given by Mrs. Cornelys in Soho Square were full of gaiety and fun; whilst at the big fancy balls everyone chaffed and bantered everyone else, whether they were acquainted or not. A large proportion of what may euphemistically be called the "Bohemian element" was generally present, and imparted that spirit of full-blooded vitality in which modern fêtes—when organized, or largely attended, by so-called Society—are so woefully lacking.

All over Europe to-day spontaneous gaiety and unrestrained revelry seem to be dying away. A proof of this is the decadence of the Paris Opera balls. Even in the eighties, though much of their glory had departed, it was a wonderful sight to see the quadrilles danced to the music of a splendid band. There was a joyous freedom and *entrain* which could never be copied on this side of the Channel. Though everyone talked to everyone else, it was astonishing to see what good order (I cannot with truth say decorum) prevailed. Notwithstanding the great amount of licence permitted, quarrels or brawls were rare, for the majority of people were too busy amusing themselves to take offence.

The first ball to which the public was admitted

A MASQUERADE SUPPER.

without distinction, upon payment of money, was given at the Opera, January 2, 1716; the permission for the establishment of such balls having been granted, it is said, by the Regent Duke of Orleans in the preceding year. The price of the ticket was five livres, and it was forbidden to any person to go out from the ball and re-enter without paying a second time. In 1717 the exclusive privilege of these balls was granted to the Opera; but it does not seem to have been observed, for we hear of balls given at other theatres during the ten years for which the privilege was originally granted. It was at the Opéra Comique of those days that the idea of making the pit level with the stage by boards, for the purpose of dancing, was first carried into practice by Father Sebastian, a Carmelite Friar and a mechanical genius, on the suggestion of the Chevalier du Bouillon. In 1746 these balls had so increased in public favour, that the Director of the Opera petitioned for a restriction of their number in his favour, and about that time several persons were proceeded against for giving subscription balls in private houses, some of which were not of the best reputation. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Opera balls were organized nearly upon the same plan as they were during the Second Empire, only with much less splendour of decoration. It was mentioned by a contemporary writer as a matter of astonishment that "22 lustres with 12 bougies in each, 32 arms with two each, 10 girandoles with five each, to say nothing of the candles, lampions, and *pots-à-feu* that lighted the approaches," were added to sixty

musicians, half at each end of the theatre, for the decoration of the ball and the amusement of the company.

The great Revolution did nothing to destroy the taste for such amusements, and in the early part of the nineteenth century the Parisians danced and revelled more gaily than ever. Even Napoleon occasionally attended the revels at the Opera, a steel-grey domino being the costume which he usually affected.

About 1832 the public balls of Paris were permeated by a spirit of picturesque, full-blooded, and occasionally brutal life. Not only the Opera, but most of the other theatres were used for dancing during the carnival, a special public frequenting each particular resort.

Shopmen and shopgirls, milliners and clerks, went to the Porte St. Martin, the Ambigu, and the Cirque Olympique; the middle classes, more staid, went to the Opéra Comique and the Palais Royal, where good order and decency were preserved. All classes went to these balls, including fashionable ladies—who, owing to their masks, had a good chance of escaping recognition.

The especial haunt of the students and grisettes was the Odéon; here great scandal was once caused by someone, for a bet, smuggling in a young woman with nothing on but a pair of gloves and a boa!

The wildest gaiety of all prevailed at the Variétés, where all the eccentricities of French dancing were to be observed.

In the early forties the carnival had lost a good deal of its gaiety, and such maskers as were to be

seen in the street were but poor copies of those who once delighted the boulevards on Mardi Gras; nevertheless, in the public balls the fun continued to be fast and furious. It was at this time that the Parisiennes were so fond of appearing as *débardeurs*—that pretty costume immortalized by the talented pencil of Gavarni, which ladies fond of fancy dress would do well to revive.

Quadrilles and gallops were the favourite dances; wild and daring *pas seuls* occasionally calling for the interference of the *sergents de ville*, who, on occasion, manifested a prudery little to the taste of the excited crowd, which, mad with excitement, delighted in kicking its heels in the air as only French people are capable of doing. The dance known as the "can-can" achieved immense popularity in the thirties. A strange individual named La Battut, the son of a rich Frenchwoman of good birth and an English chemist, first introduced that dance into Parisian balls. Up to his time it was unknown outside low suburban dancing-places.

In the thirties the Opera balls took a new lease of life. They had become too respectable, it was said; and so much was decorum respected, that a mother could have taken her daughter to them. In spite of their respectability, the fêtes of that date afforded great opportunities for intrigue and adventure. Amusing incidents were common.

At one of these balls a certain gentleman, possessed of a most jealous nature and a most charming wife, insisted very inconveniently that madame should take her leave and return to the more

decorous bosom of her family. "Never mind," said she to her partner; "invite me to dance in the next quadrille. You may rely upon me finding a way to stay for it." Slipping out while the sets were forming, she went into the gentlemen's dressing-room, found her husband's hat, and threw it out of the window. Then returning, and requesting her spouse to first find his hat and then call the carriage, she accepted partners for the next six dances, quite sure of two hours before the hat could be found.

About 1838, Mira, a well-known organizer of dances, made an effort to put some life into the Opera balls. He accordingly imported ballerinas in costume, who attracted pleasure-seekers by their unrestrained gambols. He was not, however, entirely successful until he engaged Musard, a conductor who afterwards achieved considerable celebrity. He deserves to be remembered, for in his own particular line he was never equalled. Born about 1792, he began his career by playing the French horn at some of the small dancing-places which about a century ago—when Belleville and other districts, now long built over, were almost rural—abounded in the environs of Paris. It was some years later that, migrating to London, he laid the foundations of the celebrity he eventually achieved, and his compositions then became popular on both sides of the Channel. About 1830, Musard, having returned to Paris, gained renown as leader of the band at the masked balls given at the Variétés. At this time he seems to have had aspirations towards higher forms of musical art, but these, probably for pecuniary reasons, he soon

abandoned. His next post as conductor was at the Concert Musard, in the Champs Élysées, but he abandoned this to lead a fine orchestra at the Salle Vivienne, where his concerts and balls soon created a furore. At the same time he conducted at the masked balls of the Salle Ventadour and of the Opéra Comique. In his own line Musard was now the idol of Paris—the best *chef d'orchestre*, it was declared, from the Boulevard St. Martin to the Great Wall of China.

At the Opéra Comique, surrounded by a thousand wax lights, he was in his glory; his expression suiting every phase of the gay music of his band, whilst every nerve in his body seemed to vibrate in consonance with its merry strains. All Paris flocked to admire him, and in the world of pleasure he shared a universal popularity with Pomaré, Rigolette, Mogador, and the other goddesses of the dancing-halls.

At the Opera balls his success further increased; there his orchestra consisted of forty-eight violins (twenty-four on each side of him), fourteen cornets-à-piston, twelve trombones, and a number of other instrumentalists in proportion. At certain moments it was a knack of his to produce curious effects by means of the breaking of chairs or the firing of a pistol, by which the finale of a quadrille was sometimes marked. By such means he would urge the dancers into a veritable frenzy, till at the end of the quadrille they would invade the platform, and, hoisting Musard upon their shoulders, carry him in triumph through the applauding crowd. It may be added that a number of his quadrilles, full of gaiety

and the joy of life, might well be drawn from the obscurity into which they have sunk. He was one of the first dance-composers to make use of counterpoint, which he occasionally employed in a very original manner; for, in his way, he was a composer of considerable talent, who knew how to express in music the spirit of the Parisians of that light-hearted age.

With Musard as leader of the orchestra, the Opera balls regained all their old popularity. The queens of the *demi-monde* attended in great force. Not a few great ladies made a point of being present, the masks which they wore preventing them from being recognized, or, at least, serving as an excuse for their visit.

During the Revolution of 1848 Musard, laying down the bâton which had beaten time for so many pretty feet, manifested some desire to enter politics; but his aspirations in this direction received no encouragement, and henceforth his fame seems to have decreased. Six years later Strauss, then *chef d'orchestre* of the Imperial Court, eclipsed the old leader by obtaining the conductorship of the Opera balls, after which Musard, no longer the Paganini of the dance or the king of the quadrille, settled down quietly at Auteuil, where he died in 1859.

Though a regular series of balls was given at the great Opera House until within comparatively recent years, they had lost most of their popularity long before. Nevertheless, a quarter of a century ago they still retained some of their ancient and renowned *entrain*. On the nights when these balls were given, the great staircase of the Opera was a

wonderful sight, its steps filled with a motley crowd of gaily-dressed maskers. Besides the great orchestra in the interior of the house there were two or three smaller ones in the *foyer* and elsewhere, all of which played with the greatest verve, while the music was always admirably chosen. When the ball was in full swing, the scene and the floor of the auditorium during the quadrilles was the most animated and lively scene in the world. Though old Parisians lamented the decline of French gaiety, the dances often showed the utmost *abandon*, the splendid band playing so well that even the paid dancers were occasionally quite carried away with excitement. A peculiar feature of this band was the crash of drums with which certain tunes were punctuated; the writer does not remember ever having heard anything like it at any other balls—the crash in question was, of course, part of the musical tradition handed down from the days of Musard. In particular does the recollection of one admirable quadrille linger in the writer's mind. The music of this was taken from M. André Messager's then newly-composed operetta of "La Fauvette du Temple," one of the airs of which, "Le Parisien n'aime pas le métier de militaire," had at that time enchanted pleasure-loving Paris. The tune in question seemed to embody all the traditional gaiety of that joyous city; and as the drums of the band crashed out, nearly everyone on the floor of the Opera House—even jaded onlookers not given to dancing—found themselves unconsciously beating time with their feet to the music. Innumerable pairs of legs—

some of them very prettily-shaped legs—flew in the air, whilst old and young felt themselves filled with that peculiar feeling of careless and buoyant gaiety of which France alone still possesses the secret.

This spirit was, perhaps, never more characteristically demonstrated than by an ovation which Michelet once received whilst crossing the gardens of the Luxembourg. Recognized by the students going to the lectures at the Collège de France, he was immediately surrounded, and, in spite of resistance, was borne in triumph to the gates. Verses in honour of "L'Amour," composed by a student in medicine, were sung by the joyous crowd; and a young grisette, professing herself a passionate admirer of the work in question, drew her scissors from her pocket and cut off a goodly lock of the author's hair, which was distributed almost by the single hair to the numerous devotees of love *à la Michelet* there present.

At that time all classes of the French population seem to have been moved by a light-hearted spirit which expressed itself in many different directions. This joyous impulse reached even the populace, which, in the country districts at least, is usually stolid and matter-of-fact. Gaiety and wit were everywhere held in high esteem; and *bons mots* were more appreciated than ever before. One of the best of the latter, perhaps, was the retort of the sentry at the gate of the gardens of the Tuileries, who had had orders to admit no one without an official pass.

A distinguished member of the French aris-

tocracy attempted to force an entrance, but the man stoutly declined to let him through.

"I am the Prince de Poix," said the visitor; "and of course I can come in."

"Not at all," was the retort. "Even if you were the 'Roi des Haricots' you would be obliged to remain outside."

As for the students, they fairly bubbled over with vitality and life.

To-day, we are told, the student of the Latin quarter is more staid than of yore. He is no longer the careless, impecunious being pictured in the pages of the delightful "Vie de Bohème"—that idealized sketch of Parisian student life which has charmed several generations. In connection with this subject it may be stated that Jean Wallon, who, in Murger's book figures as the light-hearted Colline, became in after-life the most serious of men, being very much influenced by a devoted but austere wife, who only died a year or two ago. This lady hated the recollection of her husband's Bohemian days, which she sought to obliterate by all the means in her power. On one occasion she protested energetically against some comments upon the student days of her husband, whom she defended against the accusation of having been what she called one of the *tristes viveurs de la Bohème de* '48; and she could never think of the joyous *Bohème* pictured by Murger without real pain.

Though the Bohemians of that far-away day were dissipated, they were also romantic, as was shown by a graceful gift sent to a young and

beautiful French girl on her marriage. This was a pyramid of three thousand natural white roses, which created quite a sensation. No one knew exactly by whom it had been sent; but rumour declared that it was the joint offering of those who had been in love with her, each unsuccessful swain having contributed a few blossoms.

After the downfall of the great Napoleon, the English flocked to Paris, and for a good many years after the Battle of Waterloo, English bucks and bloods were to be seen about the Boulevard des Italiens. Their most popular lounge, however, was the Palais Royal. Till December 31, 1837, when the gaming-tables were suppressed, it was the great Mecca of European men of pleasure. To-day it is the saddest place in all Paris, permeated as it is by a spirit of desolation and melancholy decay.

There is always something pathetic about places which have sunk into a staid and forlorn state after having been the scene of unrestrained enjoyment.

Walking through the deserted old place, formerly thronged by hordes of pleasure-seekers, one's thoughts involuntarily wander back to the time when all that was beautiful and frivolous congregated in its arcades. One thinks of all the pretty women and gallant men who laughed, loved, and gambled in the now untenanted rooms. Together with those of their generation who condemned their light-hearted ways they all lie mouldering in the grave.

In its gaming days the Palais Royal, full of unrestrained gaiety and enjoyment, was the rendezvous

THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS IN 1825.

By George Cruikshank.

of all pleasure-loving Paris. All classes were at home in its arcades, and here anyone with money in his pocket could indulge in every sort of dissipation.

The boulevards at that time were not the lounges they became in later years; nor was the Champs Élysées the beautiful drive we see to-day; as for the Bois de Boulogne, it was a wilderness.

Owing to many causes, the Palais Royal was then the centre of the European world of pleasure. An emporium of facile delights, it was also the meeting-place of rogues and swindlers, and the headquarters (for it then contained gaming-tables) of gamblers; owing to the class of ladies attracted to it, it was, too, in high favour with people of easy morality. In the evening its well-lit piazzas and arcades were a fine sight, filled as they were with all the prettiest women in Paris, most of them very lightly clad and well skilled in the arts of trolling the tongue and rolling the eye. It was a dangerous and seductive place for a young man, and many a visitor, owing to the tables and the ladies, left a good deal of his money in the old Palace of Philippe Égalité.

Restaurants and cafés abounded there. One of the most celebrated was the Café de Mille Colonnes, full of columns and mirrors, where a very handsome lady, well known as La Belle Limonadière, presided in a chair or throne which, originally destined for the salon of Joachim Murat, King of Naples, had cost ten thousand francs.

In 1830 the Palais Royal was celebrated throughout the world; it used jokingly to be said that

even in China, then a distant and unknown country, rich merchants made appointments to meet each other in its joyous arcades.

In the famous *galeries de bois*, which, in remembrance of the Russian troops in Paris, were still called the Camp des Tartares and the Four aux Queux, was to be found a crowd of lightly-clad ladies of pleasure. Louis Philippe it was who demolished this *galerie* and put the Galerie d'Orléans in its place; he also it was who adopted drastic measures to drive away the numerous lights-of-love who congregated beneath its brilliantly illuminated glass roof. He instituted many other changes, which he intended as improvements, causing old signs to be removed and quaint inscriptions to be obliterated. The newly furbished and moralized Palais Royal, however, did not attract the public; and when, as a final reform, the gaming-tables were suppressed in 1837, the pleasure-loving Parisians took a last farewell of the old place. By a gradual decay of its former splendour did the Palais Royal assume the woebegone appearance which it still wears to-day.

From time to time various schemes have been mooted to revive the popularity of the Palais Royal. At the present time a proposal to move the Bourse to the centre of the gardens, where a huge pavilion is to be built, is under consideration. If it is carried out, this will once more import the spirit of speculation into its ancient haunt. The suppression of gaming was the final and real cause of its ruin. Gradually the fine shops closed their shutters, and the famous restaurants moved else-

A STROLL IN THE PALAIS ROYAL

By George Cruikshank

where. As for mitigating the evils of speculation, there is now far more gambling in France than in the old days when the croupiers plied their rakes in the Palais Royal gaming-houses. Just outside Paris, at Enghien, is a huge gaming-establishment where anyone can play as much baccarat as he likes. The old-fashioned gambling, in comparison with this institution, was mere child's play.

As a matter of fact, all talk about stamping out gaming is mere waste of breath in Paris; the only way to mitigate its evils is by regulation. In this direction the French Government, it must be admitted, has achieved a fair measure of success, for, owing to the tax or percentage levied upon baccarat banks and bets on race-courses, a very large sum is now annually available for charitable purposes and for hospitals.

From time to time attempts were made to introduce early-closing regulations somewhat resembling those under which we suffer in modern London. In November, 1858, for instance, the Prefect of Police issued a notice that all wine-shops, cafés, billiard-rooms, and other places of that description, both in Paris and in the environs, were to be closed at eleven o'clock at night all the year round, and not to be opened before six o'clock in the morning from October 15 to March 15, nor before sunrise from March 15 to October 15. No one was to be received or kept in the house after the hour of closing. The edict in question apparently soon became a dead letter, if indeed, any serious notice at all was ever taken of it.

Louis Philippe—who in this manner, no doubt,

contributed to his own eventual undoing—was rather given to promoting measures of restriction. In his day people dined between five and six o'clock, and almost all the restaurants, even supper-places, were shut about twelve. As in modern London, the police interfered when revellers attempted to sit up after half-past twelve. This state of affairs, however, was never popular, and did not last long.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century privileged persons alone could keep eating-houses in Paris. In 1765 a cook freed the public from this restraint, and, having prepared a room for refreshments, placed over the door the following parody of a passage in Scripture: "Venite ad me omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos." This attempt was successful; and afterwards, when the Revolution brought many strangers to Paris, and the domestic habits of the Parisians were altered, these establishments increased every year.

One of the most celebrated restaurants of former days—the Café Hardy, subsequently the Maison Dorée—ceased to exist not very many years ago. Hardy prided himself upon having invented the *dejeuner à la fourchette*, the name of which originated thus:

From ten in the morning to three in the afternoon it was his habit to stand before a silver grill, which was one of the glories of his restaurant, and note what his clients wished to have cooked—an appetizing number of viands being exposed to view on a buffet close by. The choice made, Hardy would plunge into the selected bird or piece of meat a *fourchette* which he held in his hand, and place

THE CAFÉ VERY.

By George Cruikshank.

the meat direct upon the grill. The remaining culinary operations were then conducted by a first-class *chef*.

It used to be said that one had to be rich to dine at the Café Hardy, and "hardy" to dine at the Café Riche. At the latter place money alone was scarcely able to obtain a good dinner, the place being practically reserved for the fashionable throng which formed its *clientèle*. Of course, anyone ready to pay could order a meal in the famous resort.

Another fashionable resort was the Café de Paris, established in the lower story of Lady Hertford's house by Augilbert Fils, who paid her twenty thousand francs a year rent. Here, before the foundation of the French Jockey Club, all the arrangements for racing were made, a room being specially set apart for registering matches, apportioning weights, and the like.

The Petit Cercle, founded by Lord Henry Seymour and his friends, met in this café, which was of course entirely different in character from the present very excellent establishment of the same name in the Avenue de l'Opéra.

The habitués of the old Café de Paris were great dandies, and cut a fine figure with their overflowing neckties and gold-headed canes. One of these, of great value, was abstracted by a cunning rascal in a curious manner. A cripple on crutches one day came up, and in a piteous tone begged of a dandy leaving the place. The dandy, moved to pity, gave the beggar a small silver coin. At the same moment a person near him suddenly exclaimed: "How can you, sir, allow this rogue to

deceive you? Please to lend me your cane, and I will show you that the rascal runs better than I can." The dandy, without reflecting, lent his cane. The beggar, the moment he perceived it in his detractor's hand, threw away his crutches and took to his heels, and was followed by the man with the cane, whilst the spectators, and the dandy particularly, remained in convulsions of laughter at the sight, speculating who would run the fastest. The dandy, however, became sobered when he saw both the racing heroes disappear at the next turning of the street. It was all in vain that he remained waiting for his splendid cane, which had cost him several hundreds of francs.

A curious character at this period was the Marquis de Saint Cricq, an eccentric character who used to go out driving in a carriage, leading his saddle-horse by a rein passed through the window. Another craze of his was to order post-horses to drive from his rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin to the Café Anglais. His escapades were notorious and occasionally disconcerting. Displeased with the public for applauding a play at the Théâtre Français, which he considered execrable, one wet evening he went out before the end and hired every cab he could find outside; he then returned and sat out the rest of the piece in great glee, well satisfied, as he said, with the certainty that most of the audience, except himself, would be soaked to the skin. At restaurants he played all sorts of tricks, often furtively filling his coffee with salt and complaining to the proprietor that it had been tampered with. It was no uncommon thing for

him to eat his dinner with a salad-bowl on his head, all the while maintaining an attitude of the greatest gravity. During one summer he considerably astonished diners at the Café Anglais by eating vast quantities of strawberries, alternately powdering them and his head with sugar from a large castor which he had set before him. One day he appeared at Tortoni's with a long string of carriages following him, ordered three ices, ate one, and put the other two in his boots, which he had taken off for the purpose.

Another *viveur* of less eccentric character was Nestor Roqueplan, a good fencer, who always wore his hat at an extraordinary angle, and in his costume favoured an exaggeration of the prevailing fashion.

A more clever man of pleasure was Roger de Beauvoir, whom cynics called "a man of the world amongst writers, and a writer amongst men of the world." He had first attained celebrity on the boulevards through a book, "L'Écolier de Cluny," which he had written when twenty-four years old; and he added to his fame by the curious costume which he affected. Loving bright colours, he sported a blue coat with brass buttons, yellow waistcoat, and pearl-grey trousers. Indoors his costume was even more extraordinary, recalling the morning "get-up" worn by heroes in old farces. His friends generally found him breakfasting in a green silk dressing-gown covered with gold braid, and pantaloons of red cashmere.

Though very popular, he had one great social fault: this was his habit of asking people to dinner, and then forgetting to turn up himself. As, however,

he was almost always to be found at either the Café de Paris, the Café Anglais, or the Maison Dorée, no great inconvenience ensued.

At this period the greatest *viveur* in Paris was Lord Henry Seymour, founder and first President of the French Jockey Club. English by parentage, he was born, lived, and died in France, where he became noted amongst the Parisians of his day for his sporting escapades and regal extravagance.

A multi-millionaire, it was declared that he loved to punch people's heads, and then heal their wounds by the timely application of bank-notes. "Milord Arsouille," as he was nicknamed, was also reputed to be fond of organizing unrestrained parties of pleasure; in reality, however, the majority of the extraordinary stories told about him were purely imaginary, his whole energies being concentrated upon sport.

Boxing, racing, and driving were his hobbies. He could not bear to be distanced by anyone, and on one occasion, when he had had the audacity to race and pass the carriage of Charles X, he was only saved from being expelled from France owing to very powerful influence being exercised on his behalf.

He won a remarkable bet against an Englishman named Embury, well known for his feats of driving. This was the exactly following in a brake with four horses the turns and circles made by the latter in a one-horse chaise. So exactly did Lord Henry perform this difficult task that his wheels passed right over the track formed by those of his opponent's carriage.

A SMART TURN-OUT.

Though most of the stories of his escapades were inventions, he was undoubtedly consumed by an insatiable passion to be first in everything he undertook. It is said that he even took the greatest pains to master some grammatical curiosities of the French language in order to be able to win bets about the orthography of certain expressions and words. As a whip he was always wanting to pass everybody; he is said to have spent over 100,000 francs in trotting-horses in order to be able to distance a particularly fast team, which he often met and never could beat.

Though a charitable man, his ear was seldom open to the numerous appeals which reached it. He liked to select the objects of his bounty himself. A beggar covered with nothing but rags, who chanced to cross his path, or some poor girl encountered upon the boulevard, had a pretty good chance of obtaining relief. His name, however, seldom figured on fashionable subscriptions for charities.

Meeting a miserable individual who had once been well off, Lord Henry took him to Tortoni's. "I bet you ten louis," said he, "you will not eat ten ices mixed together in a salad-bowl." The poor man took the bet, and though he suffered some of the tortures inflicted in the Middle Ages upon prisoners who would not speak, he won his 200 francs.

Some of Lord Henry's jokes were of a repulsive nature, and revealed the man's innate brutality. When, for instance, he hired the house of a well-known French literary man for a year, paying something under £1,000, he said to him, "Your goldfish"

(there was a small aquarium) "belong to me, I suppose?" "Certainly," was the reply. Two days later the landlord, being invited to lunch with Lord Henry, was half astonished, half annoyed, to be told that a dish he was beginning to eat had been made out of these pretty creatures. When he protested, his host said: "You told me the goldfish were mine; well, as crayfish become red when cooked, I was curious to see if goldfish become white. Besides, I did not want to be bothered with the trouble of looking after your aquarium for a whole year; at the end of my lease I will re-stock it for you."

His behaviour to women was occasionally very cruel. Speaking to one of his mistresses, he said: "Darling creature, put my boots outside my door for me; they will return the compliment and do the same for you some day, I have no doubt!"

Certain of his pleasantries were of a very rough description. An unpleasant practical joke of his was to put an irritating powder, which caused the victim to itch all over, upon people's clothes. A more dangerous piece of folly was distributing explosive cigars, which, after having been lit for a short time, burst with a bang in the smoker's face. Lord Henry is also credited with having, after the example of Louis XI, on more than one occasion introduced drugs into other people's food, causing very unpleasant and awkward effects.

Owing to the very independent and original life led by Lord Henry, all sorts of ridiculous stories and legends were invented about him. The most absurd of these was his supposed love of taking part

in the carnival, in which it was declared that he drove in fancy dress, surrounded by a number of women in masks and eccentric costumes. "Vive Lord Seymour! vive Milord Arsouille!" cried the crowd when they caught sight of this strange equipage, from which coins were freely thrown.

The real author of these eccentric proceedings was not Lord Henry Seymour at all, but the individual named Charles de la Battut, who has already been mentioned on page 183. The main cause of his extravagant conduct was an almost insane desire to push his way into fashionable society.

Count D'Orsay was an idol to this man, who attempted to copy his dress and ways to a quite pathetic extent. Nevertheless, though his lavish generosity attracted some needy young men of the gay world, he never succeeded in entering the social circles to which he aspired, and, by the irony of fate, gained no notoriety by his extravagances during the carnival and at other times, all his eccentricities being attributed to Lord Henry, who heartily hated and despised them.

From 1832 to 1835 the fantastic carriage full of maskers figured at every carnival, in spite of constant contradiction, Lord Henry being always supposed to be its owner. La Battut was miserable at failing to achieve the notoriety he desired. His efforts, however, were vain; and do what he would to attract attention, very much to his disgust the credit, if there was any, was always given to the English milord.

Having spent all his money in vain, poor La

Battut eventually retired to Naples, where he died, more or less ruined, in sadness and obscurity.

In the house which Lord Henry Seymour occupied, the whole of one floor had been converted into a gymnasium, and here boxing and fencing filled up any spare hours which the owner or his friends found hanging heavily upon their hands.

The owner, owing to the severe training to which he occasionally subjected himself, had developed enormous biceps, and was able to hold his own with some professional boxers. The joke of all this was that, though practically devoted to sport in an age when it was supposed to be the peculiar province of Englishmen alone, Lord Henry probably had but a minute portion of English blood in his veins. His mother, Lady Hertford, was Maria Fagnani before her marriage, and had an Italian mother.

The marriage took place at Southampton. Ill-natured rumours said that Lord Yarmouth, the third Lord Hertford (Thackeray's Lord Steyne), not being of age, the young lady took his word for the performance of the marriage contract, having previously given his lordship a pledge of her affection by the introduction of a little stranger into the world.

In 1803 Lord Yarmouth was detained as an English prisoner at Verdun. During this time, besides, it is said, showing very assiduous attention to all the most attractive of the local ladies, he indulged in much high play, not altogether to his own disadvantage. On one occasion he created a considerable sensation by winning some

£12,000 at a gaming-house. Meanwhile his wife, Lady Yarmouth, according to common report, was consoling herself with Montrond, a man of pleasure who was notorious for his conquests amongst the fair sex. Montrond was not rich, but, owing to his friendship with Talleyrand, was able to do pretty much as he liked. He was a great dandy, and many tried to copy him. His dress, his debts, his mistresses, and his duels excited great interest in the world of pleasure.

Lady Yarmouth spent a good deal of money in Paris, where she was well known; and when her son was born it was almost openly said that Count Casimir de Montrond was the child's father. Be this as it may, it is certain that Lord Henry Seymour, both morally and physically, greatly resembled the dashing and seductive Frenchman who for a time had captivated Napoleon's sister, the beautiful Pauline Borghese.

Lord Hertford evidently had his doubts, for when he died he only left Lord Henry a travelling-carriage and a shilling. The latter, however, inherited a very large fortune from his mother. As was cynically said, she had had the immense advantage of having had two fathers, both "Old Q" and George Selwyn having left a great deal of money to their darling "Mie-Mie," each believing himself to be her father.

Lord Henry must have had a good idea of his real parentage, for he never showed the least desire to set foot in England, and it would appear that he seldom, if ever, set eyes upon Lord Hertford, in whom he manifested no interest. A curious

point of resemblance with Montrond was his caustic and cynical humour. Though the latter could be charming and seductive with the fair sex, no man could equal him in saying cold and heartless things. One day, when the gay Frenchman was waiting dinner for a friend, a messenger arrived, saying the latter had fallen down dead. For a few minutes Montrond walked about showing signs of violent distress. After a short time, however, he sat down to dinner, to which he proceeded to do full justice. "What a relief!" he exclaimed. "I was much disturbed lest this bad news should have spoilt my appetite."

In his old age Montrond was by special permission allowed to keep a private gaming-house, to which people flocked, not only to play roulette and "creps," but also to hear the reminiscences of the proprietor, who, although a shrunken and withered old man, was still one of the most witty and entertaining talkers in Europe.

Dressed in the fashion of his gay youth and sitting in an armchair, the old man would dwell with satisfaction upon the charms of the many beautiful ladies he had known and loved. Cynical and shameless, there was, nevertheless, a great air of distinction about him. One of the few survivors of an age which had passed away, his Voltairean philosophy and frankly sensual outlook upon life was rendered agreeable by the grace and refinement of his diction.

Though he had jeered at the death-bed reconciliation of Talleyrand with the Catholic Church, Montrond followed the example thus set, for when

MONSTROSITIES of 1818

the old *roué* and *viveur* died in 1843 he yielded his last breath in all the odour of sanctity with a priest by his side. His reputed son, though a man of pleasure, did one thing for France that is well worth remembering.

In the reign of Louis XV, when *Anglomanie* was the fashion, there was a great deal of horse-racing in France, though the King was led to forbid the sport in consequence of an incident reported by Horace Walpole, who writes to the Rev. W. Cole (February 28, 1766): "To-day I have been to the Plaine de Sablons, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race rid in person by Count Lauraguais and Lord Forbes." The Count's horse died, and was, of course, said by the French to have been poisoned (? by the English stable people); but the Count himself is stated to have "quacked" the poor brute. This was the Count Lauraguais who was so well known (and disliked) at Newmarket; who purchased the famous English horse Gimcrack, and raced that celebrated horse both in England and in France; who was brother to two of the King's many mistresses; and who was responsible for one of the King's many witticisms. Said the King to Lauraguais: "What have you been doing all this while in England?" "Sire," answered Lauraguais, "I have been learning how to think (*penser*)." "Learning how to groom (*panser*), you mean," rejoined the King. In the same reign the Duke de Lauzun (a nephew of the Duke de Biron, whose descendant, Duke de Gontaut-Biron, was President of the French Jockey Club from 1851 to 1883) ran horses in England (Taster, by Sweepstakes, and

Patrician, by Matchem, for instance, in 1773). In this reign, too, the Marquis de Fitzjames went with Guerchy (the French Ambassador), and Lord March ("Old Q") to Newmarket, which he "liked, and everybody liked him." In fact, Newmarket about this time was positively infested by Frenchmen, insomuch that Lord Carlisle wrote to Selwyn in 1768: "I pity my Newmarket friends who are to be bored by those Frenchmen"; and, according to Horace Walpole, the celebrated sportsman Mr. Hugo Meynell took it so much to heart that he said with grim humour, "He wished the peace were all over, and we were comfortably at war again."

Napoleon I, with the idea of improving the horses of his cavalry, made some attempt to encourage racing in and about Paris; but it was reserved for Lord Henry to be the father of the French Turf, which to-day is in such a flourishing condition. Though he had many difficulties to contend with, he devoted much energy and money to the development of French racing, He was principal founder and first President of the Société d'Encouragement, and his orange jacket and black cap gained many triumphs upon the early racecourses around Paris. His racing stable for those days cost an enormous sum.

In 1840, however, his horse Jenny was beaten in the Prix du Jockey Club by Tontine, belonging to M. Aumont, whereupon Lord Henry became violently incensed, declaring that the winner was not the real Tontine, but a substituted horse. An investigation proved the falsehood of this charge,

but with characteristic temper the English nobleman (who, in reality, was probably not English at all) refused to own that he was wrong. He brought the matter before the law-courts, and was again defeated, after which he sold nearly all his thoroughbreds and severed his connection with the French Turf. His abandonment of French racing was bitterly deplored; and most sportsmen thought that the sport was doomed. Some of the Parisian papers openly declared that this was the end of a form of sport which could not be acclimatized in France. No one dreamt of the magnificent racecourses, such as Auteuil, Longchamps, St. Cloud, and others, which, well arranged and managed, are such pleasant and flourishing places to-day. The old-fashioned racing of Lord Henry's day, run on ill-suited courses like the Champ de Mars, was the amusement of a few dandies. At the present time the French Turf is freely supported by the people. Year by year it grows in popularity. In this instance, at least, democracy has perfected what aristocracy began.

Lord Henry Seymour died, as he had lived, on French soil. In 1848, owing to the Revolution, he betook himself, with his mother, Lady Hertford, to Boulogne (the nearest point to his own country he was ever to reach), and here they remained for a considerable time. As an old man he lost all interest in the sports and athletics which had been the engrossing hobbies of his life. He became enormously fat, and, having drunk the cup of enjoyment to the dregs, seemed to relinquish all care for its replenishing. He died in 1859,

leaving a will which, though from one point of view it was laudable enough, was yet distinguished by that spirit of caustic cynicism for which he had been renowned. Almost all his large fortune was left to hospitals in London and Paris. A certain sum was to be set aside to insure a comfortable old age to nine of his horses; and four women by whom he had had children received something—but not very much. His brother, Lord Hertford, and his old servants, some of whom had been with him for thirty years, got nothing at all. He left directions that no invitations were to be issued for his funeral, and only eight persons accompanied the body of this man of pleasure to its last resting-place in Père-Lachaise.

CHAPTER IX

FAMOUS "VIVEURS" — MABILLE — POMARÉ — GRAMONT-CADEROUSSE—HORTENSE SCHNEIDER

WHILST the men of pleasure of the eighteenth century were very exclusive as to whom they admitted into their circle, there were a certain number of privileged adventurers who, owing to their wit, knowledge of the world, and charm, were allowed to mix with them on terms almost of equality.

The chief of these, of course, was Casanova, who, driving about the Continent in a gorgeous coach, generally received a warm welcome in pleasure-loving circles. This, no doubt, was largely owing to the fact that at most of his halts he used to set up a bank, against which all the rank and fashion could play. It is curious in this connection to notice that he does not appear to have accumulated any very large sum by his gaming, the reason of which, I suppose, was that at heart he was a bigger gambler than any of his clients. What he won in one way he lost in another.

As a boon companion this extraordinary adventurer seems to have been unequalled. His vivacity and good-humour procured him easy admittance to the highest society, in an age when its barriers rigorously excluded most people of anything else than aristocratic birth.

Another cause of his social success was his strength of character and courage. Living in a time when a man of pleasure could scarcely go anywhere without being ready to fight a duel for a word which might be interpreted as a slight, his hand was ever ready to fly to his rapier. Few accordingly ventured, openly at least, to criticize some of his many rather doubtful methods.

Though much abuse has been showered upon the old French noblesse, there is no doubt that a number of the nobles of pre-revolutionary France were fine, dashing men, overflowing with vitality, courage, and life.

The aristocrat was not infrequently something more than a mere slave of indolent and vicious habits. In many cases, it is true, he was a sanguine votary of pleasure, a princely epicure, and indulged and revelled in boundless luxury while he could; but, notwithstanding the fact that his soul was often inured to voluptuousness and saturated with delights, pain and danger, when they came, gave him neither concern nor dread. Though love and pleasure were so much to him, in many cases, animated with a graceful old-world bravery, he went forth to battle as to a dance.

The creed of such a one was, perhaps, best voiced by Herrick, who, in some lines "To Sappho," wrote:

> "Let us now take time and play,
> Love and live here as we may;
> Drink rich wine and make good cheer,
> While we have our being here;
> For once dead and laid i' th' grave,
> No return from thence we have."

This, like the well-known "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," contains the principle which has guided so many hedonists avid of facile pleasure—men who made it their rule never to trouble about two days—"the day that has not yet come, and the day that is past."

Many a brave spirit, while enjoying life like a true fighter, triumphed also in death; and, whether in prosperous or adverse circumstances, ever showed himself proudly disdainful of misfortune.

The age to which the man of pleasure was essentially suited was the eighteenth century—a period most tolerant to everything connected with dissipation.

What a sight must have been the Promenade de Longchamps! It had been found that the setting-in of the spring fashions might be fitly made to coincide with the eve of Easter; and every year, during three days in Passion Week, there was an incessant cavalcade of princes, nobles, bankers, *fermiers-généraux*, strangers of distinction, and the ladies then known as *ruineuses*, to Longchamps. It became, not a Ladies' Mile, but a Ladies' League. The equipages of the grandest dames of the Court of Versailles locked wheels with the chariots of La Duthé and La Guimard; and history tells us that the *ruineuses* made, as a rule, a much more splendid appearance than did the *grandes dames*. The Duchess of Valentinois was not, however, to be put down by *ces créatures*. In the spring of 1780 Her Grace appeared at the Promenade de Longchamps in a carriage of which the panels were com-

posed of superbly-painted Sèvres porcelain. This china coach was drawn by six mottled-grey horses, with harness of crimson silk embroidered with silver. A famous *ruineuse*, La Morphise, an actress "protected" by Louis XV (her son by her royal protector—Beaufranchet, Comte d'Oyat—was afterwards present as Chief of the Staff of the Army of Paris at the execution of Louis XVI), endeavoured to outshine the Duchess of the porcelain coach. She was unable to procure any china panels from the Royal manufactory at Sèvres, but she had the sides and back of her carriage made of the finest marqueterie in brass-work and tortoise-shell. Her horses were black, with harness of crimson velvet and gold. The equipage would have been a success, had not the coachman of the Swedish Minister run the pole of his chariot through one of the panels of the tortoise-shell coach. The fiasco was complete; the crowd began to jeer, and the discomfited Morphise drove home lamenting.

All this was very frivolous; but in spite of the selfish and material outlook upon life which prevailed, in spite of a good deal of vice and brutality, the eighteenth century produced many splendid men; and even the bucks and dandies were not infrequently individuals of strong character, ready to meet misfortune, or even death, with superb courage.

The final incarnation of this type was the gallant Duc de Lauzun. He combined refined cultivation and conspicuous personal charm with a naïve selfishness and unparalleled effrontery. As a lover, he seems to have met with unchecked success, and it has been said that one might as well have attempted

to count the trees in a forest, the clouds in the sky, or the birds in the air, as to enumerate his many amorous adventures. To a great degree bereft of moral sense, Lauzun, in some measure, rendered his gallantries more pardonable by the romance and refinement which he contrived to import into even the most ordinary of them. In a number of instances, indeed, he inspired fanatical devotion. He it was who brought romance into fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette. While the morals of this gallant man of pleasure were of a kind which stern critics must disapprove, he had many charming qualities. A staunch and true friend, he was also courageous to the verge of being foolhardy, while as a lover no one was ever more tender or passionate. To the world in general he was generous and considerate, while constantly exhibiting signs of the wit and brilliant intellect which his intimates appreciated in such a high degree. Fersen, who knew Lauzun well, said that his friend possessed the most noble and elevated intelligence of anyone he had ever met.

The reputation of Lauzun as a man renowned for his amours and his wit gained for him the favour of the unfortunate Queen, who was much attracted by the stories she had heard of his many adventures. Before long she found his amiable and amusing companionship so captivating that he became a sort of Royal favourite, though in all probability the relations between the charming officer and his Queen were never anything but purely platonic. Nevertheless, there was a time when almost every day the two went for long rides

in the woods of Boulogne and Verrières—a member of the Royal suite was, of course, always in attendance, but its members possessed the requisite tact to draw rein and let the Queen and her favourite get well ahead whenever any hint was given.

His liaisons were innumerable ; both ladies and lights-of-love had a great attraction for him. At one time he nearly became the lover of the famous Jeanne Vaubernier, so well known to posterity as Madame du Barry. The girl was at that time scarcely more than eighteen years of age, but already her beauty had gained her the nickname of "l'Ange." Though no one foresaw that she was to hold in her hand the destinies of France, she was celebrated amongst the fashionable *viveurs* of Paris, amongst whom she had captured many hearts. No young sprig of aristocracy, says a contemporary, could afford not to have entertained her at supper at least once. At the time when Lauzun met her, she was drawing considerable sums from the Treasurer of the French Navy, M. de St. Foix, but soon, weary of the liaison, he became only too ready to hand her over to someone else.

Lauzun went to supper at the fair one's house, but for some reason or other she did not continue to attract him ; and the relations between the two never developed into anything beyond a platonic acquaintance.

When, during the terrible days of the Terror, Lauzun found himself condemned to die, he faced the prospect of being guillotined with the greatest equanimity.

Not only did Lauzun know how to live, but

he knew how to die, for when the death sentence was communicated to him, he merely smiled. The whole of the day which followed, and the next morning, he ate and slept just as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. To have shown greater composure would have been impossible. When at last the executioner came to fetch him, the prisoner was just beginning to eat a dozen oysters.

"I hope, *citoyen*," said Lauzun, "that you will let me finish them." At the same time he offered the man a glass of wine, adding that, considering his calling, he must have need of a good deal of courage. Then, turning to the other prisoners present, he said: "Gentlemen, all is over. I am starting on the great voyage."

A few minutes later, having left the Conciergerie in the fatal tumbril, the brilliant pleasure-seeker of other days was on his way to the scaffold. It was a cheerless, miserable evening, and the few people who were out of doors paid little attention to the sorrowful procession. Not one of them realized that the individual being led to his fate was the incarnation of all the graces and seductions of his age. After having been one of the happiest and most loved men in the world, and having drunk the cup of pleasure to its dregs, he seemed to welcome death as a deliverer from an existence which could offer him nothing more. His expression, as he delivered himself into the executioner's hands, was one of dignified disgust; none of the many victims of the Revolution ever went to their doom with greater self-possession or calm. His attitude from the moment of arrest had

been one of extreme nonchalance ; he had scorned to say anything in his own defence—as he said to one of his fellow-prisoners, the Terrorists had bored him too much already. Besides, he knew that they were going to cut off his head, and that would end everything.

Though essentially a man of pleasure, Lauzun appears to have had literary tastes, for he left some memoirs behind him.

In 1811, the police of the Emperor Napoleon became aware that a manuscript left by Lauzun, which would probably cause great scandal, was about to be printed and published. Accordingly it was decided that the said manuscript should be seized and burnt ; but before these extreme measures were carried out, Queen Hortense, who manifested great curiosity as to their contents, contrived to secure them. During the few days for which they were in her possession, she had them hastily copied, and the original memoirs were then reduced to ashes before the eyes of the Emperor himself. In 1821 appeared the first edition of the " Memoirs of Lauzun," printed from the manuscript which had been prepared for the mother of Napoleon III. Great scandal was occasioned by many of the statements dealing with survivors of the old régime. Some of these survivors made violent protests, with the result that the edition was finally confiscated. Amongst the most indignant was the celebrated Madame de Genlis, who declared that the whole of the memoirs were spurious ; but the general opinion seems now to be that Lauzun really did write the recollections which

aroused so much outraged comment. The contention that no man of honour, such as Lauzun, would have put down on paper the adventures of gallantry with which the narrative abounds cannot be considered as a serious reason for casting doubt upon the authenticity of these memoirs, for, as all students of that bygone era are aware, the nobles of the *ancien régime* saw no harm in detailing their moral indiscretions. Little importance was attached by their contemporaries to weaknesses of such a kind; and in addition to this, the ladies of whom Lauzun spoke so lightly had already lost all claim to virtue. Most of them, in fact, had figured in numerous scandals about which the whole of France had heard; and it would have been difficult to damage the reputation which they regarded as smirched by Lauzun. It is, however, highly probable that these memoirs, carelessly set down and hastily composed, were merely written to amuse some mistress, and were never intended to meet the eyes of posterity at all.

In the days when France responded to the call to arms, and the Convention hurled defiance at the monarchs of Europe, facile pleasure and illicit love ran riot in Paris. Phryne reigned supreme in the galleries of the Palais Royal, while, though the old order had passed away, the man of pleasure continued to flourish.

In spite of the claims to Spartan austerity which some of the leaders of the Revolution put forward, dissipation was just as common as in the days of the old régime.

Under the First Empire much the same state of

affairs prevailed. Napoleon was not very fond of the Puritan soldier, but he discouraged extravagance amongst his officers, which was often no easy task. Not infrequently many of them, when they were not fighting, were the absolute slaves of reckless pleasure.

A young soldier, having distinguished himself at the Battle of Bautzen, attracted the attention of the Emperor. The latter shortly afterwards sent him a Captain's commission in the regiment which, but a short time before, he had entered as a conscript, together with an order for several thousand francs to defray the expenses of his equipment. The young soldier, nearly wild with delight, at once plunged into every sort of extravagance. Entering an inn soon after his promotion, he tore from his finger a gold ring and from his side a gold watch, and throwing them to the landlord, requested that each of his comrades who should visit the house that day might be regaled at his expense. He compelled all around him to drink a large glass of wine to the health of the Emperor; they congratulated him upon his good-fortune, and admired *la finesse du Petit Caporal* in giving him such a distinguished post in the very regiment in which he had commenced his career. A few days afterwards he gave his comrades a ball, on which was probably expended the greater part of his equipment money; but at that time money was lightly regarded, each individual living only for the present. Not unnaturally, perhaps, the future gave little concern to men who knew not if it would exist for them.

TRAVELLING IN FRANCE; OR, LE DÉPART DE LA DILIGENCE.

By George Cruikshank.

From the days of Napoleon to the Second Empire, Parisians, except at the time of the carnival and on certain fête-days, seem to have led a somewhat humdrum life. Charles X became religious in his old age, a fact which indirectly caused the loss of his crown.

At this period comparatively few English people were in the habit of visiting Paris. Not unnaturally the journey deterred many; the Channel had then to be crossed in a small steamboat, and if the tide was against it on arrival off Boulogne, the rudder had to be fixed, and the ship kept six or seven hours at the mercy of the waves, and often of a tolerably stiffish breeze.

The railway was, of course, a great boon. Before it was made, the journey in a diligence to Paris was tedious and uncomfortable to a degree. The stage out of Amiens was especially bad, all sorts of stops being frequent. Just before railroads came in, however, things greatly improved.

Parisians' amusements were not at their best during the reign of the citizen King; but public balls flourished.

According to fashion, these were frequented by grisettes and students, by lorettes and men of pleasure.

One of the favourite resorts of the former class was La Chaumière, where all sorts of queer dances, such as Le Robert Macaire, were danced; whilst Mabille and Bullier were more fashionable.

Mabille, founded by a dancing-master of that name, enjoyed great popularity till some thirty years ago, when, the ground it occupied being

wanted for building purposes, its place was taken by the still existing Jardin de Paris.

In the days of Louis Philippe, dancing at Mabille only took place three times a week—on Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays. The original price charged for admission was fifty centimes, but when the place became a success this was raised to two francs.

In 1844 crowds were attracted to Mabille by the appearance of a new dancer, nicknamed "La Reine Pomaré," who created an even greater sensation than did the famous "Rigolboche" under the Second Empire. The real name of Pomaré was Elise Sergent. She had never been trained to dance; but, nevertheless, on her first appearance she created a furore.

Together with another grisette who was to become celebrated as Rose Pompon, she strolled into the gardens, and danced with such grace and abandon that she was rapturously cheered. She at once became the rage, and people climbed on the top of each other to see her dance the polka amidst much applause and stamping.

After the polka came the waltzes and the quadrilles, called the "Mabiliennes." All the stars of the garden had their small share of success, but the honours of the evening went to Queen Pomaré. Anonymous rivals sought in vain to usurp her throne; but her regal state rested upon talent, and was invulnerable.

Though she had first gone to Mabille in the humble attire of a grisette, Pomaré soon blossomed out into extravagant costumes. She was usually

dressed in white or black, her wrists loaded with fantastic bracelets, and her throat encircled by barbarous jewels. She brought into her dress a savage taste which justified the name which had been given her. She was now a regular feature of the place, and when she danced, a circle was formed round her, and the most impassioned dancers stopped to admire her in silence.

Some verses about this dancer set to music became very popular:

"O Pomaré, ma jeune et folle reine,
Garde longtemps la verve qui t'entraîne,
Sois de nos bals longtemps la souveraine,
Et que Musard
Pâlisse à ton regard.

"Paré de fleurs, ton trône chez Mabille
A pour soutiens tous les joyeux viveurs;
Mieux vaut cent fois régner là que sur l'île *
Où vont cesser de flotter nos couleurs.
Aux yeux de tous, la polka rajeunie
Vient chaque soir attester ton génie,
Et plus gaiement que dans l'Océanie
Tu vois l'amour
Renouveler ta cour. . . ."

Poor Pomaré did not long enjoy her triumph. She had a weak constitution, and was quite unfitted for a life of dissipation. Her end was sad and miserable, and she died of consumption at the age of twenty-one. Another celebrated dancer, Céleste Mogador, one of her friends, was more fortunate. She married and lived to a good old age.

* Tahiti, to the Queen of which island Mdlle. Sergent was supposed to bear some resemblance; this was the origin of her nickname of Pomaré.

Those were the days of the Bohème about which Murger wrote so well.

Naturally enough, during this author's lifetime serious people were rather by way of disapproving of him. Once he was dead, however, eulogistic articles appeared from the pen of critics who, when he was alive, had done nothing but abuse him.

Speaking of this, a cynic said that it reminded him of a clever saying of Voltaire: "Nothing changes a man's style so much as his death."

One of the favourite resorts of the students of whom Murger wrote was the Prado. This ball-room was composed of two halls, one of which was raised, and here the grisettes, without hats and simply dressed, assembled; the other was chosen by the women most grandly dressed in silks and wearing the largest crinolines—Maria of the blue eyes, Colomba with the brown hair, Brunette, Pomponnette, Pochardinette—in a word, the whole aristocracy of the Quartier Latin. These two feminine assemblies never mingled, and the three or four steps which separated the two halls were equal as a barrier to the widest moat or the thickest Chinese wall—equality, in spite of demagogues, being found nowhere, not even amongst students!

At the Prado nearly the whole of the French Bar and Medical Fraternity made their first campaigns, and it is there that they spent the most joyous hours of their lives, for the place was full of animation.

In 1859 the Prado was demolished in order to make way for the Boulevard de Sébastopol.

"Oh, my youth, it is you that is being buried!" said Rodolph in the "Vie de Bohème," when he saw death take away his poor Mimi.

"Oh, my youth, it is you that is being demolished!" cried many young men on the day when the pick destroyed the Prado.

But though they were at first inconsolable, they soon rallied from the blow, and shouted—

> "Le Prado est mort, vive la
> Closerie des Lilas."

The Closerie des Lilas, or Bullier's, as it was also called from the name of its proprietor, soon attained great popularity. Besides students, lorettes, and grisettes, literary men were to be seen there. It became quite the fashion for the girls to affect a literary tone; some of those Juliets of a night would even show their Romeos plays and novels which they declared they had written.

It was during the forties of the last century that the Café Concert first began to come into favour with the Parisians.

In 1840, what is now the Café des Ambassadeurs was the Café du Bosquet, nicknamed "Le Concert à la Corde," in allusion to the cord which separated the audience from the orchestra. It was at that time much less closed in than is at present the case. Even twenty-five years ago the crowd which assembled outside, peering through the foliage, were able to get a glimpse of the entertainment. The roofing-over of the Ambassadeurs is a modern innovation.

With the advent of Napoleon III to power,

Mabille came more than ever to the front. During the Second Empire it was thronged with all the most fashionable men in Paris and the fair ones they adored. For hundreds of yards outside the garden the roadway was choked by splendid private equipages. Grooms and commissionaires ran hither and thither; *sergents de ville* shouted in strident tones as the sly little *coupé* of some Minister drew up to convey his Excellency and some sumptuously clad and outrageously bejewelled charmer to supper in a private room at the Café Anglais or Maison d'Or.

The latter restaurant was then in a most flourishing state. Here it was that the Duke of Hamilton met his death by falling down the stairs, the recollection of which tragedy, it is said, prevented his son, the late Duke, so well known in Paris, from even entering the place.

At the Maison Dorée the *cabinet particulier* numbered six was in great request with those who supped in joyous society; but No. 6 never achieved the same celebrity as No. 16 at the Café Anglais—known to all pleasure-loving Paris as *le Grand Seize*, the scene of innumerable supper-parties composed of the most fashionable *boulevardiers* and stars of the lighter stage, and of the cream of the *demi-monde*.

Besides Frenchmen, a certain number of foreigners formed part of this coterie—amongst them the Prince of Orange, familiarly known as "Citron"; Khalil Bey, who had a wonderful Moorish house in the Avenue Friendland, and who eventually nearly ruined himself at baccarat; and Mustapha Pasha,

brother of the Khedive, who at one time, through jealousy, was on bad terms with another great Oriental man of pleasure, his cousin Ismail. A reconciliation eventually took place, but, nevertheless, cynics said the two Eastern *viveurs* would never take coffee together, each of them thinking that the advance of chemical knowledge made it too dangerous.

Another frequenter of the Grand Seize was Prince Paul Demidoff, who one season played a good joke upon the Director of the Opera in London. He had hired a box for the season, for which he paid about £720 for six months, and, as he passed only about a quarter of an hour in his box and there were only three performances a week, every quarter of an hour cost him a little more than £8.

One evening a friend who met him in Regent's Park asked him to accompany him to the Opera, where "Fidelio" was being played. The Prince was at first unwilling to go, but eventually consented. On his arrival, however, when he had scarcely crossed the threshold of the theatre, he was stopped by an official, who said in a loud voice:

"You are not properly dressed!"

The Prince's attire, as a matter of fact, was irreproachable; but, following some passing foreign fashion, his black tie was dishonoured by three tiny, scarcely perceptible pink dots, embroidered at the extremity.

"It's my tie, I suppose," said he, and, without remonstrating, said good-night to his friend and went away.

On the following day, however, he sent to the Director four servants bearing four enormous trunks, which, to his amazement, they deposited at his feet. One contained coats, another trousers, a third waistcoats, and a fourth ties.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said the impresario, very much puzzled.

"Sir," answered one of the valets, "this is Prince Demidoff's wardrobe; he begs that you will kindly yourself choose the clothes in which you will deign to admit him to his own box."

There was a good deal of independent originality about some of the men of pleasure of that time. A friend of Prince Demidoff's, for instance, observing a lady in one of the avenues of the Champs Élysées seemingly unable to regain her carriage owing to the sea of mud along the side-walk, picked her up as if she had been a feather, and, without awaiting her consent, carried her dry-foot across to her conveyance. More irritated at the liberty taken than grateful for the service rendered, the lady, at first dumb with astonishment and rage, found her voice when once more on the cushions of her coach, and called out:

"You insolent fellow!"

Without losing any of his composure the gentleman again picked up his burden, retraced his steps, and deposited his passenger on the spot from which he had taken her; then, with a silent bow, he went on his way, accompanied by the applause of those who had witnessed the incident.

A constant habitué of the Grand Seize was Prince Paskiéwitch, one of whose predecessors in

the title had good reason to like women, for his devotion to the ladies had been very advantageous to him.

At the time of the invasion of the Allies the said General, then a simple officer in the Russian Army, was miraculously saved from an almost certain death by the following fantastic circumstances: A Mass according to the Greek Church was being held on the Place Vendôme to celebrate the entry of the foreign army into Paris. The officers assisted at this celebration on wooden platforms constructed for the purpose at the angles of the square. A goodly number of actresses, many of them very beautiful, had hastened with an eagerness more curious than patriotic to admire the brilliant Staff of the Emperor Alexander. The crowd which obstructed the avenue rendered the promenade almost impassable, and these ladies were more than once on the point of being suffocated by the tumultuous crushing of the populace. Prince Paskiéwitch perceived, in the midst of these human waves, a pretty actress whom he had previously seen on the stage of one of the variety theatres; he got down from the platform and hurried to the assistance of beauty in distress, conducting her to some reserved seats. He was just exchanging a last bow with her, when the platform he had but recently left crashed down with a terrible noise, and more than thirty persons were crushed to death by its fall. The Emperor Alexander, then under the fatalist influence of Mme. de Krudener, foretold the greatest future success for this young man so miraculously saved, and it was, in fact, from this

event that dated the uninterrupted career of honours and dignities of the young Prince Paskiéwitch. To the fair one who had been the indirect cause of his advancement he remained grateful to the end of his life, making her a yearly allowance of 800 francs.

The Café Anglais, owing to the closing of the Café de Paris, was in 1856 at the height of its popularity. It was essentially the most aristocratic restaurant in Europe, and Ducléré, its *chef*, was called by Rossini "The Mozart of French cookery."

As for the famous suppers in the Grand Seize, everyone talked about them, newspapers alluded to them, and they were even mentioned in plays like the "Vie Parisienne," in which may be found the following lines:

"On parle, on crie
Tant qu'on peut crier;
Quand on n'en peut plus, il faut bien se taire;
La gaieté s'en va petit à petit,
L'un dort tout debout, l'autre dort par terre,
Et voilà comment la fête finit.
Quand vient le matin, quand parait l'aurore,
On en trouvé encore,
Mais plus de gaieté.
Les brillants viveurs sont mal à leur aise,
Et dans le Grand Seize
On voudrait du thé.
Ils s'en vont enfin, la mine blafarde,
Ivre de champagne et de faux amour,
Et le balayeur s'arrête, regarde,
Et leur crie: 'Ohé! les heureux du jour.'"

Amongst the frail sisterhood the freedom of the Grand Seize was in great request, for habitual participation in the suppers held there was enough to raise a woman to the much-coveted status of being a great cocotte.

Amongst the male frequenters of the Grand Seize no one was more celebrated on the Boulevards than the famous young *viveur*, the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse. This young man may be said to have been the foremost representative of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Second Empire, the perfect type of the pleasure-loving *boulevardiers*, who constituted what Hortense Schneider, in the days of her triumph as the Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein, called "my house."

Insatiable in the pursuit of costly pleasure, the young Duc committed all the follies to which wealthy young Frenchmen are occasionally prone. A warm admirer of the fair sex, he showered money and presents upon the *demi-monde*. To a girl who had been casually asked to a supper-party he once gave 5,000 francs, merely because she had sung some ditty which had amused him. This, however, was nothing to the sums which he expended upon fashionable courtesans.

To one of these damsels he once presented as an Easter offering an enormous ornamental egg. This was, in reality, merely a coffer of ovoid form, covered with blue velvet, and powdered with hearts transfixed by arrows in gold embroidery. On being opened it disclosed a charming victoria of Binder's building, a pair of perfectly matched piebald ponies, and a small groom in faultless tunic, tops, and buck-skins. The whole turn-out was ready for immediate use, and the famous cocotte who received it drove her piebald pair in the Bois that very afternoon.

Extravagant to the utmost limits of folly, the young Duc got into debt with such marvellous ease

that before he was twenty-one his guardians, making up their minds to get him out of Paris as soon as possible, sent him to London as Attaché.

Owing to his devotion to the Turf and the gaming-table, his debts just before his majority amounted to 1,000,000 francs; and his relations had recourse to the *conseil judiciaire*, which in France has saved many young men from utter ruin.

The Duc was little disconcerted by this action, and continued to cut a brilliant figure at Baden, where he rode some winning horses for M. de Lagrange.

On his return to France shortly after, he set up a racing stable, and paid fabulous prices for most of the twenty horses in it. He also contracted a liaison with Hortense Schneider, whose interpretation of the part of the Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein created such a sensation.

At first nights in Paris, or leading cotillons for the Empress, the Duc now began to be quite a celebrity, more especially as his liaison with Mdlle. Schneider attracted general attention. In truth, he made no attempt to conceal it. Seated one evening in a private box with this fair one, the audience, thinking that the couple talked too loudly, began to call for their expulsion. De Gramont-Caderousse defied them, and refused to move till the police arrived upon the scene.

Now began the Duc's duelling career. In a short space of time he fought M. de la Rocca and M. Harrison, by both of whom he was wounded.

Fatal duels were then not uncommon, as was

shown in 1858 by a tragic encounter between M. de Pène, a contributor to the *Charivari*, and two sub-lieutenants of the French army. The occasion of the duel was an article by M. de Pène, in the *Figaro*, satirizing sub-lieutenants for their awkwardness, and making allusions to their tearing ladies' dresses with their spurs. After the publication of this harmless squib, M. de Pène received several letters, calling on him to give the writers the satisfaction due to gentlemen. M. de Pène gave the honour of selection to the first comer, and the encounter took place at a retired spot near Paris, in the presence of some thirty or forty officers, the friends of M. de Pène's opponents. In a few passes this officer was wounded in the arm, and the two shook hands, declaring themselves satisfied. To the surprise of M. de Pène, however, another subaltern, of the name of Hyène, stepped forward, and said that the affair could not end thus—that the insults of the *Figaro* had offended the whole body of sub-lieutenants of the French army, and that he, as one, demanded satisfaction on the spot. M. de Pène's friends at once saw that the officers were determined to murder the young journalist, and tried to avert further bloodshed. M. de Pène declared that he did not consider himself bound to renew the contest. Lieutenant Hyène answered, and struck M. de Pène on the mouth. The upshot was, that a second duel was fought, ending in poor M. de Pène being twice run through the body.

In 1862 another journalist, M. Dillon, met his death at the hands of the Duc de Gramont-Cade-

rousse, who had taken offence at certain articles contributed to *Le Sport*.

After some correspondence seconds were appointed, and a meeting was arranged for October 21 in the Forest of St. Germain. It was a stormy day, and there was so much wind and rain that the seconds had great difficulty in finding a suitable spot. On drawing for places fate favoured M. le Duc, who chose the worst place. Then the starting signal was given, and Dillon at once took the offensive, lunged vigorously *en tierce*, and at the third pass received a sword-thrust under the arm between the fifth and sixth ribs, which traversed the left lung. The wounded man quickly raised his hand to his breast, fell down, and died instantly. "I have no luck," murmured Caderousse; "this is the first time that I have not been wounded."

Most of the eccentricities of the Duc were pardonable in a wealthy young man allowed to gratify every wish from childhood; this duel, however, was a more serious matter—indeed, little short of a crime.

De Gramont-Caderousse only survived his ill-starred fellow-duellist three years; unlike his *chère amie*, Hortense Schneider, he never lived long enough to know old age.

This incomparable actress—the very personification of the spirit of Paris—according to all accounts, was one of the most fascinating creatures who ever appeared upon the stage. Possessed of but a very small voice, she knew how to use it to the best advantage. Her smile was enchanting; and she was endowed with a marvellous grace.

No matter what steps she danced—and she occasionally invented queer ones—no matter if she even played leap-frog on the stage, her worst escapades were redeemed by an innate distinction, an elegance which caused everything to be forgiven; in fact, more than any other actress, she seemed to excel in the essentially Parisian art of gracefully expressing all sorts of ideas which cannot be bluntly spoken of without offence.

Hortense Schneider had been born at Bordeaux. A humble work-girl, she became stage-struck after being taken to the theatre, and declared her intention of becoming an actress. When her family objected, she seized a kitchen knife which was lying on the table, and, brandishing it in the air, called out, "Consent, or I kill myself!" The result was that she made her first appearance when fifteen at a Bordeaux theatre.

In time she made her way to Paris; and, appearing at the Variétés, soon scored an immense success.

As the Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein she is said to have been irresistible; and when archly looking at the numerous smart young officers—lieutenants of the Dragons de l'Impératrice and other crack regiments, who always formed such a large proportion of her audience—she sang,

> "Cela me plairait-il, la guerre?
> Je n'en sais rien. Ce que je sais . . .
> C'est que j'aime les militaires,"

there was no restraining the wild and frenzied applause.

Quite unshackled by austere considerations, Mdlle. Schneider smiled upon a great many men of pleasure during the time in which she dominated fashionable and frivolous Paris.

One of her lovers, M. Feuillant, who succeeded the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, was very much upset at the Diva's partiality for Ismail Pasha. Nearly every evening Ismail's red fez was to be seen in a stage-box; and the Grande-Duchesse was always glancing in his direction. Goaded to extremity, and not knowing in what way to give vent to his ill-humour, M. Feuillant could find nothing better than one evening to put on a fez and hire the stage-box on the left, whilst the Viceroy of Egypt occupied that on the right. Mdlle. Schneider thus unexpectedly found herself having to deal with two Turks instead of one, which for the moment quite disconcerted her.

At this time the actress's portrait as the Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein was to be seen everywhere side by side with those of the crowned heads of Europe. In Paris she enjoyed almost royal honours, and expected to be treated with the deference due to one whose sovereignty, unlike that of some other rulers, was really based upon the love of her people.

Driving up to an official fête one day, she was on the point of entering without showing a card of admission, when she was stopped and asked to give her name.

"Announce the Grande-Duchesse de Gérolstein," said she; and such was her air of fascination and

winsome authority that all the doors flew open before her.

Fate, which is so often unkind to charming women in old age, was somewhat merciful to the Grande-Duchesse. She survived most of her contemporaries who had laughed and revelled in the Paris of the Second Empire; and not so very many years ago a French newspaper gave a description of the placid life led by the former idol of the Boulevards as a contented old lady in her villa at Asnières.

CHAPTER X

OFFENBACH—FAMOUS COCOTTES—LA PAÏVA—THE BAL DES QUATZ' ARTS

WHILE Hortense Schneider nearly attained perfection in expressing the light-hearted spirit which animated the pleasure-loving Paris of her day, Jacques Offenbach, the composer to whose success she so largely contributed, may be said to have been equally successful in expressing the very soul of the Second Empire. Even to-day, while listening to the strains of his music, one may recreate imaginatively the whole eighteen years of careless and irresponsible gaiety.

Though at one time it seemed as if this composer's name would sink into obscurity, there has recently been a strong revival of interest in his genius. A particularly pleasant feature of this revival is the appreciation accorded to the "Contes d'Hoffmann," that swan-song upon which Offenbach concentrated his last energies with such wonderful effect. The opera in question shows what he might have achieved had he chosen to be a more serious musician; nevertheless, it should be realized how successful he was in the direction he chose to follow for twenty-five years. During this period there were very few of his ninety-five operas which

did not fill the house night after night at the time of their production; and a large number of them crossed the frontiers, and were played with enormous success before crowded audiences all over Europe.

In Paris he had also considerable social success. His weekly receptions were crowded with most of the notabilities of the Second Empire. Napoleon III patronized "Orphée aux Enfers." Meyerbeer used to go to the first nights, and amongst other musicians who offered homage or interchanged amenities was Rossini, who presented him with his autograph portrait inscribed "À Jacques Offenbach, au Mozart des Champs-Élysées."

In his own special form of musical art there was never a more melodious composer. His music is imbued with real vitality. Even in some of the little one-act operettas Offenbach was not content merely to turn out a series of tunes which could be whistled after a first hearing. As for his more ambitious works, the famous "Couplets des Rois" in "La Belle Hélène," or "Voici le sabre de mon père" in "La Grande-Duchesse," and the "Gloire à Jupiter" chorus in "Orphée aux Enfers," cannot fail to delight those lucky enough to hear them rendered by competent artistes. Perhaps the most charming of all his tunes was the famous "Chanson de Fortunio," which he wrote to be sung in Alfred de Musset's "Chandelier," and which was eventually incorporated into a tiny one-act opera.

The last wish of this great composer's life was to finish and see the production of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and this idea obsessed him during the fatal illness which attacked him in 1880. He

died disappointed of his wish; for although he had completed every note of the pianoforte score, he had only time to indicate the orchestration, which had to be filled in by Guiraud at the request of Carvalho, who produced the work at the Opéra Comique four months after its composer's death.

In private life Offenbach, though a true boulevardier, seems to have had rather simple tastes. His favourite restaurant was the Café Riche. Not a very exacting gastronomist, his mind, even when he was at meals, ran upon the composition of some new tune.

At that time no one would have believed that Wagner's music would ever attain popularity.

It was the Princesse de Metternich, who had musical tastes, who first introduced that composer to the Parisians, and it should be added that she did this with complete lack of success. "A most intensely boring event was 'Tannhäuser,'" wrote Mérimée. "I think I could to-morrow write something similar, by taking my inspiration from my cat walking over the keys of the piano. The performance was very curious. Mme. de Metternich tried hard to seem as if she understood, and to start the applause which failed. Everyone was yawning; but at first each one tried to look as if he understood this riddle without a solution. The whole thing was a complete fiasco. "It is Berlioz without melody," said Auber.

The fact was, that during the Second Empire public taste was all in favour of frivolity. A striking symptom of this was the interest manifested in the doings and sayings of the

demi-monde, which at that time found a powerful "federation of pleasure," the main qualifications for admission to which were beauty and a certain amount of wit.

A number of the frail beauties of that age were, indeed, courtesans in the ancient meaning of the word rather than mere cocottes; and they diffused an atmosphere of sumptuous immorality which intoxicated many who were unable to withstand its fragrance. The profession included such women as Cora Pearl, Blanche d'Antigny, and Marguerite Bellanger, who differed from the modern representatives of their ancient calling in being as particular about their carriages as about their dress. For a time the *demi-daumont*—a carriage similar in build to an open state carriage with a pair of horses, one of which was ridden by a postillion—was in high favour with these lights-of-love. Several of them were excellent horsewomen, whose appearance in the Bois de Boulogne on magnificent prancing steeds never failed to evoke the admiration of all. Imbued with an entirely different conception of life from that which prevails to-day, they did all they could to imitate the women of society. At present it is these latter who try to imitate the cocottes.

Though the great courtesans of the Second Empire covered their failings with considerable refinement, they were frankly cocottes, and made no pretence whatever of being anything else. Flitting from one admirer to another, their loves were generally not of very long duration. "My dear, speaking of an *amant*," said one Phryne to another of her

sisterhood, "he was an adorable fellow. It was quite eighteen months before I left him."

Some of these ladies were very outspoken. Mdlle. Brohan, having acted at a rich financier's, was asked by the mistress of the house to enrich her album with a thought.

"Certainly, madame," answered the witty actress, and taking up a pen, she wrote: "I prefer dishonour to death."

An attitude of cold reserve was not popular; indeed, an actress of small parts was, on this account, nicknamed "Bérésina," it being currently reported that so icy was her attitude that one of her looks was apt to give admirers frostbite.

A certain amount of assurance was considered a necessary quality by the sisterhood. This assurance not infrequently developed into impudence. In Blanche d'Antigny, a beautiful blonde who played Chilpéric, cool impudence reached its utmost limit. During a visit to St. Petersburg she was shown a wonderful dress made by a famous *modiste* for the Empress. In a minute she had seized it, thrown it into her carriage, and driven away. That very evening she appeared at the theatre in the costume, having taken the box just opposite to that of the Imperial family. The Empress at once recognized her dress, with the result that the presumptuous courtesan was ordered to leave Russia and never return.

Cora Pearl, the yellow-haired English Phryne, whose horses were the admiration of Paris, was also renowned for her impudence. During a revival of "Orphée aux Enfers" in 1867, the part of Cupid was, for some reason, allotted

to her. The students of the Latin Quarter, rightly (for she was no actress) resenting this, came and hissed her, in reply to which she proceeded to do what is vulgarly known as "cocking a snook." Nevertheless, she very soon abandoned the part.

After the fall of the Empire, Cora Pearl found herself growing old. Just at this moment, however, she came across the son of the founder of the famous Bouillon Duval, a young man who had inherited 8,000,000 francs, which Cora Pearl expended for him. Young Duval then became melodramatic, and as she refused to receive him, he shot himself on her doorstep. This affair was but the beginning of misfortune, for, after having had enormous sums through her hands, she ended her life with scarcely a penny.

The most successful courtesan of the Second Empire was the famous Madame de Païva, who became the wife of a wealthy Silesian noble.

Thérèse Lachman, a Polish Jewess married to a little French tailor at Moscow, having become tired of the sordid domesticity which prevailed in her home, found her way to Paris in 1848. She was a woman of great determination, who had always been imbued with a fixed conviction that she would become prosperous and rich. At first she led a miserable existence as one of the humbler class of *demi-mondaines*, and was at times in dire straits. Never, however, did she waver in her idea that great fortune was in store for her. One day, when, exhausted by want, she was sitting on a bench in the Champs Élysées, she was unexpectedly relieved from despair by a charitable passer-by. At once

she recovered her spirits. "Near this spot where hunger has assailed me," said she, "I will some day build myself a luxurious mansion." Her prediction was verified, for in 1866 arose the gorgeous Hôtel Païva, to-day so well known as the Travellers' Club. The Païva is supposed to have attached an almost superstitious importance to the site, which was also close to where on one occasion, when her horses had run away, the carriage was stopped. There seems to be no very reliable record as to the means by which "la Païva" first obtained a footing amongst the gilded beauties of Paris. According to one story, she threw some slops out of a window in the obscure street in which she lived. A rich old gentleman, being bespattered, looked up, and was struck by her attractive countenance. The result was that her finances soon improved. For a time she had a liaison with the pianist Henri Hertz, but her extravagance soon exhausted his purse, and she drifted from the arms of one rich lover to those of another. Learning that her husband, whom she had abandoned in Russia, was dead, she determined to make a brilliant marriage. The most advantageous match she could make, however, was with a Portuguese noble, the Marquis Païvay Araugo, whose reputed colossal wealth consisted mainly of debts. Nevertheless, for a time, his wife was not dissatisfied with the match she had made. Her title was an asset, and as she had now amassed a considerable fortune, she was willing to keep up the fiction of her husband's riches as long as it suited her own purpose.

In 1855 she bought the plot of ground in the Champs Élysées which she had fixed upon in her days of poverty, the architect Mangain being employed to erect a magnificent mansion, of which the ornamental details were entrusted to the sculptor Legrain. Many other artists and sculptors assisted; and the house took a long time to finish, so that the Païva only began her residence in it in 1866. Whilst the general effect of the internal decorations is rather gaudy, the painted ceiling of the grand salon, by Paul Baudry, is undoubtedly a fine work of art. This represents Day chasing Night, the latter symbolized by an undraped female figure which is a flattering representation of the Païva herself.

Money was spent like water upon this house. When the architect submitted designs for the state bedroom, with an estimate for 50,000 francs (£2,000) for the bed, "la Païva" was horrified. "Fifty thousand francs!" she exclaimed. "You want me to be bitten by fleas! Fifty thousand is not enough for a good one; spend a hundred thousand!"

The great fault was that the whole style of the building was too modern. Mme. de Païva cared nothing for the past, and was not a collector. Nevertheless, she was not deficient in taste, and, having come in contact with artistic and clever men like Théophile Gautier, she was no bad judge of art. She also possessed the knack of discovering talent in young and unknown artists, several of whom she effectively patronized. Paul Baudry, who executed the famous ceiling, was then only beginning his career; and she was one of the first

to recognize the genius of the sculptor Dalou, who as a young man did a good deal of work for her. Funds for the erection of her ornate mansion were provided, it should be added, by a young Silesian noble—Count Henkel von Donnersmarck—who had fallen desperately in love with her. He eventually married his inamorata in 1871, after the dissolution of her union with the Portuguese Marquis. It is a curious thing that this Jewess, although married by the ministers of several faiths, never, in her three weddings, employed a Rabbi. A Russian priest blessed her union to the French tailor; a Catholic priest married her to the Portuguese Marquis; and a Protestant pastor officiated at her nuptials with the great Silesian magnate.

During the time that Mme. de Païva lived at her fine mansion it was noted as the rendezvous of literary men and artists. The brothers Goncourt, Sainte-Beuve, Émile de Girardin, Arsène Houssaye, the austere Taine, and many others, were constant habitués of her salon.

Though she was not a very genial hostess, the gorgeous but uncomfortable mansion was always full of guests; women, however, were very rarely present at her sumptuous dinners. The temperature was always very low; and the superb chimney-pieces seldom contained fires. The mistress of the house, not being able to support heat, used to keep the windows open all the year round.

The chilliness of the Hôtel Païva was enhanced by the mass of marble and onyx which formed

such a great part of its decorations. A feature of the mansion was the still existing onyx staircase, in allusion to which Émile Augier, much to the disgust of his hostess, wrote in her album: "Ainsi que la vertu, le vice a ses degrés."

Madame de Païva had little sense of humour, and was much annoyed when, one evening after dinner, a great practical joker, Vivier by name, took in everyone by an admirable impersonation of Napoleon III. During dinner the mistress of the house received a note announcing an Imperial visit, and in due course a sham Napoleon III arrived, and was presented with great ceremony to all the guests present. When the joke was discovered, everyone except the hostess was convulsed with laughter.

The fact was, that after she had attained prosperity the Païva took herself very seriously. Immediately after her marriage to the Portuguese Marquis, for instance, she went (of course without an invitation) to a ball at the Tuileries, and was much annoyed at being requested to withdraw. A woman of inordinate ambition, who might have boasted the same motto as Fouquet—*Quo non ascendam*—no courtesan of her epoch ever attained anything like the same success, or ended her life in such prosperity.

To her honour be it recorded, that after the conclusion of peace, when Count Henkel von Donnersmarck had been appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, she did everything possible to soften the rigour of German rule towards the inhabitants of those provinces. Not only this, but

both she and her husband later on did all they could to arrange a meeting between Gambetta—one of the habitués of the Hôtel Païva—and Bismarck, with a view to furthering a *rapprochement* between France and Germany. To the chagrin of those concerned, however, owing to political causes, this could never be arranged.

In spite of their praiseworthy efforts, the feeling of the Parisians towards Germany continued so bitter, that some time later Count and Countess Henkel von Donnersmarck were obliged to leave the mansion in the Champs Élysées. At first there was some idea of transporting it stone by stone to Silesia, but this was found to be impossible. A new mansion, built in the style of the Tuileries, was, in consequence, constructed at Neudeck, in Silesia, and here "la Païva" ended her life in 1884. Her last marriage was not unhappy, for her husband, to whom she left everything, adored her. Though she had spent enormous sums, she increased rather than diminished his great wealth, her shrewd advice proving of the very greatest assistance in the development of his vast estates.

In 1887 the Hôtel Païva was sold to a German banker for 143,000 francs. Three years later, during the Exhibition, Cubat, the great Russian *restaurateur*, turned it into a restaurant. This proving a failure, it remained unoccupied until it was at last turned into the Travellers' Club, which at present flourishes in the gilded halls where the Païva was wont to reign.

The story of this woman's wonderful career is now forgotten amongst the Parisian *demi-monde*,

but during her heyday it was an inspiriting legend, well known to most of those leading a similar existence.

Mabille was not far away from her palatial mansion, and when the daughters of pleasure looked at its glittering lights, many of them regarded it as a sort of mysterious Paradise into which they, too, might some day hope to enter.

In some cases their hopes were partially fulfilled, and through a lucky chance many a one secured fortune and flattery. It was an age when attractive and ambitious girls not infrequently found wealthy admirers, able and ready to make them the fashion by lavish expenditure. The possibilities in this direction were not confined to men of pleasure: the spirit was widespread. Almost all the statesmen and politicians of France made little concealment about their partiality for the society of certain of the *demi-monde*. An exception was the Duc de Morny, one of the most powerful figures at the Court of his half-brother, Napoleon III. An aristocrat to the finger-tips, and a man of pleasure of a refined type, the Duc found his amusements in boudoirs rather than in the *cabinets particuliers*.

Although he had tasted far more of the sweets of power and the joys of life than falls to the lot of the vast majority of humanity, he met death without flinching. His disappearance in 1865 was a sad blow to the Empire, which he had largely assisted to found and to maintain.

In the last years of the Imperial régime the social gaiety which had been one of its most conspicuous features began to wane. In 1868, how-

ever, the masked balls given by Arsène Houssaye achieved great popularity amongst the leaders of Parisian society. The first of these balls originated in an impromptu fashion one Shrove Tuesday, and proved such an amusing affair that a series of others followed. Features of these dances were that friends of the host were expected to invite themselves, and all the ladies had to come masked.

Then, again, just before the disastrous conflict with Prussia, Parisian gaiety fell to a low ebb. Many of the great *viveurs* were dead, and a sort of sinister melancholy seemed to be hovering in the air. Sainte-Beuve wrote: "L'Empire est bien malade." Then came the war, during which many a "man of pleasure" met his death, bravely trying to stay the advance of the triumphant Prussians. When peace was again established, France once more began to flourish; but the old careless life of the Boulevards was a thing of the past. The joyous days and merry nights had gone for ever. Old *viveurs* of the fifties and sixties sobered down into staid old men. Their life lay not in the future, but in the past. They lamented the time when the Avenue de l'Impératrice was full of well-appointed carriages and great landaus, so well suited to an era of superabundant skirts.

Gone were all these fine equipages, together with the *demi-daumont* of Cora Pearl and the *daumonts* of her sisters in frivolity, some of whom prided themselves upon their horses being ridden by jockeys in gay jackets.

Nevertheless, the life of Paris continued much as it had always done.

PARISIAN BEAUTIES OF THE "SIXTIES."

Shortly after the war a fair light-of-love of the Second Empire, meeting Arsène Houssaye, said to him: "People still amuse themselves, but it's no longer the same thing." His reply was: "It's always the same thing!" And he was right.

Paris, perhaps even more to-day than in the eighteenth century, when the noblesse alone could gratify every desire for amusement, remains the great pleasure-resort of Europe. Its strange compound of art, intellect, and dissipation possesses a peculiar charm which no other city is able to offer. Here no stern restrictions exist to prevent the reveller from carousing till the dawn of day; and the wildest extravagances (provided that the perpetrator of them has a well-filled purse) provoke nothing but a smile. Nevertheless, there are times when in Paris even the most thoroughgoing *viveur* becomes conscious of a strange feeling of melancholy. Pleasure and sorrow are not so very far apart, and when the lights fade away and the gay music is hushed, all the terrible scenes which have occurred in the streets rise again before the man of imagination. He thinks of the thousands—nay, millions—who have loved and laughed, now sleeping their last sleep in the great cemeteries of the vast city. A strange pathos even lingers about its feverish life, for Paris may well be compared to a beautiful woman, rather lacking in heart, who has had a sad and tempestuous past, and whose face bears ineffaceable traces of a stormy past. Contemptuous of restraint and convention, she has suffered and experienced so much that, thoroughly disillusioned,

she finds in life very little to believe in or to respect.

At the end of the eighteenth century she danced and wantoned whilst her rulers were flung into the dust-hole; and all her other terrible experiences in subsequent years failed to sober her. Though nothing has been able to quench her passion for amusement and pleasure, her trials, tragedies, and tribulations have left her unsatisfied and restless. Perhaps this is why her gaiety sometimes seems sad, as though it arose from long habit, rather than from spontaneous impulse.

Though still the Mecca of the pleasure-seeker, Paris, within the last twenty years, has greatly changed. That air of unconstrained gaiety once so conspicuous seems now almost to have disappeared: the numerous places of amusement offer attraction to the foreign visitor rather than to the Parisians themselves.

Almost without exception, the famous restaurants so popular with the grandfathers of the present generation have now vanished. One of the few retaining its old appearance and ways is the Café Anglais; but that, too, seems unlikely to last very long. The old-fashioned French restaurant, with its moderate prices, has long been a thing of the past. Shortly after the spread of railways brought crowds to Paris, the *restaurateurs* began to put up their prices; and they have been continuing the same policy ever since.

Many years ago, two witty *boulevardiers* determined to give a lesson to one of these too extortionate *restaurateurs*, and, with this end in view,

they caused to be printed bills of fare corresponding exactly in style to his own, but with the prices reduced by about two-thirds. They then told their friends how moderately one could dine at the restaurant where they intended to operate, and, going there early, contrived to substitute their bills of fare for those of the house.

Quantities of diners soon flocked in. "Waiter," said one, "bring me a truffled turkey." And he added: "It's really ridiculous; the charge is only four francs." "Some salmon," cried another, busily engaged in devouring his second partridge, priced on the menu at 75 centimes, and salmon at 1 franc. Everyone was full of good-humour and gaiety.

But when the time to pay came, the most extravagantly comical discussions arose between the waiters and the customers. Menus were produced and compared, everyone got indignant, every table was the scene of a dispute. At last the owner of the restaurant was summoned; when he saw the prices, he opened his eyes in astonishment. He admitted he was powerless, and not knowing whom to blame, ended by groaning and declaring that he would most certainly be ruined.

So great became the disturbance that eventually the police were called in, with the result that a sort of judgment of Solomon was enforced. The real and sham prices were compared, and the clients were made to pay something between the two, which arrangement everyone admitted to be a very just one.

Though the restaurants have changed, late hours continue to be tolerated in Paris, and on the Hill

of Montmartre no restrictions exist to cause revellers to leave their supper-tables before dawn.

Though the large majority of the ladies frequenting such free resorts are members of the most ancient profession in the world, English and Americans—some of whom in their own countries are perpetually prating about reforming other people's morals—abound. Moreover, they show little of that repulsion for frailty which they are so fond of expressing at home. Nor do they seem to object to the very late hours, for not a few may be observed wandering from one night café to another up till dawn.

In quite recent years a certain French paper endeavoured to inaugurate a campaign in favour of closing all pleasure-resorts at two in the morning. Its efforts did not meet with the least support or appreciation, and the matter was soon allowed to drop.

The traditions of that free gaiety which delighted former generations are still not quite extinct in Paris, where the most striking manifestation of this spirit of unrestrained and exuberant revelling is the annual Bal des Quatz' Arts.

This was founded by Jules Roques, the editor of the very anti-puritanical *Courrier Français*, in 1891, in collaboration with the architect Henri Guillaume; the first ball being given at the Élysée Montmartre. An artistic carnival organized entirely by art students, this ball is, above all, characterized by the great skill shown in reconstituting some past epoch. The finale is always characteristically Parisian, consisting, as it does, in a wild dance in the courtyard of the École des Beaux-Arts.

This ball has always been noted for the artistic taste displayed in the dress of those ladies who attend it in any costume at all; while a feature of the evening has always been the number of well-known models who appear in a costume as modest as that of Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Eighteen years ago, in 1893, M. Bérenger, the well-known Parisian moral reformer, whose moralizing zeal is not very popular in Paris, discovered the existence of this ball, and took exception to the feature mentioned above. The Prefect of Police of the day was M. Lozé, who, indifferent to the historical privileges of the students of the Latin Quarter, attempted to interfere with them, and announced his intention of suppressing, or at least modifying, the Bal des Quatz' Arts. The immediate result was that very fierce indignation prevailed in the Latin Quarter, the Boulevard St. Michel being the scene of wild and dangerous disorders. Large forces of police were called out, with orders to use force and fire if the situation should appear to call for strong measures. As a result of these, a young man who was sipping coffee quietly outside a café near the Panthéon was shot dead with a pistol-bullet. This put an end to the half-laughing rowdyism, and turned the hot-headed students into rioters. For three strenuous days the police and the military had their work cut out for them. Numbers of individuals were severely hurt; many of the Parisians turning out to join with the students in the fray, which continued for four days.

A curious incident resulted from these riots. In

the course of the fighting, some students found a girl-child, apparently a couple of weeks old, wrapped in a blanket without any marks to disclose the little creature's identity. The baby was pretty; it was also helpless and homeless. The students had found her close to the Sorbonne on the day of St. Lucy, and they adopted her and christened her Lucie "Bagarre," which word signifies a riot.

Like most over-zealous attempts to curb personal liberty, M. Bérenger's crusade entirely failed in its object, and the only result was the tragedy mentioned above. The Bal des Quatz' Arts still flourishes. Deterred, no doubt, by fear of further loss of life, the authorities, recognizing the danger of interference, have since left it alone.

In the writer's opinion, it was greatly to the honour of the Parisians that they came out and fought to show their resentment against meddling Puritanism. Their action was the more creditable, as not one in twenty thousand had the least chance of attending the ball. The admission to this has always been strictly limited to those connected with the *ateliers* of the various artists, and the invitation-card is always designed by some well-known artist. A different scheme of decoration and costume is adopted every year, and the object in view, as already mentioned, is the reconstitution of some particular epoch.

CHAPTER XI

ROYALTY AT PLAY—BLUFF KING HAL—FRANCIS I—CHARLES II—GEORGE IV

It is only natural, perhaps, that many rulers should have been men of pleasure; before the light of criticism beat so fiercely upon a monarch's life, a number of kings spent a large proportion of their time in amusement. Bluff King Hal, for instance, in the intervals of marrying and remarrying, ardently joined in the sports and pastimes so popular in the England of his day.

In 1515 he and Queen Catharine, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where they found a company of 200 tall yeomen, all clothed in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows. One, who was their chieftain, known as Robin Hood, desired the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; and when the King agreed he whistled, and all the 200 discharged their arrows at once, a feat which they repeated on his whistling again. Their arrows had something placed in the heads of them that made them whistle too, and, as they flew, they produced a loud and very uncommon noise, at which the King and Queen were greatly delighted.

The gentleman who assumed the character of

Robin Hood then desired the King and Queen, with their retinue, to enter the greenwood, where, in arbours made with boughs intermixed with flowers, they were plentifully served with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men.

Henry VIII loved feasting amidst scenes of pomp and pageantry. His taste in this direction was fully gratified on the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold, where, in 1520, he met Francis I. The scene of this historic fête was on the plain situated midway between the towns of Guisnes and Ardres, the exact place of *rencontre* being close to the villages of Brême and Balinghen, just without the English "pale." The meeting between the two monarchs was chronicled in the inflated language of the day as having taken place on Le Champ de Drap d'Or, or on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, because the royal pavilions, intended for their conference and repose, were draped and covered with that costly and brilliant material.

With Wolsey for a Master of the Ceremonies, and with two potentates unrivalled for their love of pomp and parade as the chief performers in the pageantry, it may readily be believed that nothing was wanting to render the gorgeous spectacle sumptuous and magnificent in the extreme.

The preparations for the meeting of the two Kings were very elaborate.

On March 11, 1519, no fewer than 500 carpenters, 300 masons, together with various painters, glaziers, smiths, joiners, and other artificers, amounting to more than 2,000 men, arrived from England under the charge of Sir Edward Bellknappe, Sir

Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands, Commissioners to the King; and on the 19th were set to work at the erection of a temporary, yet magnificent palace, immediately without the castle gate at Guisnes. An immense raft of timber was brought by sea from Holland to Calais, there broken up, and thence forwarded to the works at Guisnes; besides which, several shiploads of portions of the palace, prepared and framed, as well as of boards and deals, arrived from England. With these materials a stately castellated edifice of quadrangular proportions was erected, sufficiently large to entertain and lodge the whole of the Court of England, besides having banqueting room for the French King and his retinue.

Duchesne asserts the building to have been 128 feet high; its circumference, or space occupied by the four quadrants, having been, according to Hall, the Recorder of London at the time, who attended Henry as an official chronicler of the fête, no less than 1,312 feet.

The outer walls were covered with canvas, painted in imitation of freestone and rubbed brickwork—a method frequently adopted at the present day in imitation of ancient buildings; the interior was ornamented by curious sculptures, and hung with the richest tapestry, cloths of gold and silver, paned with green and white silk, the favourite colours of the House of Tudor.

At the foot of the grand staircase and along the corridors were placed gigantic figures in armour, wrought in cunningly devised work.

The walls of the palace were crenulated and forti-

fied at their angles, as also on each side of the grand entrance, or gateway, by a circular tower of brickwork, pierced with loopholes.

On either side of the gate were two large transom bay windows, separated from each other by a square freestone tower, which was carried up above the battlements of the parapet, and terminated by a large projecting moulded cornice. Between the heads of the bartizans and the cornice under the battlements ran a broad flourished frieze, grounded red and inlaid with tracery.

The head of the grand gateway, or entrance into the palace, was formed by a decorated arch, whose archivault rested on the capitals of two Corinthian pilasters, which formed the architrave that covered the jambs of the doorway. The archivault was rusticated and enriched with a profusion of ornaments, whilst upon the crown, or keystone, stood a male figure, with a pair of expanded wings and a pilgrim's staff in his right hand, his shield supporting his left, resting with its point upon the head of an expiring dragon upon which he is trampling.

The temporary palace, erected without the castle gate at Guisnes on the occasion of Henry VIII's interview with Francis I, was supposed to be a close imitation of the Staple Hall at Calais.

It was a fine sight when the two pleasure-loving Kings met in the Valley of Valdore, between Ardres and Guisnes, on June 7, 1520. Francis I was mounted on a beautiful charger, dressed in a doublet of cloth of gold, with a cloak of the same material studded with the most brilliant jewels, the sleeves of which were ornamented with the largest and

finest pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. His bonnet of velvet was mounted with feathers and glittering stones. The King of England appeared in a suit of silver, enriched with precious gems, while his huge white plume fluttered gracefully in the summer breeze. As they entered the valley, accompanied by their constables, they checked the pace of their coursers, and with drawn swords approached one another. When they got close they clapped their spurs into the sides of their steeds, as if they were about to cross swords in combat, and then, in an instant, simultaneously doffing their bonnets, embraced with great cordiality and warmth.

It is related by Bernard that Francis I, not willing to be outdone in magnificence by Henry, had invited the English King and all his Court to a splendid banquet he purposed giving in a gorgeous pavilion 60 feet in length, and covered entirely with a tissue of bullion, the very cordage to the same being of silk and gold. The sumptuous tent was pitched without the ramparts of Ardres; but on the day of the banquet a furious tempest arose, snapped the golden cords asunder, and rent the superb fabric to shreds, the walls of the rampart over which it was blown being long after known as the *bastion du festin.*

On the plain in front of the palace, two superb conduits, placed at a short distance from each other, were erected.

These fountains had the following motto, emblazoned in Roman letters, on their crowns:

"FAITE—BONNE—CHERE—QUY—VOULDRA,"

and, according to the Maréchal de Florenge, ran with red wine, hippocras, and water during the continuation of the pageant.

The culinary offices requisite for the preparation of the sumptuous banquets, including a group of ovens, "boiling and roasting offices," buttery, pantries, and sculleries, were situated a short and convenient distance from the grand pavilion, and covered in with canvas.

In the adjacent fields several other tents were pitched, designed for the use of sutlers, and covered with green and white, and red and white linen.

Tissues of gold and silver, velvets, plumes, and miniver, with damascened harness of Milan steel, and sword-blades beyond price, composed the toilet of the knightly throng assembled on the plain of Artois, beneath their golden canopy.

The horse naturally shared in the splendour of his lord, and was panoplied in housings of cloth of gold, or morocco leather, embossed with precious stones and bullion. As well as huntsmen, musicians, jesters, heralds, and troubadours, ladies were there in abundance.

The lists at the so-called "Field of the Cloth of Gold" contained within their area a space of 900 feet in length, and 320 feet in breadth, according to Hall's account, and were entirely fenced in by stout palisades and barriers, with the exception of the entrance-gates.

On the left of the lists ran a long gallery for the reception of the royal personages and their attendants, the barriers being guarded by a great number

of demi-lancers and other troops on horseback, completely armed.

One entrance into the lists was guarded by French soldiers, clothed in blue and yellow uniform, with a salamander, the badge of Francis, embroidered on their sleeve. The other was kept by the English Yeomen of the Guard holding their partisans. Close to the gallery end of the arena was planted the Tree of Honour, its trunk being draped with a mantle of red velvet, richly embroidered with gold, whilst from its branches, in accordance with the rules of chivalry, hung the shields of arms of the challengers in the tourney. Numerous high officials presided over the sports, including the Earl of Essex as Marshal, with an efficient staff whose special duty lay in keeping "straungers and vagabundes" from approaching too near the golden encampment, or from even passing over the ditches by which its outer precincts were entrenched.

Sir Henry Marney was appointed to keep Henry's "lodging," the Lord Steward and Master Comptroller being ordered to "take heed to the due provision of his 'frute and drinke.'"

The several entrances to the field were kept by an equal number of French and English guards.

Henry VIII was no carpet knight. On the contrary, he was a stalwart Briton, and an awkward customer to the best men in the ring or lists, come he from what land he might.

Francis I, likewise, was no degenerate scion of the House of Valois, but a brave and chivalrous knight, willing to run a course with any lance in Christendom.

Hence it was that, when the interview was agreed upon between the two mighty monarchs, proclamation was made by Orleans, King-at-Arms for France, and Clarencieux for England, in all the Courts of Europe, that their respective lords and suzerains, Francis and Henry, would, with certain aids, abide all comers, being gentlemen, at the tilt, tourney, and barriers.

During the time that the solemnity of arms lasted—namely, twenty-eight days—a series of reciprocal visits, banquets, tilts, tourneys, and other martial exercises, took place on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. On the eleventh day, the two Kings in person entered the lists in complete armour, and splintered several lances without it being possible to determine which of them had the advantage.

Francis I — most gallant of kings — was the typical man of pleasure of his age. No mention of this monarch can be made without some reference to his valet of the bedchamber, Clement Marot, the favourite French poet of that age. The inventor of the rondeau and the restorer of the madrigal, he was renowned for his pastorals, ballads, fables, elegies, epigrams, and translations from Ovid and Petrarch. At length, being tired of the vanities of profane poetry, or rather, secretly favourable to the principles of Lutheranism, he attempted, with the assistance of his friend Theodore Beza, and by the encouragement of the Professor of Hebrew in the University of Paris, a version of David's Psalms into French rhymes. This translation, which did not aim at any innovation in the public worship, and which received the sanction of

the Sorbonne as containing nothing contrary to sound doctrine, he dedicated to his master, Francis I, and to the ladies of France. In the dedication to the ladies or *les dames de France*, whom he had often before addressed in the tenderest strains of passion or compliment, he seems anxious to deprecate the raillery which the new tone of his versification was likely to incur, and is embarrassed how to find an apology for becoming a saint. Conscious of his apostasy from the levities of life, in a spirit of religious gallantry he declares that his desire is to add to the happiness of his fair readers by substituting divine hymns in the place of *chansons d'amour;* to inspire their susceptible hearts with a passion in which there is no torment; to banish their fickle and fantastic deity, Cupid, from the world; and to fill their dainty boudoirs with the praises, not of the little god, but of the true Jehovah. He adds that the Golden Age would now be restored were we to see the peasant at his plough, the carman in the streets, and the mechanic in his shop, solacing their toils with psalms and canticles; and the shepherd and shepherdess reposing in the shade, and teaching the rocks to echo the name of the Creator. Soon the "Psalms" of Marot were sung all over France, generally accompanied by the fiddle. So great was the demand that printers became unable to supply sufficient copies. At Court they achieved an unparalleled popularity, the Royal family and principal nobility all choosing psalms to be sung to some favourite tune. For instance, the Dauphin, Prince Henry, who delighted in hunting, was fond of

"Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire," or "Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks," which he constantly sang in going out to the chase. Mme. de Valentine, between whom and the young Prince there was an attachment, took "Du fond de ma pensée," or "From the depth of my heart, O Lord." The Queen's favourite was "Ne vuèilles pas, O Sire"—that is, "O Lord, rebuke me not in thine indignation"—which she sang to a fashionable jig. Anthony, King of Navarre, sang "Revenge moy, pren le querelle," or "Stand up, O Lord, to revenge my quarrel," to the air of a dance of Poitou.

The last years of Francis I were sad ones. The faults and bad behaviour of his Ministers plunged him into a state of great depression, which caused him to make many political mistakes. He was also deeply depressed by the death of Henry VIII of England, which he took very much to heart.

Henry IV of France was inordinately fond of women and of gambling. The exact number of his mistresses has never been known, but it was very large. He had no social prejudices in his love-affairs—duchesses or peasant girls attracted him equally, and were as quickly abandoned once he was tired of them. Even abbesses were not exempt from his attentions. During the Siege of Paris he fell violently in love with the Abbess of Montmartre, and at the Siege of Pontoise, Henry and his officers entirely demoralized some nuns of Maubuisson.

Not so calculating in his vices as Louis XV with his Parc aux Cerfs, this King of France, neverthe-

less, had plenty of people about his Court ready to assist him in his amourettes.

The atmosphere of flattery which surrounded the old French kings was of a most pronounced description. Scarcely anyone ever ventured to tell the monarch that he might be mistaken; only a few dared to speak the truth when it might prove unpalatable.

Louis XIV, playing at backgammon, had a doubtful throw. A dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How," replied the King, "can you thus decide without knowing the question?" "Because," said the Count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

Amongst the English kings who have loved pleasure, Charles II held a unique position. Never did there exist a monarch so clever at getting his own way. No doubt much that he did was quite indefensible, yet neither his contemporaries nor posterity has been severe towards him. For one reason, Charles, in spite of numberless faults and moral failings, was essentially human; and, in addition, he possessed a winning manner, together with a sense of humour.

Owing to these endowments he was able to indulge in all sorts of "high jinks," which, in the case of a less popular monarch, would have aroused dangerous indignation throughout the country. As it was, the Merry Monarch openly flouted the

spirit of Puritanism which, under Cromwell, had exercised so much power in England.

In Cibber's apology for Charles's life, the writer says, "that he had often seen that Merry Monarch in the act of feeding his ducks in Rosamond's Pond, and playing with his dogs amidst crowds of spectators—diversions with which the King was peculiarly gratified; and which," he adds, "made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what, in a prince of a different temper, they might have been out of humour at."

The spot where Rosamond's Pond stood was at the south-west corner of St. James's Park, and it was not filled up till after the middle of the eighteenth century. The laughter-loving monarch had a more than common attachment to this spot. He planted an avenue of trees, and built an aviary near it; and from the circumstances of the bird-cages having been suspended on the branches of the trees, the present name, Birdcage Walk, was derived.

Austere folk like Evelyn, who, in describing one of the closing scenes of royal dissipation, declared that he could never forget the inexpressible luxury, gaming, and debauchery which he witnessed one Sunday evening at Whitehall, when the King sat toying with his concubines, were no doubt scandalized. Charles, however, was so popular with his people that his laxness never involved any danger to his throne.

The general tone of dissipation which prevailed during this reign produced the "town-gallant," as a man of pleasure of good family was then called.

According to all accounts, vanity, folly, debauchery, and profaneness were in most cases the vices courted by this individual, who appears to have been more deserving of censure than his successors, the bucks and beaux. Nature, indeed, seemed to have taken a world of pains to make him a fool, and attained her end at the age of discretion; being at this sage period of life a mere bundle of vanity, or a kind of walking exchange, composed of various new and ridiculous fashions, he might be estimated with the greatest accuracy by the value of his clothes. The grand object of his life was making love, at which, according to his own account, he was ever successful—matrimony he despised, and an invective uttered against that unfortunate animal called a husband gave him infinite delight.

Such men led roystering lives and indulged in all sorts of profane swearing, smiling at the name of the devil, bursting with laughter when they heard of spirits and apparitions, and maintaining with oaths that there were no other angels than those in petticoats; denying any essential difference between good and evil, they deemed conscience a check suited merely to frighten children.

The life of a town-gallant was of a most unedifying description.

"Till noon" (says a contemporary writer) "he lies abed to digest his overnight's debauchery, and having dressed himself, he first trails along the street, observing who observes him, and from his uprising, gets just time enough to the French ordinary to sup *le potage*, eat *bœuf à la mode*, and drink briskly of Burgundy. After this, a coach is

called for, to rattle his more rattle-head to the play-house, where he advances into the middle of the pit, struts about a while to render his good parts more conspicuous, pulls out his comb, curries his wig, hums the orange-wench to give her own unreasonable rates for a little fruit; alas, how can she live else, giving at least £40 per annum for liberty to tread and foul those seats the silken petticoats and gaudy pantaloons do sit on?"

The town-gallant delighted in carousals, during which it was an established practice for all men of pleasure to toast the reigning beauties who at that time wielded such sway. The regular ceremonial observed on such occasions was for the chairman or president at any party to call upon a gentleman for his toast. The latter rose, filled his bumper, named his lady, and produced, to public view some part of his dress, or other matter which might be detached from his person, and which he devoted to be sacrificed in honour of the lady he adored. Every man at the table was bound to imitate exactly the giver of the toast. Bumpers were drained with cheers, and the articles to be sacrificed were thrown into the fire, there to be consumed in honour of the divinity of the moment. Every man in turn had the right of proposing a toast, but he had to do it as described above.

The drinking of a large number of bumpers led to wild scenes, and supper-parties often ended with the gallants being naked as well as tipsy. In such a state the more turbulent would sally forth to fight, or to beat the watch, or do any other mischief which might enter their excited heads.

A MAN OF FASHION IN 1700.

From an old print.

Charles II, it is curious to remember, first popularized champagne in London. During his exile he had learnt to appreciate the light and exhilarating wine, and when it began to be shipped to England, the King and St. Evremond brought it into fashion. The latter would never drink any other wine. At first, as no regular commercial relations existed between the Rheims or Épernay growers and the London wine-merchants, supplies were difficult to obtain. Rich people usually bought the wine through some acquaintance residing in France, and often avoided the payment of duty by procuring it through an Ambassador.

The champagne mostly drunk at suppers in those days was very different from the wine we drink to-day. It seems to have been greyish or yellowish in colour, not highly effervescent, but creaming.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century it had developed into something very similar to the wine which we know. For a time the Prince Regent was very fond of it, but, owing to the large amount of spirits and strong liqueurs which he and his friends drank, they eventually became unable to appreciate the delicate produce of the Marne. Champagne was then desecrated by being mixed with madeira, hock, curaçoa, and other ingredients, to form a most unwholesome compound known as "Regent's punch."

It seems strange that the "first gentleman in Europe" should have been fond of such a mixture, for, in spite of his many failings, George IV was not by any means a mere coarse and uncultured man of pleasure.

With all his faults, he was a man of taste. The painter, the sculptor, the author, the actor — all were alike the objects of his bounty and protection, and all acknowledged his liberality and kindness of heart. His collection of pictures alone afforded ample evidence of his cultivated taste in the fine arts. His love of architectural display, though in some instances apt to be rather more curious than correct, was, on the whole, associated with ideas of grandeur and splendid improvement. Windsor Castle, rebuilt rather than restored by Wyattville, is an enduring monument of his regal idea of building — besides which, he left his mark upon London. Although he could not realize the boast of Augustus, that he found "the metropolis of brick and left it marble," yet, under his auspices, a great part of the town underwent a transformation.

His most original conception was the Pavilion at Brighton, the highly original style of which has been so adversely criticized. Nevertheless, it is noticeable that, at the present day, the Chinese fashion which he adopted is once more in high favour with people of acknowledged taste. At the present time the Pavilion, stripped as it is of most of its original decoration and furniture, is not unnaturally somewhat desolate and forlorn ; but even now some of the rooms bear evidence of the real taste and skill which animated the artists employed upon the interior.

In its palmy days the Marine Palace of the Prince Regent was the scene of much revelry and carousing. Here it was that the famous, some might call

it infamous, joke was played upon the eccentric old Duke of Norfolk, of convivial memory. Dining one night with the Prince and his merry crew of associates, His Grace, who had consumed many bumpers, at length called for his carriage. When it came round, some of the roysterers instructed the postillions, instead of making straight for Arundel, to keep on driving round and round the grounds surrounding the Pavilion, until the Duke, who was half asleep, should discover the joke.

It was not till many a mile had been covered in this manner that His Grace woke up. Upon discovering the trick which had been played, he was exceedingly angry. Of very independent views, he was not a man to be trifled with.

At a race ordinary at Hereford, finding the so-called wine quite undrinkable, he very quickly summoned the unworthy host of the hotel, and filling him a half-pint bumper of the atrocious mixture he had sent to the guests, addressed him gravely thus: "Landlord, the company and myself are so delighted with the exquisite flavour of the vintage that we have drunk your health, and have now sent for you to return thanks and drink ours in return in a bumper." In vain did the culprit attempt to excuse himself. The Duke was peremptory; the poor wretch could only get down half the precious liquid. He felt the rebuke; the obnoxious stuff was ordered away, and succeeded by the best wine in his cellar.

As unconventional in his dress as in his utterances, this Duke once strolled into the coffee-room of the Old Hummums in Covent Garden, where a par-

ticularly shabby old coat he was wearing attracted some attention. In nowise disconcerted, he ordered dinner which, though it was the middle of winter, included a cucumber. The waiter—a new one—mistrusting the looks of the guest, went to confer with the landlord. "There's that shabby old fellow," he said, "has ordered a cowcumber, and you know, sir, that they're half a guinea apiece in the market." The landlord peeped round the corner of his little private hatch, recognized his customer, rubbed his hands, and said, softly smiling to his servitor: "A cucumber, John—a cucumber? Yes, John; give him six."

Though the Pavilion has long been dismantled, a good idea of the original scheme of decoration and furnishing may still be formed. It is easy to see that the whole place was planned with great attention to detail.

The Prince Regent evidently took care that his own ideas should be closely followed, the result of which is occasionally surprising.

One of the most extraordinary apartments is George IV's bedroom, a room with an enormous number of doors, some of which, no doubt, enabled its royal occupant to ramble all over the building without attracting attention.

When the late King Edward VII visited Brighton, he was fond of taking a look at the old abode of his royal kinsman of a vanished era.

Strolling round the old place one day, and opening the door of the royal bedroom, he found it filled with a crowd of children having a dancing lesson. The attendant wished to stop them so that the King

might enter. "Do not disturb them," said Edward VII. "I think they look delightful dancing in the sunlight," and softly closing the door, the good-hearted monarch withdrew.

A curious contrast this innocent scene as compared with some of those which must have occurred in this room in the days of the free-living Florizel.

George IV's first real love-affair appears to have been with the celebrated "Perdita," the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Robinson; and if the story which she published is to be credited, the liaison was for some time carried on under circumstances almost romantic. His connection with her, however, though most ardent during its continuance, was not of any protracted length; and though she herself for some length of time survived its conclusion, the latter years of her life were marked by bodily affliction and sufferings of the most painful kind, and a rapid decline at last hurried her to an almost welcome grave. It is said that to the end the Prince manifested the greatest solicitude and concern in her fate; and the lock of hair which she sent to him from her death-bed was certainly received by him with all the emotions of regard and love.

The woman of all others, however, who most strongly enchained his affections, and held him most firmly, was Mrs. Fitzherbert. For many years his attachment to, and relations with, this lady were marked by all the constancy and devotion that exists, or should exist, in the strictness of married life. So devoted, indeed, was he to her, and of so tender a nature did the connection appear to be, that

it required the solemn and public asseveration of Fox, on the express authority of the Prince, to satisfy the country that no marriage ceremony had taken place.

In spite of the strong declaration to the contrary, however, we now know that such a ceremony was actually solemnized.

This secret marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert was a proof that the Prince then still retained the romantic disposition which dissipation generally tends to stifle. To his honour it should be remembered that to the latest period of his life a warm and undying friendship was evinced by King George IV for the woman whom, in other days, the Prince of Wales had worshipped with all the fervour and enthusiasm of passion.

The connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert was naturally dissolved at the time of the unfortunate marriage of expediency with Caroline of Brunswick.

A more ill-assorted union than the latter, or one in which there was a less prospect of mutual happiness, can surely never have been arranged in all the annals of sovereignty. The affections of both parties were already notoriously engaged elsewhere; their tastes, their habits, their manners, were as widely and hopelessly different from each other as the most refined elegance and the most elaborate coarseness; their tempers were as irreconcilable as their tastes.

It was a most unhappy union. The Prince, as is well known, eventually incurred in this, as in some other matters, considerable unpopularity owing to his injudicious behaviour; indeed, the nation

became split up into two parties—those who were for him, and those who took the side of his equally injudicious wife.

His behaviour towards his Queen is the most unpleasant thing which clings about the memory of George IV; for in the Turf scandal in which he became involved in 1791 he may possibly have been wrongly judged.

In his youthful days, amongst other forms of dissipation, George IV was passionately devoted to racing. An ardent high-spirited youth, endowed by Nature and perfected by education with every fatal attraction of person and demeanour—with the temperament which he possessed, with the command of fortune which he enjoyed—and with a crowd of courtiers around him, each one more anxious than the other to gratify and encourage the desires rather than to regulate or repress the passions of their master, it is scarcely extraordinary that this Prince, after having been drawn into the vortex of pleasure, should have lapsed into habits of extravagance and dissipation.

In 1791, the Prince's horse Escape, by Highflyer, at that time considered as good a horse as any on the Turf, was engaged in two stakes at Newmarket on October 20 and 21, having in each opposed to him Lord Grosvenor's Skylark. Escape was the favourite for both his races. In the first race the betting was 2 to 1 on Escape, 4 to 1 against Coriander, and 5 to 1 against Skylark. Coriander won, and, contrary to all expectation, and apparently much to the mortification of his royal master, who insisted that his orders had

been disobeyed by his jockey in riding, Escape came in last, instead of first. In consequence of this, the odds rose, of course, to 4 and 5 to 1 against the latter horse for his next race to be run on the morrow. Here again, unfortunately, the glorious uncertainty of the Turf was manifested, and Escape came in an easy winner, beating Skylark, who had beaten him the day previous, as well as a field of four other horses.

This very unexpected result occasioned a scene of the greatest confusion and clamour, the racing public—in those days inclined to be turbulent and rough—being highly incensed and making no secret of their irritation.

Accusations of foul play were heard on all sides. The Prince's jockey and the Prince himself were openly charged with having purposely conspired to lose the race on the 20th. It was distinctly said that both of them had won a large stake by each event. Many people, indeed, refused publicly to pay their bets until an inquiry had been instituted. The behaviour of the manager of the Prince's stud, it is said, seemed to give encouragement to the current rumours; and the prevailing opinion appears to have been that "there was something wrong."

Be this as it may, the Prince's colours were not seen upon the Turf for close upon a decade after this unfortunate race, which was the origin of much clamour and vituperation against him.

On December 10, 1792, the whole of his stud was brought unreservedly to the hammer. The ruling passion, however, remained predominant in

him, and in 1800 his colours once more reappeared upon the race-course. Never, however, did he completely surmount the dislike he had contracted for Newmarket; the recollection of the highly unpleasant scene there, in which, to his great annoyance, he had been the principal figure, lingered in his mind, and he could not forget the treatment to which he had been subjected in connection with racing on the classic heath.

CHAPTER XII

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN IN EUROPE—ENGLISH EXILES AT CALAIS—BRUMMELL—BARBEY D'AUREVILLY—D'ORSAY

WHILST George IV, as Prince Regent, loved racing, he was also a patron of many other sports. As no man was ever blessed with a finer or more vigorous constitution, so no one ever put his powers so constantly to the test; to use an old sporting phrase, "he was at all in the Ring," either of luxury or sport, and, exhausting every known enjoyment, like the monarch of old, he would, perhaps, have offered a very tempting reward to the inventor of a new pleasure.

As a young man, he was a very liberal patron and supporter of the Ring; and it is a notorious matter of fact, that in the use of the gloves very few amateurs in the kingdom could at all approach him.

An ardent lover of the chase, he was at different times master of foxhounds, of staghounds, and of harriers.

In his young days, when driving was highly popular with men of fashion, the Prince, who possessed some wonderful roadsters, performed very remarkable feats of coachmanship between the Pavilion at Brighton and Carlton House.

Those were the days of famous amateur chario-

teers like the spendthrift Baronet, Sir John Lade, a reckless man of pleasure, who survived most of his contemporaries, and died aged eighty in 1837, his only means of support in his last years having been an allowance granted him by his old associate George IV, which, in spite of cruel suggestions that it should be stopped, was most generously continued by Queen Victoria.

The most remarkable feat ever performed by Sir John was driving the off-wheels of his phaeton over a sixpence, by which he won a wager. Although the Four-in-hand Club were afterwards more celebrated for trick-driving, the wild Baronet was ever considered preëminent among the most celebrated Jehus of his day.

The Four-in-hand Club, and other associations of amateur whips which emanated or branched off from it, though it was stigmatized as absurd and useless, and even low and degrading, really did the public good service, for it originated modern improvements in travelling, and the unrivalled ten-mile-an-hour safety coaches. The whole art and science was studied and brought to perfection by amateur coachmen, and was afterwards applied to the public benefit mainly by their efforts.

As he grew older and more weighty, George IV ceased to be seen upon the box-seat; but to the very end of his life he was fond of carriage exercise, and was often driven out by Lady Conyngham in a pony-chaise. Out for a drive in this one day, the two beautiful little Highland animals which drew it, overpowered by the weight of royalty, turned restive, and would not stir an inch. In vain did

the Sovereign apply the lash, in vain did the attendants pull at them; even the soft and rosy palm of her ladyship—which could do wonders in the coaxing and persuasive line—had no effect; the attendants were out of breath, and the lady was out of patience; the somewhat weighty monarch, however, did not lose his temper, but coolly ordered one of his servants to fetch a carriage. "It would require an Act of Parliament," said he, "to move these Northern rebels; but I must say one thing in their favour—they are true game, for they seem as if they would rather die than run."

In his later years George IV was occasionally to be seen driving in the Park in a closed carriage with outriders, as pictured in the reproduction of a scarce print which forms the frontispiece of this volume.

In his youth the King had enjoyed quite a reputation for wit. Hunting in company with a distinguished *émigré*, and coming to a very broad ditch, the Prince remarked that it was a desperate leap. "I have jumped twice as far," said the Frenchman, upon which, with a smile, his royal host observed, "That is a great stretch."

On another occasion, hunting with his royal father near Windsor, he perceived a great dandy amongst the field, and inquired who he was. He was informed that he was in the habit of attending the hunt in great style, and had been taken by the country-people for some lord, but that, in fact, he was no other than a rich tanner. "Well," said the then Prince of Wales, "let him pass off for a lord if he likes; we will call him Lord Hide—the title sounds very well indeed."

Whilst keenly resenting any opposition to his will, George IV possessed a sound sense of justice, as was shown by his behaviour when Louis Weltjie, his clerk, cook, and purveyor, both at Carlton House and the Pavilion at Brighton, came to complain that a subordinate had dared to marry his daughter.

With great indignation Weltjie represented the disgrace and degradation of his family by so humble an alliance, and warmly solicited the dismissal of the offender. The good sense of his patron saw the matter in a very different light, and induced him to observe that the inequality was not so great as to outrage the feelings or wound the pride of a man who could not entirely forget his own former situation. He was, therefore, advised to make the best of the affair, and reconcile himself cordially with his son-in-law and daughter. Instead of prudently adopting this counsel, the enraged father persisted in urging the discharge of the offender against the dignity of his family, threatening to consign both husband and wife to indigence; to prevent which, the Prince Regent discharged Weltjie himself, and put the son-in-law into his lucrative situation.

This was far from being the only occasion upon which the "First Gentleman in Europe" manifested kindly feeling towards his dependents.

Being at Brighton, and going rather earlier than usual to visit his stud, he inquired of a groom, "Where is Tom Cross? Is he unwell? I have missed him for some days."

"Please, your Royal Highness, he is gone away."

"Gone away! What for?"

"Please, your Royal Highness"—hesitating—"I believe—but—Mr. —— can inform your Royal Highness."

"I desire to know, sir, of you—what has he done?"

"I believe—your Royal Highness—something—not—quite correct—something about the oats."

"Where is Mr. ——? Send him to me immediately."

The Prince appeared much disturbed at this discovery. The absent one, quite a youth, was the son of an old groom who had died in the Prince's service.

The officer of the stable appeared before the Prince.

"Where is Tom Cross? What is become of him?"

"I do not know, your Royal Highness."

"What has he been doing?"

"Purloining the oats, your Royal Highness; and I discharged him."

"What! Sir, send him away without acquainting me!—not know whither he is gone!—a fatherless boy!—driven into the world from my service with a blighted character! Why, the poor fellow will be destroyed! Fie! I did not expect this of you, sir! Seek him out, and let me not see you until you have discovered him."

Tom was found, and brought before his royal master. He hung down his head, while the tears trickled from his eyes.

After looking steadfastly at him for some

moments, "Tom, Tom," said the Prince, "what have you been doing? Happy it is for your poor father that he is gone; it would have broken his poor heart to have seen you in such a situation. I hope this is your first offence?"

The youth wept bitterly.

"Ah, Tom, I am glad to see that you are penitent. Your father was an honest man. I had a great respect for him; so I should have for you, if you were a good lad for his sake. Now, if I desire Mr. —— to take you into the stable again, think you that I may trust you?"

Tom wept still more vehemently, implored forgiveness, and promised reformation.

"Well, then," said the gracious Prince, "you shall be restored. Avoid evil company. Go, and recover your character. Be diligent, be honest, and make me your friend; and—hark ye, Tom—I will take care that no one shall ever taunt you with what is past."

George IV, as is well known, was very fond of music. It is not, however, so generally known that he was a composer of some merit.

The following anecdote not only proves this, but shows the kindly feeling which, as has before been said, occasionally prompted his actions.

After the death of Saxton, the organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, great interest was made by several professors of eminence to succeed to that honourable and lucrative situation. Old Horne, the music-master, who taught the King and other members of his august family in their juvenile days, was at this time between seventy and eighty years

of age, and very low in his circumstances, as a result of losses and other untoward events. The fact was mentioned to His Majesty by one of the Lords-in-Waiting, who at the same time ventured to add, that the existing vacancy would enable the poor old man to weather the storms of life, and pass the remainder of his days in competency and ease. His Majesty expressed his astonishment, and could scarcely credit that his old tutor was still living, or that, if so, he had not applied to his former pupil, stating his embarrassments. Modest merit is always dumb. Horne "knew if he had made his case known, he should have been relieved; but he dared not intrude his sufferings on his gracious master's attention." The fact, however, of his situation being thus brought to His Majesty's notice, he ordered his carriage, and proceeded immediately to canvass the canons and other dignitaries in whose gift the appointment lay; they had made their promises, but, nevertheless, as the King's wishes were equal to law, Horne was nominated to the vacancy. Wishing, however, to gratify the old man by himself announcing the joyful tidings, His Majesty commanded him to attend at the Royal Lodge. Such an unexpected summons distressed him. "How could he appear before His Majesty, with a wardrobe not fit to visit a private friend? But," observed the gratified veteran, "it is not the coat, it is the man the King wants to see. I must, I will go;" and he took a change of linen and proceeded to Windsor. On his arrival at the Lodge, he was received with kindness by the major-domo, and refreshments were placed before him, with an

intimation that his attendance would be required in the course of the evening in the drawing-room. That time arrived, and the old man, on entering, was overpowered by the condescending affability with which he was received. The King, surrounded by the brilliant circle of his private friends, rose from his seat, and, taking poor Horne by the hand, led him to the piano, requesting him to give once more a specimen of that skill which had entranced his juvenile mind. This was too much; he sat down overpowered with contending emotions, and the modest tear trickled from his aged eyes. He forgot everything, ran his fingers over the keys in the most abstracted manner, and was any thing but himself. A few affectionate words revived him; and, as if inspired by the sudden recollection of days gone by, he struck off a fantasia, which he performed with all the execution of his prime. The King was delighted, and, having only a slight recollection of the air, asked what it was. The old man could no longer contain his joy. "That air, your Majesty, was composed by my pupil His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales when he was eighteen years of age." The King was highly gratified; he had composed it in the early period of his life, had entirely forgotten it, and, as the professor said, *he* also had lost sight of it for upwards of forty years, when it suddenly flashed on his memory, as a bright meteor suddenly enlightens the darkened sky.

The old man was moved almost to tears when George IV, pressing his hand, told him of the appointment he was to have. Probably the ten

days before his induction to the Organ Gallery, during which he was entertained at the Lodge, were the happiest he ever passed.

As the years crept on, the excesses to which George IV had occasionally been addicted told upon his constitution; and at the end of his life, almost blind and mentally exhausted, he used, it was said, to be firmly convinced that he had commanded a division at the Battle of Waterloo.

No man probably ever spent so much money on clothes; after his demise his wardrobes were found to contain numberless suits, which formed, as it were, an epitome of men's fashions for a period of fifty years.

At the time of his death he had long ceased to be the captivating Prince Florizel; corpulency had robbed him of his good looks.

As a young man, George IV is said to have been strikingly handsome, and some of his earlier portraits confirm this. In course of time, however, his appearance became much impaired by his growing obesity, no doubt very largely produced by his method of living. He never seems to have placed any check upon his appetite, and, whilst not a drunkard, he was at times anything but temperate. That is to say, when he took a fancy to any particular kind of drink he indulged freely in it. At one time he consumed very large quantities of port; in the last years of his life, however, cherry brandy seems to have taken its place.

Maraschino was one of his favourite liqueurs during the time he gave elaborate dinners and

suppers at Carlton House. Poor Brummell remembered this, and sent a few bottles as a humble offering when the King stopped at Calais on his way to Boulogne in 1821. George IV, who in this case was very unforgiving, took no notice whatever of the ruined old dandy's tribute; indeed, he seemed to pride himself upon having ignored his former favourite, for as he went away he said, with an air of relief, "Well, I've left Calais and I haven't seen Brummell." Nevertheless, when, on his appointment as Consul at Caen, the latter sold some furniture and china, the King is said to have paid 200 guineas for a tea-service.

Even when hard pressed for money, the former arbiter of fashion could not resist indulging in useless extravagance; and before leaving to take up his new appointment, Brummell went to Paris and spent most of the proceeds of this sale. The money went largely in the purchase of useless things—amongst them a snuff-box, for which he paid £100—about the whole of his annual income, after deducting the claims of creditors!

During his residence at Calais, Brummell does not appear to have made any attempt to ingratiate himself with his fellow-exiles, so many of whom, at that time, lived in the French town—mainly, as it was cynically said, upon the interest of the money which they owed to their creditors. All sorts and conditions of men were to be seen in its quaint streets—from the ruined man of fashion, who had driven on to Newmarket Heath in a carriage with outriders, to the broken-down old officer who, with a stubborn courage worthy of an ancient Roman, con-

tentedly continued to blaze away at his liver with continual doses of cognac, whilst inflating what remained to him of lungs with cheap tobacco-smoke.

Calais was long a home of refuge for fashionable Englishmen who had outrun the constable; there the hunted spendthrift was safe from arrest. The narrow streets of the old town seemed a comparative paradise in brick and mortar to men who, but a dozen hours previously, might have been seen flattening their high-bred noses against the plate-glass windows of White's and other fashionable West End resorts.

A great notability in the town during the earlier part of the last century, was Jemmy Urquhart, a pensioned clerk of the Navy Pay Office, who had squandered a fortune in eating, drinking, carriage-horses, and the Ring.

Involved in a perpetual coil of difficulty, Jemmy, to avoid being finally checkmated, crossed the Channel and took refuge in Calais, where he soon became a general favourite. No one excelled him in the rare art of telling a tale gracefully, yet with piquancy; and his memory was so good as to secure his audience from anything like a repetition of the same story. One of his many eccentricities consisted in a morbid penchant for executions, and his museum exhibited a strange array of halters, fetters, and other sickening relics of the gallows.

Being a personal friend of Fauntleroy, the executed forger, Jemmy Urquhart practised the greatest act of self-denial ever recorded of him through life He actually endeavoured to aid the wretched man

A MORNING TALK.

to commit self-destruction in prison, and generously waived the gratification of seeing him "turned off."

For this purpose he conveyed a quill full of prussic acid into Newgate, and begged Fauntleroy to make use of it when not noticed by the guards of his cell; but the condemned and unnerved man fell upon Urquhart's shoulder, and declared that he had not the courage to commit the act, and must meet the fate that awaited him.

Whereupon Jemmy, relieved from further qualms, and "actuated by the best motives," hired a window immediately opposite the scaffold and witnessed the last moments of his friend, as if assisting at the farewell appearance of some favourite actor!

Jemmy Urquhart's next best pleasure to a "hanging match" consisted in a little amateur cookery at his own or any friend's house where he was a welcome guest.

To the dismay of the cook, he often arrived an hour before the dinner-hour, descended into the kitchen, tucked up his sleeves, and set to work concocting some peculiar dish of his own.

Yet, though he had a glorious appetite, and sometimes was so pressed as to be under the necessity of borrowing a franc to release a letter, he never forgot that he was a gentleman. Against beer and tobacco he entertained the strongest aversion, saying they were only fit for low society. His coolness was extraordinary. During a dangerous illness, calmly turning to the clergyman at his bedside, he asked him if he "knew the winner of the Derby"—the race having been run on the previous day.

He lived in alternate perplexity and luxury, as his pension arrived and disappeared ; and died from the effects of a fall down his breakneck staircase, in the Rue des Maréchaux, in the seventy-third year of his age.

A friend of Urquhart named Berkeley, also an exiled resident of Calais, was so deeply involved in debt in that town that he was put under the closest surveillance—so close, indeed, as to be subject to annoyance and espionage if he ventured to set his foot near a steamer, or even near the port.

Under Jemmy's scientific tutelage, as it is believed, this man escaped to England in open daylight, and in the sight of hundreds of spectators.

Berkeley rode a nice chestnut cob, and every fine day laved his horse's legs in the rippling tide, within hail of the prowling *douaniers*, as if doing a little equine hydropathy " quite promiscuously," as his groom might have expressed it.

One fine, breezy day in early autumn a Deal pilot-boat stood close inshore as Berkeley took his accustomed ride. He was engaged in washing his pony's legs as usual at dead low water, and had immersed him this time up to his girths. Suddenly he flung himself from his saddle, struck out in vigorous style for the open sea, and in a surprisingly short time reached his confederates.

When the cob arrived at his stables the friendly yawl was hull-down on the Channel. This exploit of Berkeley was long afterwards cited in the cafés as a splendid coup.

Mr. Apperley, the well-known sporting writer, who had assumed the title of " Nimrod," resided

near Calais for several years. He had a very comfortable house, with gardens laid out in the English style, on the banks of the canal between Calais and the Basseville, and appears to have been equally respected and regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

On the sad death of the young Duke of Orleans, poor Nimrod lost one of his most staunch patrons, and only survived him a few years; his days being shortened, as it is believed, by the mental anxiety he suffered on account of his pecuniary affairs.

As a delineator of "turf," "road," and "hunting" scenes, Mr. Apperley may fairly be said to have been unrivalled.

Whilst a large proportion of the foreign residents of Calais and Boulogne were exiles against their will, a good many half-pay officers were to be found there, not because England had become too hot for them, but on account of the cheapness with which they could live. A more favourite abode, however, with this latter class was the Isle of Man.

At one time, the island, like the Continent, was an asylum where all were free from arrest for debts contracted elsewhere, and was, for that reason, full of "raffish" characters.

At one of the inns in Douglas a sort of mess was established, consisting of several officers of the army and navy on half-pay, having for its perpetual president a gentleman long known upon the Turf in the North of England. The rules were not strait-laced, and strangers were admitted to join their dinner-table. Most of the old officers were in the habit of declaring "that Douglas was the

most wretched place on earth wherein to drag on a miserable existence, saving always Castletown, Peel, or Ramsay." On one occasion, a visitor, having questioned a fine copper-nosed old gentleman, who had served under Rodney at Cape St. Vincent, as to his motives for sojourning thereabouts, was told, "We victims of half-pay have no choice left; either vegetate here, or go elsewhere and die outright—Hobson's choice. At any rate, we can get the necessaries of life, which is something as the world wags."

The visitor ventured to remark that, as far as he could see, there seemed scarcely any difference between the prices and the general average in England: beef, mutton, and veal were about the same; poultry and vegetables were a little cheaper; but fruit balanced the account. "My dear sir," said the Lieutenant, "you entirely misunderstand me; the things you name may be important to civilians, but they give us little or no concern. Half a pint of split peas and a bloater may serve any man's turn, if so be he ain't a Lord Mayor or a Common Councilman. No, no; when you hear an oldster of the Service speak of the necessaries of life, what he means is wine, brandy, and tobacco."

At Calais the broken-down bucks and dandies were generally to be seen at the end of the pier, their eyes fixed upon the shadowy cliffs of England, their thoughts upon the "sweet shady side" of far-away Pall Mall, which the folly and extravagance of a wild youth would probably prevent most of them from ever seeing again.

The era of the Regency largely helped to increase

the number of English exiles. In addition to the many temptations to which young men of fortune were exposed, the education the majority received was frequently pernicious.

The sort of life led by a young gentleman of fortune sent abroad to perfect himself may be realized from a perusal of Buck Whalley's Diary, a most interesting manuscript only published in book-form a few years ago.

Thomas Whalley had a property of £10,000 per annum, left him by his father. At the age of sixteen he was sent to Paris to learn the French language, and to accomplish himself in the arts of dancing, fencing, etc. He was placed under the care of a gentleman who had formerly been in the army, and who, having spent a good part of his life on the Continent, was supposed to be a fit person to undertake the direction of young Whalley's studies. It soon, however, appeared that the tutor had not the ability to check the volatile disposition of his pupil; Mr. Whalley purchased horses and hounds, took a house in Paris and another in the country, each of which was open for the reception of his friends. His finances, ample as they were, were found inadequate to the support of his extraordinary expenses; and with the hope of supplying his deficiencies, he had recourse to the gaming-table, which only increased his embarrassments. In one night he lost upwards of £14,000. The bill which he drew upon his banker, La Touche, in Dublin, for this sum, was sent back protested, and it became necessary for him to quit Paris. He returned to England, and

his creditors (or rather, the people who had swindled him out of this money) were glad to compound for half the sum.

Whalley subsequently won a wager of £15,000 by going to Jerusalem at a day's notice. He died aged thirty-three, having settled down after a wild life.

He may be said to have been a fortunate man of pleasure, for his last years were not rendered miserable by impecuniosity.

Another fairly lucky one was the celebrated Captain Mellish, a man of great charm, who, having expended a fine fortune upon the Turf, where, in spite of lavish expenditure, he never won either the Derby or the Oaks, was very happily married to a lady with means, and ended his life—it is true, at a comparatively early age—as a prosperous and respected country gentleman.

Most of the gay sparks, however, once their fortunes were gone, fell upon very evil days. Some few tried to make money by work, but success rarely crowned their efforts. One, for instance, invented a razor-strop, and, that failing to be productive, he turned "black-diamond" merchant. In the coal trade he had better luck than he had experienced on the Turf; for, although, as usual, utterly unsuccessful, he had nothing to lose on the undertaking.

The usual end of the spendthrift of those days was to be obliged to betake himself across the Channel, and the nearest most of them ever got to London again was the end of Calais Pier.

This pier extended so far that people used to call

"—— A BUCK INDEED;
SINGS, DANCES, FIGHTS, DOES EVERYTHING BUT READ."

From an old print.

taking a turn on it going halfway to England. Here it was that Brummell, the ex-king of the dandies, somewhat farcical in his mock-majesty, used to take his solitary exercise, perambulating the planks in solemn and exclusive dignity—to most people amusingly ridiculous. He was, it is said, never seen to condescend to notice anyone, except by a slight bend of the head. This, of course, did not apply to visitors from England like Lord Alvanley—another prodigal man of pleasure—and the Honourable Martin Hawke, who had been his boon companions in his prosperous days.

Notwithstanding his wretched financial position, Brummell continued to exhibit a good deal of that arrogance for which he had always been notorious.

On taking up his consulship at Caen he showed the greatest coolness towards the officials of the Government, preferring that portion of the local society which regarded Louis Philippe as an usurper.

The Prefect having omitted to ask Brummell to the dinner given on the King's fête-day, he did not attend the official ball which followed. Someone asked him why he had not gone to pay his respects to the King. "What King?" said the old beau. "The King of France." "Oh, I suppose you mean the Duc d'Orléans. I sent my valet," was the reply.

At that time he had not yet sunk into the state of mental decrepitude which overtook him before his end in 1840. Nevertheless, a few years later, being asked by a lady to write something in an album, he drew a broken-down Cupid with a

shattered bow, and wrote beneath it the symbolical words, "The Broken Bow"—a very apt summing-up of his unfortunate career. Though, as in this instance, he could be gallant enough with ladies, Brummell was never particularly popular with them; not a few of the fair sex whom he met in society feared and distrusted him.

Only when he realized that he was tottering on the brink of ruin did he make unsuccessful attempts to effect a good marriage; but he never appears to have been very susceptible to feminine charms. There is no record of his having had any serious liaison or love-affair—indeed, he was essentially not a woman's man.

His failure to please the ladies may, in a way, be said to have conduced towards his ruin, for Mrs. Fitzherbert hated the beau, and, it is said, never failed to impress upon her royal lover that Brummell was always making fun of him behind his back.

According to one account, he incurred the undying enmity of the lady when leaving a ball by telling the servants to go and call the carriage of Mistress Fitzherbert. He is also supposed to have nicknamed her "Benina," an allusion to her increasing figure; the Prince Regent having already been called "Big Ben" by Brummell, on account of a supposed likeness to a corpulent porter at Carlton House.

There is no doubt that there were some grounds for her accusations. When in high favour with the Prince, Brummell was excessively unwise in constantly teasing and laughing at him even to his face.

On occasion, for instance, he would pretend not to know who the Prince was when he was getting out of a carriage or entering a building, and gravely acknowledge the salute of sentries as if intended for himself.

The influence which Brummell exerted upon his generation and that which succeeded it was very considerable. Witness the case of Barbey D'Aurevilly, who idolized the memory of the celebrated dandy and wrote his biography.*

Sixty or seventy years ago, one must recollect, a well-known dandy, even as an old man, was the object of considerable admiration.

The old beau is now an extinct type, but in former days he was fairly common in fashionable Paris and London. Many a one made no secret of the pride he took in fighting against the ravages of time. If, said Barbey D'Aurevilly, it was an heroic sentiment for the Old Guard at Waterloo to die rather than to surrender, it is no less heroic to face old age in the same manner. In the latter battle, in addition, there is no "poetry of the bayonet" to strike our imagination.

No one acted more up to this principle than Barbey D'Aurevilly himself, who, up to the end of his life, in 1889, adhered in a great measure to the dress which he had worn as a "lion," or dandy, of 1840.

A quaint figure he looked in his close-fitting frock-coat and frilled shirt, with cuffs turned over the ends of his sleeves. The most extraordinary

* Admirably translated into English some years ago by Mr. Douglas Ainslie.

effect of all was when he wore tight-fitting white trousers with a stripe of coloured satin at the sides. Though undoubtedly picturesque, the appearance of the biographer of Brummell was greatly impaired by the blackness of his nails, produced by his habit of constantly passing his hands through his hair, which he kept dyed as black as ink.

Even when a very old man, Barbey D'Aurevilly considered himself irresistible with the fair sex, an opinion which sometimes led to ludicrous incidents.

On one occasion, walking with some friends in the Champs Élysées, he encountered a damsel of dashing appearance, whom he at once approached with amorous proposals. Highly amused, she proceeded to meet these propositions in a most original manner. A fine strong girl, she took the old beau up in her arms and held him in the air like a doll; then, having given him a good shaking, she set him breathless on his legs again. "I never met such a familiar woman," was the old dandy's remark as he walked away, little disconcerted by what had occurred.

Whilst it is rather difficult to realize how Brummell, a man of no family and poor intellectual attainments, ever rose to such eminence in the fashionable world, the case of Count D'Orsay is quite different.

Society conducts its hospitalities on a very commercial basis. An individual is welcome because he is noble, illustrious, famous, or wealthy, and thus by his presence reflects credit on his host and hostess. If he is none of these things, he is invited

because he takes the place of the professional singer, musician, or entertainer. There is no obligation on either side. He gets his dinners out of society, and society gets its equivalent out of him.

There were many reasons why D'Orsay should have been a welcome guest. To begin with, in addition to being by nature a man of distinction and refinement, as a dandy he created an impression, not by ostentation or display, but by the perfect elegance and simplicity of his dress, as a man of the world by his culture and the perfection of his manners. Besides this, he was tactful and diplomatic. In his case, there was no need for affectation; he had but to be himself to delight and please.

With all classes D'Orsay was popular, even with his tradesmen—whose bills he seldom paid. As a matter of fact, very few of them lost much by him, if they lost at all; for he had such crowds of friends, he was so elegant and so much envied and aped by all the rich young fellows who constituted the golden youth of London, that a West End shopkeeper would not have been far out in his calculation if he had paid the spendthrift to call upon him on any afternoon towards three o'clock during the height of the season. His fiat was supreme on all points of dress and personal ornament. His taste in equipages, dinners, breakfasts, garden-parties, picnics, balls, and private theatricals was perfect. He could confer celebrity on an artist; he could make almost any poor man rich but himself.

One of the most striking proofs of his natural charm and tact was the impression he produced

upon Byron, who, almost after his first meeting with the young Frenchman, declared he was a rare specimen of the high-bred Frenchman of pre-Revolutionary days. No doubt D'Orsay flattered the poet, but Byron was not an easy man to please. D'Orsay was a real man of pleasure, full of life and fire, whilst Brummell was merely a sort of marionette, his main asset a colossal impudence.

D'Orsay was essentially human, and he had almost feminine charm. He was constantly saying and doing things which pleased and amused people; while, notwithstanding the very doubtful kind of life which he led, there was a good deal of old-world chivalry about him.

One day a freethinking officer spoke disparagingly of the Virgin Mary. To the surprise of the company, D'Orsay immediately hurled his plate at the scoffer's head, and afterwards, it is said, fought a duel with him.

He explained his behaviour by saying that, though not a religious man, he could not forget that the Virgin Mary was a woman, and he would allow no man to speak insultingly of a woman in his hearing.

There was something of the spirit of the Middle Ages about this, and, indeed, many incongruities of D'Orsay's character belonged to that period.

In a way, for instance, he lived on a woman—Lady Blessington. Nevertheless, he ruined himself with her, and remained in love with her all his life. On the whole, his conduct was not unchivalrous. His behaviour towards her daughter—whom he married, it would seem, chiefly to please his *chère*

amie—is far less defensible. It was, perhaps, none the less in keeping with the mediæval character which reappeared in D'Orsay.

The curious thing is that this Frenchman, who openly flouted two most cherished British characteristics—restraint and hypocrisy—should have been so popular. Byron, in his attempts to break a lance with the cant of his nation, was very quickly put ignominiously to rout. On the other hand, D'Orsay, had it not been for lack of funds, might have continued to be a popular figure in London up to the end of his days. No one appears to have expected him to be moral—indeed, he seems to have been accorded a special charter to do as he liked. The fact was, that he possessed some of the most brilliant qualities of the French race; and this, being recognized, obtained him a licence denied to less attractive individuals.

Even to-day, when dandies are at a decided discount, there is something fascinating about the name of D'Orsay, and no one is disposed to be very severe towards the memory of the handsome, well-bred man of pleasure, who sleeps his last sleep on his native soil side by side with the woman he loved. May the Recording Angel drop a tear upon the page on which are inscribed his failings, and blot them out for ever!

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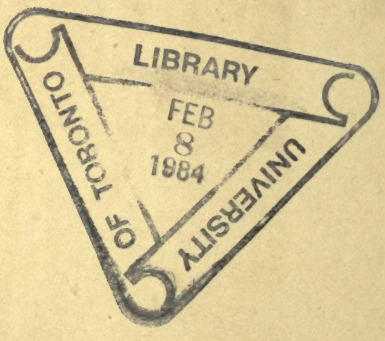
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